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BY ALEXRE DUMAS.

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THE GARIBALDIANS

IN SICILY.

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS,

EDITOR OF "GARIBALDI: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY;" AUTHOR OF "MONTE CRISTO," ETC. ETC.

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

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THE GARIBALDIANS IN SICILY.

CHAPTER I.

THE EMBARKATION.

GENOA, *28th May*, 1860.

I ARRIVED here in my yacht, the *Emma*, twelve days ago, and, thanks to her reputation as a fast sailer, the sensation she produced was something extraordinary, so much so, indeed, as to give rise to a little jealousy in the squadron of Vice-admiral Barbier de Tinan, cruising off this coast.

As I had visited Genoa some thirty or forty times before, it will be readily imagined that I was not attracted thither out of mere curiosity.

I had just finished writing the conclusion of the "Memoirs of Garibaldi," * that is to say, the end of the first part, for, at

* Some French newspapers have not only presumed to doubt the authenticity of these "Memoirs," but have even averred that they were simply a translation of a biography of Garibaldi published some time since in America. In answer to these charitable assertions, I here insert two notes to prove the utter fallacy of such statements:—

No. I. (*Copy.*)

NAPLES, *29th September*, 1860.

It was I who delivered to M. Dumas a considerable portion of Garibaldi's autograph papers, by the express desire of the General himself.

(Signed) A. BERTANI,
Secretary to the Dictatorship of Southern Italy.

No. II. (*Copy.*)

I hereby certify that not only did M. Dumas not borrow the "Memoirs of Garibaldi" from any American or English writer, but that M. Bertani delivered to him the Memoirs written by Garibaldi's own hand, by desire of the General himself.

I also placed in the hands of M. Dumas the various Memoirs of Anita, Daverio, and Ugo Bassi; as well as those of most of the General's friends who had fallen fighting by his side.

(Signed) C. A VECCHI,
Aide-de-Camp to General Garibaldi.

NAPLES, *16th October*, 1860.

the rate of my hero's progress, his exploits promise to furnish me with matter for a long succession of volumes.

Scarcely had I disembarked when I learnt that Garibaldi left Genoa for Sicily on the 6th of May. Before his departure, he left some letters for me with our friend Vecchi, the well-known historian, and requested Bertani, Sacchi, and Medici to complete, by oral communication, all the details he had not then sufficient time to write himself.

I am now comfortably installed in the "Hôtel de France," working sixteen hours a day, an amount of exertion I am so used to that I do not find it very irksome.

During the last twelve days the most contradictory reports have arrived from Sicily; but no intelligence that can be relied on has been received from that place of a later date than the 9th instant, 6 P.M.

On the 5th, Garibaldi wrote to Dr. Bertani. This letter, which I will presently subjoin, as well as two others addressed by him to Colonels Sacchi and Medici, are the only authentic communications yet received.

The letter he wrote to Colonel Sacchi was merely to express how much he regretted his inability to accept of his services. Sacchi wished to tender his resignation in the Sardinian army, in order that he might follow Garibaldi, whose standard-bearer he had been at Monte Video; but the General has distinctly stated that he wages war solely on his own account; and in order that he may not compromise the King of Sardinia, he has scrupulously refused to accept the services of any Sardinian officer or private soldier in what may possibly prove to be an abortive enterprise.

Medici's letter was also to console him for being left behind at Genoa. "For at Genoa," said Garibaldi, "you will be of greater service to the enterprise than in Sicily."

In fact, Medici had been engaged in preparing two expeditions at Genoa: the first, consisting of a steamboat with a hundred and fifty men and a thousand muskets on board—which left yesterday; and the second, of two steamboats, which are to carry two thousand five hundred volunteers, with arms and ammunition, and these are to depart in a few days.

These two ships have been purchased at a cost of 700,000 francs;* and are both to be commanded by Medici. The volunteers are being enrolled every day. The funds are supplied by subscriptions opened in the principal towns of Italy, and they already exceed a million francs.†

The before-mentioned letter written to Bertani, who, together with La Farina, has the management of these funds, I will now insert.

* £28,000. † £40,000.

"GENOA, *5th May*, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—Called as I am to appear again on the scene of events important to Italy, I intrust to you the following mission:—To use all well-combined means in your power to help us in our enterprise; to impress upon all Italians that, by their mutual aid and devotion to the cause, Italy will soon be free, and at little cost; but that they will not have done their duty to their country should they confine their efforts to a paltry subscription; that Italy, on the point of being free, ought to possess, instead of an army of 100,000 men, one consisting of 500,000, a number certainly not disproportionate to its population, and which would be on the same scale as that of neighbouring states, who have not to fight for their independence; that, with such an army, Italy will not require the protection of foreign patrons, who gradually consume her native strength under the pretext of supporting her; that, wherever Italians are striving against their oppressors, the more resolute should be encouraged, and means provided to help them on their way to join us: for the Sicilian insurrection ought not only to be aided on the spot, but in all other places where there are enemies to cope with. I never advised the insurrection in Sicily; but, as soon as the contest really commenced, I considered it my duty to assist my fellow-countrymen. Let our war-cry henceforth be, 'ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL;' and I trust that the Italian banner will once again be unfurled without encountering disgrace.

"Yours affectionately,
"G. GARIBALDI."

The hour fixed upon by Garibaldi for his departure was ten at night, when he embarked from the Villa Spinola where he had been staying with Vecchi the last month of his sojourn at Genoa, during which period he had made all the preparations for his expedition. The reader, we are persuaded, will willingly allow us to enter into many minute details connected with this enterprise. If it should prove successful, if it should lead to the vast results that ought necessarily to follow success, it must be looked upon, like Napoleon's return from the isle of Elba, as one of the greatest events of the nineteenth century, so fertile in extraordinary occurrences. I trust that when some future historian shall undertake the task of recording the deeds of the present wonderful epoch, the issue of which I cannot possibly doubt when I contemplate the character of the man predestined to be its hero, he will be gratified to find in the recital of one who may be regarded in the light of an eye-witness details abounding in picturesque interest, while they are nevertheless strictly true.

At a few minutes past ten, Garibaldi quitted the Villa

Spinola, and proceeded to the beach, accompanied by a large number of his officers.

La Farina was by his side, but Medici was absent. When I asked the latter recently, the cause of his non-appearance at such a moment, he replied:—

"Had I been there, I should not have had courage enough to allow him to depart without me."

Proceeding by the narrow pathway which leads from the Villa Spinola down to the sea, the General found thirty boats waiting to receive the volunteers.

As soon as the muster-roll was called over, the number of the men was found to be 1,080.

As quickly as the boats were filled in turn, they hastened towards the steamers; the last boat that left containing Garibaldi himself, and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Türr. The sea was perfectly calm, and the moon shed a genial light over the scene.

The steamers were to have made their appearance at eleven o'clock; but at that hour there were no signs of them to be seen. In the mean time, we may as well give some account of these vessels, and the manner in which they were obtained.

At nine o'clock, Nino Bixio and thirty men embarked at La Marina, in the harbour of Genoa; they rowed from the shore in two boats, each containing fifteen men, and directed their course to two steamers, named the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*. They rapidly boarded these vessels, and confined the masters and crews in the fore cabins. So far the project was successful; but when they wanted to weigh anchor and get up steam, the first difficulties presented themselves to the captors, not one of whom on either vessel happened to know anything about engineering or navigation. This was the sole cause of the delay.

Garibaldi began to feel impatient when he saw no signs of the two vessels; and telling Türr to get into another boat, he rowed off to Genoa, a distance of three miles, with six men only.

There he found the two vessels secured indeed, but the captors in the greatest conceivable embarrassment how to put them in motion.

This state of suspense was now over; the anchors were weighed, the steam got up, and the vessels were ready to depart.

During this interval a boat, rowed by one man only, reached the port of Genoa.

This was no other than Türr, who, being left alone by Garibaldi, as we have seen, felt uneasy, and was resolved to find out what had become of the General, with an anxiety similar to that of Garibaldi when he started off to discover what had become of the steamers.

Türr at once got on board the *Piemonte*, the vessel that was to be under the immediate orders of Garibaldi.

Nino Bixio, the next best sailor to the General, was to command the *Lombardo*.

The two steamers now put off, and came up with the boats at half-past three in the morning.

Most of the men, having been tossed about on the waves for five hours, were seized with sea-sickness. Some few who had not suffered stood up in the boats, while others had fallen asleep. They were now all hurried on board, but during the confusion inseparable from such an operation one of the larger boats got astray. This contained the powder, the bullets, and the revolvers; but no one noticed its disappearance.

The course of the steamers was now directed to Talamone, for the purpose of landing sixty men there, on a very important but hazardous and thankless mission: this was to make an incursion into the Roman States, and there to raise the cry of Long live Victor Emmanuel! Long live Garibaldi!

The object of this was to create a wide-spread rumour that a *coup de main* had been attempted in the States of the Church, so that the King of Naples might be reassured when the news should reach him, and would apprehend no danger on the coast of Sicily.

This was the true meaning of the landing in the Papal dominions. If meant as a real demonstration, it would have been an act of madness: as it was, it was a clever *ruse de guerre*.

The sea was calm until about eleven o'clock in the morning, at which hour the wind rose and the sea began to swell. The *Piemonte* sailed first, and the *Lombardo* followed at about three or four miles' distance.

Garibaldi virtually commanded both the ships, the first by his own spoken orders, the second by signals, but unfortunately neither of the vessels had either chart, sextant, or chronometer on board.

Meanwhile a heavy sea-swell set in, and the poor volunteers lay helpless all about the ships, while the wind howled furiously over them. In this rather forlorn state they were suddenly aroused by a cry, towards evening, of "A man overboard!" when in an instant every one who could stand rushed to the side whence the cry came.

Garibaldi immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, into which sprang four men and an officer, while the General, who saw to everything himself, stopped the engines.

The boat flew through the water in the direction where the man had disappeared. Every eye anxiously followed its course, until one of the rowers quickly dropped his oar, plunged half his body into the water, and drew a man out by his hair.

The exclamation of those in the boat, "He lives!" was heartily echoed by five hundred voices.

"Bravo," exclaimed Garibaldi, "it would have been a bad omen if that man had been drowned."

The man was lifted insensible into the ship; and those on board soon ascertained that he had not fallen into the sea, but had purposely thrown himself in. He was half mad, indeed, and had attempted to throw himself in the water before they reached the steamers; during the night he made a further attempt, and after they had fished him up a third time, he was told that if he chose to renew his mad tricks he would be left to his fate. This warning proved to be efficacious.

Soon after the accident, Garibaldi signalled to the *Lombardo* to approach, and shouted when within hail:

"How many muskets have you on board?"

"One thousand," was Bixio's reply.

"And how many revolvers?"

"Not one."

"How much ammunition?"

"Not any."

It was then first discovered that the boat laden with the revolvers and ammunition had not delivered its cargo on board the steamer.

This unsatisfactory discovery caused a cloud to pass over the placid countenance of the general. For one moment he seemed in doubt as to what he should do; then again hailing Bixio, he shouted:—

"Keep your vessel close alongside." Having delivered this brief order, he appeared absorbed in thought, but soon regained his usual serenity. He was, however, anxiously bent on devising some means for recovering the lost ammunition.

He then went to the man at the helm to direct him to steer in a certain course, merely using these words:—

"Friend, mind you keep to this." It would have been useless to direct the man by the points of the compass; for, although a very good soldier, he was no sailor at all, and would not have understood any order delivered to him in nautical language.

Garibaldi next summoned the officers to his cabin, and addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, you have just heard that there are neither revolvers nor ammunition on board. The revolvers are not of much consequence, but our muskets are of no use without cartridges. So we must manage in one way or another to procure some."

"But, how?" inquired the officers.

"I think I know one way. When we reach Talamone we shall only be twelve miles distant from Orbitello: one of us

must land there, and use his best endeavours to persuade the governor of the fortress to supply us with what we require."

The officers appeared to be all dumb-foundered.

At last one of them said, "But, suppose the governor should arrest the messenger?"

"That," said Garibaldi, "is certainly not improbable."

The officers again kept silence.

"Never mind," said the general, "I know some one who will go."

"We will all go," exclaimed the officers, speaking together. "The interest we feel in the cause is quite sufficient to prompt us."

"I view it in that light," said the general; "but do not give yourselves any trouble. I know some one who will go. Where is Türr?"

"Asleep on deck."

"Oh, is he? Very well," replied the general.

"General," exclaimed an officer, "do not reckon on Türr while we are out at sea; for when I passed close by him just now, he said, in a pitiful voice, 'Do you know why that poor devil threw himself into the sea?' 'No,' said I. 'But I do; he was sea-sick. If I should throw myself into the sea, pray request the general not to have me pulled out; it is my last wish, and the wish of a dying man should always be sacred.' After saying this he fell back motionless."

Garibaldi smiled, and left the cabin in search of Türr. He soon recognized him by his Hungarian dress.

"Türr," said he, "I have a word to say to you when we reach the land."

Türr opened his eyes, and asked, "When shall we reach the land?"

"This evening," answered the general.

Türr heaved a sigh, and closed his eyes again.

But as soon as they reached Talamone, Türr resumed his usual spirits, and presented himself before the general.

"Are you ready to be shot?" inquired Garibaldi.

"I should certainly prefer that to remaining at sea," replied Türr.

"Well then, take a *calessino*, summon to your aid all your diplomatic eloquence, and persuade the Governor of Orbitello to give you the ammunition we require."

Türr began to laugh. "Do you expect that the governor will comply with my modest request?"

"Who knows?" replied Garibaldi. "At any rate you can try."

"Give me an order upon him, then."

"In what capacity can I authorize you to convey an order to the governor of a Tuscan fortress?"

"Well, give me a letter of recommendation to him. I'll do the rest."

"Willingly."

Garibaldi then took a piece of paper, and on it wrote these words:—

"Believe everything that my aide-de-camp Türr will tell you, and assist him to the utmost of your power in the expedition I have undertaken for the glory of Piedmont and the prosperity of Italy. Long live Victor Emmanuel and Italy!

"G. GARIBALDI."

"With this," cried Türr, "I would claim Proserpine from the hands of Pluto himself."

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was on his road to the fortress; and, on his arrival there, he was as eloquent as Cicero could have been, and as persuasive as Talleyrand; but still the governor hesitated. Seeing this, Türr said:—

"I expected your refusal, and consequently made my preparations for it. Let me have a man who can convey this despatch to the aide-de-camp of the king. The sole question is to get the king to give us that which he has already bestowed on us, and which we were stupid enough to lose. Only consider the consequences of delay: it would take three days to go to Turin, two more to get the ammunition up to Genoa, and two more before the ammunition can reach us; thus seven days would be lost, without considering the mischief that might arise from these orders being transmitted from one hand to another, by which means we might compromise the king, who cannot appear ostensibly in promoting the cause. I will not allude to the unfortunate Sicilians, who are now anxiously awaiting succour from us. Pray reflect on what I have said. Here is the letter for the Marquis de Trecchi, the king's aide-de-camp."

The governor took the letter, and read the following contents:—

"MY DEAR MARQUIS.—When embarking we had the misfortune, by some unaccountable accident, to lose the boat, on board of which were stowed our arms and ammunition; therefore, I beg that you will ask his Majesty's permission for us to be supplied with 150,000 cartridges, and, if possible, a thousand muskets and bayonets. "COLONEL TÜRR."

The manner in which Türr addressed the king's aide-de-camp had the intended effect of at once dispelling all doubt from the governor's mind.

"Take what you require," said he to Türr; "I know, that in a strict military point of view, I am committing a fault, but I am willing to risk the consequences, from the conviction that

thē step taken is for the advantage of my sovereign and the welfare of the state."

Türr was, at one moment, on the point of avowing to the governor that Victor Emmanuel did not know a word about the expedition; but promptly reflecting on the consequences of such a revelation, he thought that it would be better for one man to be reprimanded, or even punished, than that a people contending for freedom should be deprived of timely succour. He therefore thanked the governor in the name of Garibaldi, and took away with him 100,000 cartridges, 300 artillery charges, and four pieces of cannon.

The governor ended by being as enthusiastic for the cause of Sicily as Türr himself. He wanted, indeed, to go to Talamone and deliver the ammunition into Garibaldi's hands, but prudently contented himself by wishing them every possible success.

The next morning, the 9th of May, Garibaldi set sail, leaving the governor of Orbitello quite bare of ammunition.

As for the news we have received at Genoa since the 9th instant, it is, as I have already said, not to be depended on. This will be apparent from the following contradictory information.

Official News transmitted by the Neapolitan Government.

13th May.

Two Neapolitan frigates opened fire before Marsala, and killed several filibusters, and sank their vessel the *Lombardo*.

NAPLES, *23rd May, at Night.*

The latest intelligence come to hand informs us that the royal troops valiantly attacked the revolutionists and forced them to retreat, leaving one of their leaders, Rosolino Pilo, dead on the field. They were driven from their position at S. Martino.

News transmitted through Private Communications.

TURIN, *14th May,*

The news of Garibaldi's disembarkation has been officially confirmed. The landing was opposed, and caused the loss of four men.

20th May.

Garibaldi has attacked the royal troops at Calatafimi, near Mon-reale, and totally defeated them. The battle was fought along the whole line, and the royalists were forced to retreat, leaving behind them a number of standards, guns, and prisoners.

Our troops are still in pursuit of them, and have been engaged in a second and glorious battle at Partanico, since when the pursuit has never relaxed.

NAPLES, 19*th May*.

The results of the engagement at Calatafimi were not altogether decisive; the Neapolitan troops have retired to Palermo, from which town two columns, each consisting of three thousand men, have advanced in pursuit of the enemy.

20*th May*.

No fresh intelligence. The royal troops are still in close pursuit of Garibaldi.

NAPLES, 20*th May, at Night*.

The royalists were defeated in the two engagements of the 15th and 16th instant. The position at Mon-reale commanding Palermo is blockaded by Garibaldi's troops.

PALERMO, 18*th May*.

The royalists have evacuated the provinces of Trapani and Palermo; they have retreated, in complete disorder, upon the latter town.

20*th May, at night*.

Garibaldi has attacked Palermo with nine thousand men and twelve guns. A squadron of Neapolitan cavalry has laid down its arms. Garibaldi has entered Palermo, where there is universal rejoicing.

This last despatch was cried about the streets of Genoa the fifth day after my arrival; the whole town was illuminated, and meetings held in the streets, while flags, displaying the colours of United Italy, floated from all the windows.

The moment I heard the news, I hastened to Bertani's house to ascertain whether the report was true. Like myself, Bertani did not believe it to be true: so rapid and successful a march appeared to us to be almost impossible.

I became very anxious to set out for Palermo on the morrow, but he advised me to wait awhile.

In fact, the next evening this last report was contradicted, but, at the same time, it was looked upon as certain that Garibaldi was master of Mon-reale, and was preparing to march on Palermo.

At five o'clock this evening (28th May) I received the following note from Bertani:—

"Read the enclosed despatch, which is now posted on all the walls of Genoa; it is correct, I am sure, because the Piedmontese Government has permitted it to be made public. The source of its communication is as follows:—

"The English consul at Palermo despatched it to his colleague at Naples, who at once sent it to London by telegraph.

"On reaching Genoa, on its way, the despatch was copied and communicated to the Government, and they made it public at three o'clock this afternoon.

"A. BERTANI."

The despatch referred to ran thus:—

"A telegram from Naples, dated half-past nine o'clock this morning, announces that Garibaldi, at the head of his army, entered Palermo on the 27th, and established his head-quarters in the centre of the town.

"The bombardment continued for several hours.

"The number of the besieging force was very small, but led on by their valiant chief, they soon gained a decisive victory.

"A great number have been slain."

I intend to pass the night in completing the second volume of the "Memoirs of Garibaldi;" and whether this news be true or not I shall certainly start to-morrow for Palermo.

But I feel fully persuaded that the news is true. There are some men whom I believe to be capable of effecting anything, and Garibaldi is one of them. So impressed am I with this notion, that were he to say to me—"I mean to start to-morrow to capture the moon," I should probably reply, "Very well, go; only write to me as soon as you have taken it, and let me know in a postscript what means I must take to join you there."

And besides, it is not quite so difficult a task to seize upon Sicily as to take the moon.

Moreover there is another ground—a personal one, too—why I should feel particularly glad for Garibaldi to take Sicily. It is a very long time now since Hernani was at war with Charles V., but it happens that I am at war with the King of Sicily, and I might say in the words of the banished Spaniard:—

"La meurtre est entre nous affaire de famille."

I have never, indeed, killed any member of the royal family of Naples; but my father on his return from Egypt, being taken prisoner at Tarento, was confined in the dungeons of Brindisi, together with General Manscourt, and Dolomieu, the *savant*.

All the three prisoners were ordered to be poisoned by an ancestor of the present king: Dolomieu lost his life by this means; Manscourt became a lunatic; and my father, after bearing up against its deadly effects for a period of six years,

died of a cancer in the stomach, which was attributed to this poison, at the early age of forty.

In 1835 I visited Sicily in defiance of the father of the present king; and placed myself in communication with the Carbonari of Palermo, but more especially with Amari, the learned historian, who became prime minister in 1848.

At that period the Sicilian patriots placed in my hands a plan for a successful insurrection, with details showing the number of troops that Sicily could furnish, and a rough calculation of the revenue that could be raised. To me was deputed the trust of delivering these documents to the Count of Syracuse, the brother of the king, who, having acted for a short time as governor of the island for his brother, had become extremely popular there.

The plan I carried with me to Naples, stitched in the lining of my hat; and the evening of my arrival had a rendezvous with the Count of Syracuse on the public promenade of Chiaïa on the sea-shore, without his knowing beforehand my motive in seeking for the interview.

With one hand I placed before him the plan of the Sicilian patriots, and with the other I pointed out to him my yacht, the *Speronare*, only fifty yards off, quite ready to conduct him to the shores of Sicily.

I must certainly do him the justice to state that he did not hesitate for a moment; for, although he spoke to me freely about the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his brother, and the fear he was constantly in for his own safety, and he followed up this topic, indeed, by requesting me to ask the Duke of Orleans if at any moment he could afford him a refuge at the court of France; yet he absolutely refused to enter into any conspiracy whatever against the then reigning king.

The plan that I showed him, but which he did not even examine, was, in accordance with his request, torn by me into the minutest fragments. These were carried by the wind into the gulf of Naples, and with them both the hope and sympathy that the Sicilians cherished for their own freedom, and for the the elevation of this noble-minded man.

It was this same Count of Syracuse who not long since addressed a letter to his nephew, replete with liberal sentiments and judicious advice, which, as it fortunately happened, he did not heed.

"Quos Jupiter vult perdere priùs dementat."

At the present moment, 28th May, 1860, we may say of the royal House of Naples what Napoleon said in 1808 of the royal family of Portugal. "From this day forward the House of Braganza will have ceased to reign."

I have one desire strongly at heart, and that is to be able to

reach Palermo in time to see it wrested from the hands of the King of Naples—Palermo, the most beautiful gem in his crown.

31*st May*, 3 *o'clock* P.M.

We are now leaving the harbour of Genoa in the most inclement weather possible! The sea is rising fast and the wind blowing hard. The captain, an old sailor named Baudrand, has insisted on my giving him a certificate stating that he sails by my express orders, and not on his own responsibility.

The yacht has twice failed to get out of the harbour, so I have been obliged to apply to the harbour-master for assistance in towing us out to sea. Once there, the *Emma* must sail, one way or the other.

The captain has just attempted another remonstrance; by way of answer I have directed a streamer to be hoisted, on which is written:—

"Au vent la flamme—
Au Seigneur l'âme!"

We are now off at last, three miles out at sea; the yacht close hauled.

Farewell Genoa; Palermo I hasten to greet you!

CHAPTER II.

OUT AT SEA.

For the last six days we have been struggling against contrary winds.

This morning we got clear of the straits of Bonifacio, passing through those of the "Bear," so called from a curiously-shaped, but dangerous rock, in the form of that animal. On our left lay the bleak island of Caprera, of which Garibaldi is the proprietor. When proscribed and all but a prisoner in the island of Madalena, he saw lying before him the desolate and rocky isle of Caprera.

This extraordinary man, who had spent twenty years of his existence in fighting for the liberty of two worlds, whose life had been that of long devotion and self-sacrifice, sighed bitterly when he reflected that he did not even possess a stone on which he could lay his head.

It then occurred to his thoughts that the man who should possess that island—who could live there alone, far away from the contentions of men, ever eager to tyrannize and persecute one another—would indeed be happy!

Ten years afterwards Garibaldi, who never imagined that he should be that happy mortal, succeeded to the inheritance of 40,000 francs* by the death of his mother.

He at once bought this island, the object of his ambition, for the sum of 13,000 francs;† and then purchased a small vessel for 15,000 francs‡ more; and with the rest, assisted by his son and his friend Orrigoni, he built a white house visible from the sea—the only building, indeed, on the island.

Should his life be spared by Austrian and Neapolitan bullets, he will return to die on this spot. He who has bestowed whole provinces, and, we may add, in all probability a kingdom too, on a monarch, is content and rich enough in the possession of his island, and will accept nothing in return from this same king; he will not even be beholden to him for six feet of clay to lay his bones in for his last resting-place.

More modest is he than Cincinnatus, who, on laying down his sword, returned to his plough.

Cincinnatus must have possessed a field, since he had a plough.

Cincinnatus, then, in comparison with Garibaldi, was a wealthy and lordly personage!

The island of Caprera has three ports; two small ones, unnamed; the third, which is much larger, is called Porto Palma.

I took it for granted, that in Garibaldi's absence the island would be completely uninhabited; and it was my earnest desire to anchor in one of the ports, and make a pilgrimage to the house. I noticed, however, that one of the windows was open, and, by the aid of my glass, I perceived the head of a woman looking out. This made me renounce coming to anchor, as I felt that my pilgrimage would be an act of intrusion. Luckily, too, at that moment the wind shifted in our favour, and we made way at the rate of eight knots an hour. We soon doubled the isle of Pacco, and got well out to sea.

8th June.

This morning, at about ten o'clock, Henri, one of our sailors, signalled "land ahead."

Our telescopes were immediately pointed all in one direction; but we soon found that the supposed land was merely a low stratum of clouds.

Henri maintained that if the clouds were there, the land, at all events, was behind them.

* £1,600. † £520. ‡ £600.

The captain replied that the place towards which we were steering, was Ustica; that the coast was low, and not likely to check the course of the clouds.

At about two o'clock the sailor came up to the captain, and in a deferential way pointed out the peak of a mountain, which rose right above the centre of the clouds.

A second and a third peak were soon visible on the same line, proving, beyond a doubt, that we were near land. The only question was, where was it?

The captain then had recourse to his chronometer, and ascertained that the compass had not acted properly, for instead of sailing towards Ustica, we were actually not far from Trapani.

On our right were the islands of Maritimo, Favignana, and Pianezza; and the bay of Alcomo was before us. Reaching Ustica was now quite out of the question, for we had deviated almost thirty-five miles from our course.

We held a consultation as to what course we should now adopt. Should we sail to Marsala, to Trapani, or to Alcomo? or should we proceed straight to Palermo? This last was my own proposal, and it 'was decided we should act upon it. It happened, however, that we had a headwind to contend with; but this did not so much matter, for the *Emma's* sailing qualities are best shown when she is close-hauled.

9th June.

This morning we passed a frigate on our larboard side—in all probability a Neapolitan ship, sailing in the direction of Genoa, to intercept the supplies of men, arms, and money which Medici was to send, and which Garibaldi was awaiting: but as we sail very quickly, we soon lost sight of the frigate.

A brig is next seen ahead, which has just turned Cape St. Vito, and is now performing a very singular manœuvre—tacking about within two or three miles of the shore.

Suddenly she seems to have altered her course, and sheers towards us.

This was sufficient to cause us some uneasiness; but the captain, after scrutinizing this vessel with his glass, declares her to be only a sailing-vessel. If such be the case, we have nothing to fear, for my yacht in speed is a match for any sailing-vessel.

We let the brig approach near enough for us to put about-ship, if she should show any signs of a hostile intention.

It turns out, luckily, however, that her intentions are peaceful enough. She is a merchant-vessel, and sails past us at the distance of half-a-mile.

The land is now quite visible, and we can even make out Cape St. Vito.

By means of a good glass we can just make out, on the larboard side, the isle of Ustica, about six miles off, towards which we are steering.

As evening approaches, we can perceive the two headlands of the Gulf of Castellamare, but are not yet able to see its extremity. In our front is Cape di Gallo, behind which lies Palermo: had we made a good passage, we should have been there by five o'clock; but it is now past six, and we are still twenty-five miles off.

With the wind we now have in our favour, we might make the distance in three hours; but it would be folly to run any risk in the bay at night-time; moreover, should Palermo not be in Garibaldi's hands, we should fall nicely into the claws of the Neapolitans.

We shall, therefore, sail onward till we are near to Palermo, and then lie-to until daybreak.

At nine o'clock in the evening we heard, rather faintly, the successive reports of seven guns.

What can this mean? Is the bombardment going on?—or do these guns denote the close of a day of strife—the last breath of a battle that is to recommence on the morrow? Indeed, nothing is more probable.

Night closes in around us, and at ten o'clock we are able to discern the lighthouse of Palermo.

It now behoves us not to get beyond the point determined on, and the captain gives orders to bring to. I make my way to my cabin, hoping to get some sleep in the interval that now offers. But this is not feasible: for the wind blows in violent squalls, and at each gust the sails flap to and fro with a fearful din, just as if they were going to split across; while the masts quiver and creak as if they were about to be sprung, and every plank seems ready to start.

During all this, I endeavour to write, but what I trace on the paper is scarcely legible; the rolling of the vessel causes my pen to execute the most fantastic figures.

My messmates seem to disregard sleep as much as I do, for I hear them continually walking about the deck over my head.

At length, overcome with fatigue, I fall into a sleep which lasts two or three hours.

10th June.

On waking up, I get upon deck, and notice that we are still in the same position. The lighthouse still glimmers five or six miles off, and the ship still groans and trembles at each fitful gust. The coast is not yet visible; and all we can perceive is a sombre mass of clouds, behind which the moon is fast disappearing.

Two steamers quit the harbour, and pass us; the one on our

right doubtless going to Genoa, and the other, on our left, probably on its way to Naples.

A sailing vessel now bears straight down upon us. By way of precaution, the captain had ordered our ship's lanterns to be extinguished; so as the vessel draws near we have to move up and down an alarm-light, and to sound our bell, to avoid a collision.

She passes us on the larboard, almost grazing our side; we then hail the stranger.

"What news from Palermo?"

He replies: "I don't know; I am come from Messina. I think that fighting is going on."

The vessel sails on, and soon disappears in the darkness.

At half-past three a slight tinge of red, announcing the approach of day, lights up the eastern horizon.

At half-past four the sun appears rising from the sea; it is at first plainly visible in a bright bit of sky, and then disappears behind a sea of dark clouds.

Mount Pellegrino now rises on our right; and the white houses of Palermo become gradually discernible.

The harbour seems to be full of vessels of war, but they are too numerous to be all Neapolitan. The captain is of opinion that there are both French and English ships among them.

If the French and English are in Palermo harbour, there is no earthly reason why we should not be there also; so, at least, thought the captain and myself, and, accordingly, we sailed on at the rate of three knots an hour.

As we approach the city, we can perceive that, of the men-of-war in the harbour, one bears the French flag, three the English, two the American, and all the rest that of Naples; and although it is only five o'clock in the morning, all these vessels have their pennants flying, notwithstanding the usual practice of lowering the flags from 8 P.M. to 8 the next morning.

The Sardinian standard floats over the town, with the exception of the forts Castelluccio-del-Molo and Castellamare, over which the Neapolitan flag still waves; we, therefore, intend to anchor between the former fort and a Neapolitan frigate: thus having on our starboard side the guns of the fort, and on the larboard the sixty fiery mouths of the frigate.

The greatest agitation seems to prevail on the quay and in all the neighbouring streets. What is going on?—and what is the meaning of the Piedmontese flag flying over the town, and the Neapolitan over the forts, and the frigates in the harbour?

A boat laden with fruit comes alongside, without heeding whether we have undergone the usual formalities. The three men by whom it is manned wear the Piedmontese cockade.

We interrogate them as to the strange sight which meets

our gaze, and they inform us that at present there is a suspension of hostilities, but that these will be recommenced in a couple of days.

"And what about Garibaldi?"

"He is master of the town."

"Since when?"

"Since Whitsunday."

"Where is he now?"

"In the palace."

"Can you conduct me to him?"

"We know of no reason why we should not."

"Then let us start at once."

I jump into their boat, and we row straight to the quay.

Two of my shipmates, Edward Lockroy and Paul Parfait, the youngest and most high-spirited of the crew, then lower one of the boats of the yacht, and follow at some distance.

It seems, indeed, that we have just arrived at the very nick of time!

CHAPTER III.

GARIBALDI.

PALERMO, *June* 11.

THANKS to Garibaldi's kindness, I date this letter from the Royal Palace, where we are all lodged in apartments hitherto appropriated only to court dignitaries.

Had any one predicted to the King of Naples that I should some day occupy a principal apartment in the old palace of the Bourbon kings, so audacious a supposition would have no little astounded that monarch; but if to such a prediction it had been added, that it would fall to my lot some day to describe the capture of Palermo by Garibaldi, the king would have been petrified with astonishment. Yet, in spite of its apparent improbability, all this has come to pass.

It is in the apartment of the Governor Castelcicala, and on his own desk that I am now about writing the following narrative of the almost fabulous events which have just occurred. But before touching upon these events, I must recur to the point at which I left off, when I quitted the deck of the *Emma* to be taken ashore by the fruitseller's boat.

On reaching the shore, I felt, on quitting the boat, like

Brutus, almost inclined to kiss the soil which I never expected to behold again, and which now welcomes me because it is become free.

Oh, Liberty, thou noble and sublime goddess! the only queen that if proscribed for a time can never be dethroned. These men that I see before me, armed with guns and other weapons, are thy children.

But a little week since, they were all, hopelessly desponding with downcast looks; now they are full of animation, carrying their heads erect.

They are free!

But who are these men in red blouses, continually rushing about on horseback or on foot, and exchanging embraces and congratulations with every one they meet? They are the deliverers of Sicily—true heroes all of them.

Oh, Palermo! to-day we may indeed truly call thee "*Palermo the fortunate!*"

And yet thy first aspect, poor Palermo, is now very sad and wretched—soiled with devastation!

What is thy eloquent reply to my apostrophe? "Barricades close my streets; my houses totter in the dust; my proud monuments are a prey to flames; but I am free! Stranger, whoever you are, you are welcome; watch attentively as you survey me, and then relate to the world everything you have witnessed."

Barricades are erected at intervals of about fifty yards in the most skilful manner, by the same cunning artificers who erected those popular ramparts at Milan and Rome, and are guarded by a portion of the armed population. They are constructed with massive paving-stones: those in general use at Palermo are admirably adapted for this purpose, being chiefly 18-inch cubes.

Some of the barricades have a narrow opening in the centre, through which a cannon protrudes its brazen throat.

But here is a notice posted up; let us see what it is about?

"ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL!

"I, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Sicily, by the general invitation of the free communes of the island, considering that in time of war it is expedient that the military and civil forces should be concentrated and directed by one person—

"Do hereby decree, that in the name of King Victor Emmanuel I accept the office of Dictator of Sicily.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"*Salerni, 14th May*, 1860."

Well; this proclamation is simple, plain, and concise

enough. If a reaction should take place some day, there can be no doubt who is to be responsible for what has happened.

As I proceed along the streets, the sight of the barricades makes me feel some thirty years younger; this revolution indeed reminds me in all respects of that of 1830. Nothing is wanting to render the resemblance striking: it is a Bourbon monarch who is now driven away by his subjects; and Palermo, like Paris, has its Lafayette—one who also first fought for liberty in America.

I played my part in the first of these two revolutions; I am only solicitous that I may not arrive too late to take part in this present one.

I now recognize the spot before me; it is the "Square of the Four Nations." Five-and-twenty years ago, under the assumed name of François Guichard, I lodged in the hotel opposite.

I am grateful to him who now permits me to take up my abode here in my own name.

Now, by taking a turn to the left, we reach the palace.

The gate is guarded by men in red blouses; some of the same band that fought at Salto San-Antonio against great odds—one to eight.

But, at Palermo, they had to contend one against twenty!

When I was at Milan, five months ago, I remember saying to Garibaldi:

"Heaven knows when we shall meet again. Give me, therefore, some token or pass by means of which I shall be allowed to see you wherever you may happen to be."

Taking up a leaf of paper, he wrote to the following effect, in Italian:—

"*4th January*, 60.

"I recommend to those who know me, my illustrious friend Alexander Dumas.

"GARIBALDI."

This paper I held in my hand, but did not now require it, as the sentry allowed me to pass without questioning me.

The outer aspect of the Palace of the Senate seems extremely like that of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, in 1830.

I made my way to the first floor, and there I met a young man wearing a red shirt, who had evidently been wounded in the hand.

"General Garibaldi?" I asked inquiringly.

"He has just gone to pay a visit to the Convent of La Grancia, which has been burnt and pillaged by the Neapolitans."

"Can I speak to his son, then?"

"I am his son."

"Then embrace me, my dear Menotti! I knew you many years ago.

The young man, without recognizing me, returned my salutation in full confidence: I then thought it was time he should know whom he had so frankly greeted, and accordingly showed him my pass.

"Ah!" he exclaimed cordially, "you are welcome! my father has been expecting you."

"Indeed; well I should like to see him as soon as possible, as I have letters for him from his friends, Bertani and Medici."

"We will go and seek him at once."

We then set off, taking our way by the Strada di Toledo.

Paul and Edward, my young shipmates, here rejoined me: they would not have then quitted me for a kingdom, for they, too, were going to see Garibaldi!

In our way, we crossed several barricades, often having to clamber over the rubbish.

Twenty-five or thirty houses, which had been crushed by shell, were still smoking, and every minute fresh corpses were being dragged forth from the ruins.

We soon reached the magnificent cathedral, built by Roger. One of the statues that stood on the wall enclosing the cathedral has had its head carried away by a cannon-shot; several others, too, have been shattered by balls.

In front of the cathedral stands the house of the Neapolitan consul at London; this was burnt by the Neapolitans, who took refuge there, and wantonly set fire to it when they left.

"Oh! there is my father," exclaimed Menotti.

On the birth of his son, Garibaldi desired to give him the name of a martyr, not that of a saint.

Just as I turned my eye towards the general, I saw he was looking at me.

An exclamation of joy burst from him, which went right to my heart.

"Dear Dumas," said he, "how much I have been wanting you to come!"

"And I, meanwhile, have been anxiously seeking you. Accept my hearty congratulations, my dear general!"

"They are due, not to me, but rather to those men yonder. They are truly giants, my friend."

He then pointed out to me the men who were near him, giving, as usual, all the glory to his companions in arms.

"But where is Türr?"

"Oh, you will soon see him; he is the bravest man I know; the deeds he has performed are almost incredible. What splendid fellows these Hungarians are!"

"Was he wounded in the last affair?"

"Hit by bullets everywhere—but all merely skin wounds."

"How is Nino Bixio?—he was reported dead, you know."

"There is hardly anything the matter with him now, he was only hit by a spent-ball on the chest. He is a dare-devil, who cannot be restrained!"

"And Manin?"

"He was twice wounded. Poor fellow, he never has a chance of escape; as soon as he shows himself he is sure to get hit."

"You will, of course," continued Garibaldi, "return with me to the palace of the Senate?"

"Oh, certainly!"

He threw his arm round my neck, and we set off together.

Garibaldi, the Dictator, who has just given two millions of men to his king, is, indeed, a wonderful being. He should be seen with his felt hat on chipped by a bullet, with his red shirt, his traditional grey trowsers, and with his silk handkerchief loosely tied round his neck, and forming a hood behind.

I noticed a very significant rent at the extremity of his trowsers, and inquired what had occasioned it.

"Oh," said he, "I was talking to an awkward fellow, and he happened to drop his loaded revolver, and as it went off, it burnt my trowsers and cut a large piece out of my boot."

"It would seem," said I, "as if you bore a charmed life."

"I almost begin to think so myself," replied he, with a smile. "But, come, let us push on."

We then took our way to the palace of the Senate. The square on which the front looks is very handsome, with its sculptured fountain, with armed men grouped about the basin, and with its four guns in battery, taken by Türr at Orbitello.

Garibaldi perceived that I was intently gazing at these cannon.

"Ah, they are not of much service," said he; "but, nevertheless, they serve to give confidence to those that use them, and frighten those against whom they are used."

In the general's room we found Türr, who had already heard of my arrival, and was waiting to see me.

We are all in high glee, and only wanted our poor Teleki to be amongst us.

My two *protégés*, Lockroy and Parfait, who entered with me, could not help gazing at Garibaldi, and were both amazed at finding in the aspect of the Dictator such a combination of the simple and the sublime.

Just after I had presented them to the general, he proposed we should go to breakfast. To this we all readily assented; indeed, the table was just then being spread for the repast.

Our meal was composed of roast veal and a plate of sour-krout. There were twelve of us to partake of it, and the breakfast for the whole of the staff and us three guests only cost six francs.

Garibaldi cannot, in truth, be accused of ruining the finances of Italy.

Just now, however, he has ventured, as Dictator, actually to appropriate to himself food, lodging, and ten francs a day to boot—here is a filibuster for you!

"Where are you lodging?" he asked me, at the close of our meal.

"Well, at present, my quarters are on board my yacht."

"Oh, that will never do; there is no knowing what may happen to you on board your vessel."

"Give me, then, ground enough to pitch three or four tents, and there I will encamp."

"Stay a moment—I have something better for you than that to propose. Here, Cenni," said he, addressing the chief of the staff, "have you any vacant lodgings in the palace?"

"All are empty as yet, general."

"Then give the best to Dumas."

"He shall have those occupied by the governor, if you like, general."

"What do you mean by saying, 'if I like?' Of course, I mean it. Give the best apartment to the man who has brought me intelligence that twenty-five hundred men, with 10,000 stand of arms and two steamers, are ready to join me. Yes, the governor's room for Dumas, by all means—let mine be next to his!"

"It shall be done, general."

"Make yourself as comfortable as possible, and stay there as long as you can. The King of Naples will be rejoiced when he hears that you are a tenant of his. By the by, what about the rifles?"

"I have them on board, awaiting your orders."

The reader must know, that when at Turin I promised him a dozen rifles whenever he should be engaged in war on his own account; he is now, therefore, entitled to claim the fulfilment of my promise.

"Very well," said he; "I will send for them."

"Remember, Dumas, you are to do here just as you like; so come in and go out as you please, for you are at home."

"By your permission, general, I will now go and inspect my appointed lodging in the governor's apartment."

"Pray, do."

Just then three or four priests entered;-this caused me to utter an exclamation, and to ask the general what it meant.

"Not so fast!" said he. "Now, are they not fine-looking men? Do you know, each of them marched at the head of his

flock, and some of them did not hesitate to use their muskets in our cause."

"Oh, indeed! May I inquire, then, if you have been converted?"

"Quite so; and I have got a chaplain—Brother John. I'll get him to visit you, my dear fellow: he is another Peter the Hermit. He had a horse killed under him, and his crucifix broken in his hand; indeed, he is just the sort of man I should like to recommend to you."

"Do send him to me, my dear general, and I will take his portrait."

"What! have you a photographer with you?"

"The first photographer in Paris,—Legray, in short."

"Well, then, let him take views of the ruins here; it is right that Europe should know the real aspect of the place after what has occurred. What do you think of 2,800 shells sent amongst us in one day?"

"And, probably, out of this enormous number not one has touched the palace in which you reside."

"Oh, the intention was not wanting, I assure you, only they were not quite clever enough in the execution."

He showed me two houses close by the palace unroofed, and with all the windows destroyed.

"We shall photograph all these sights, and you, too, general, shall figure in the midst of them."

"Why, what do you want to do with me?"

"I have only seen you as a general, and, really, you don't look like yourself in that guise. I prefer you in your own costume."

"Well, do whatever you please with me; as soon as I caught sight of you, I felt convinced that you would make a victim of me in some way!"

"Taking your hint, I will now leave you in the hands of your priests, so adieu!"

After taking my leave of Garibaldi, I followed Major Cenni to the palace, accompanied by my friend Türr.

I found the rest of my companions in the Square of the Palace, where I had directed them to meet me, near the fountains, before any arrangement had been made as to our lodgings.

It so happened that, since 1835, the fountain had ceased to exist, having been replaced by a statue of Philip IV.; but they readily guessed it was the spot I meant.

When I came up with them they were really waxing wroth; I had fixed nine o'clock for the time for our rendezvous, it was now past eleven, and the poor fellows were dying of hunger.

Their spirits were not raised when I told them that we had to walk about three miles through the town before we could possibly get any breakfast.

Just at that moment a sort of turnspit-lad passed by, bearing on his head a long basket, containing a decanter of wine, another of water, a piece of veal, a plate of sourkrout, a few over-ripe strawberries, and some half-ripe apricots.

This breakfast had been prepared for the chief of the staff, and was exactly similar to that which the general had just partaken of.

All here seem disposed to follow the example of the Spartans; the same broth being made to serve for everybody.

The moment Türr perceived the cook's emissary he stopped him, saying,

"Pardon me, my friend; but you must leave this breakfast here, and go back for another one."

"But, sir," exclaimed the youth in alarm, "what shall I say to the chief of the staff, who is waiting for his breakfast?"

"Oh, merely say that Colonel Türr took it from you; here, I will give you a receipt for it."

Türr then tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and gave the bearer a receipt for the breakfast he had laid his hands on, and which was immediately spread out on the steps of the statue of Philip IV.

The famished men sat on the lowest step, and at once commenced an attack on the viands.

I then left them, and hastened to rejoin Major Cenni, who had not the slightest suspicion of the cause that detained my companions.

"Allow me," said he, "to place you in the hands of the inspector; he will take you everywhere—you can choose the apartments you like best; pray, excuse me, for at present I am almost dying for my breakfast."

The poor major little supposed that an act of pillage had been practised on his viands just at the time when he looked forward to the enjoyment of a savoury meal.

The inspector now showed me over all the rooms of the palace, and I made choice of the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the bedroom occupied by the late governor. The drawing-room was immense, capacious enough for a dormitory, and its large windows overlooked the courtyard; hearing a discussion below, I opened one of these, and stepped out on the balcony. On looking out, who should I see but Türr making out a receipt for a second breakfast. The first, it seems, had proved insufficient.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST MARTYR.

Palermo, 15th June.

But, it will be asked, what were the events that happened between Garibaldi's re-embarking at Talamone and my arrival at Palermo: that is from the 9th of May to the 10th of June?

We will now attempt to trace these doings, after casting a preliminary glance at what had previously occurred in Sicily, so that we may the better understand Garibaldi's position and movements.

From the commencement of the war in Italy, in 1859, it was evident that an extensive and wide-spreading agitation was at work, and would ere long penetrate to the very heart of Sicily, equally affecting the three distinct classes of nobles, citizens, and the mass of the people.

At that period the director of the police was Salvator Maniscalco, since become unenviably notorious. He was originally in the *gendarmerie*, and became the favourite of Del Caretto, who employed him for special purposes. He then went to Sicily with the Prince of Satriano, son of the celebrated Filangieri, in the character of provost-marshal to the army; soon afterwards he was appointed director of the town police, and was at length nominated director-general of the police of Sicily.

It was, therefore, his special duty to watch, and suppress, any insurrectionary movement that might threaten.

His opening career in Palermo tended greatly to his advantage. Clever, courteous, and most deferential towards the aristocracy, he was at once admitted into the most exclusive society. But the time arrived when, as he made it appear, he was compelled to choose between social ties and attractions and obedience to the orders he pretended to have received from government. He chose the latter alternative.

Everybody was conspiring at Palermo, if not actively, at least with a thorough good will to do so; but the most conspicuous conspirators were the nobles.

Maniscalco determined to break with them, and at the moment when the symptoms of agitation, inspired by the victories of Montebello and Magenta revealed the existence of a high state of excitement among the nobility, he took

twenty *sbirri* with him, and, under the pretext of dispersing a seditious assemblage, he forcibly entered the casino, broke the mirrors, extinguished the lights, and, after turning every one out, like another Cromwell, locked the door. This occurred about the time when some French generals were created marshals, and received titles associated with the names of the victories, they had gained. For this exploit the puissant director of police received the nickname of "Contedi Smuccia-Candele" or "Count Candle-snuffer."

This brutal aggression of Maniscalco's bore its fruits. Either through the influence of the nobles, or by the mere force of circumstances, an armed insurrection suddenly broke out at Santa Flavia, a little village, eleven miles from Palermo. The police immediately got the upper hand, and a considerable number of arrests followed.

From this time forward a double sentiment seemed to take root among the people of Sicily—an earnest desire for the political amelioration of their country and a personal hate for the police—especially its director. This double sentiment, as may be supposed, begot a general feeling of antagonism between the Sicilians and the Neapolitans.

We shall now have to mark the development of these two sentiments, and to watch their bearing on events.

One day, as Maniscalco was entering the cathedral by a side door, a man wearing a large hat with a wide rim, and a red beard, which together served to conceal his face, advanced towards him and pronouncing these two words "Die, wretch," dealt him a blow with a dagger.

Maniscalco, uttering a scream, fell back apparently killed: like Rossi, however, he was only severely wounded.

The murderer instantly disappeared, and the police were unable to apprehend him; all their efforts were fruitless, although twenty arrests were instantly made, and five or six persons tortured, on suspicion.

The King of Naples compensated Maniscalco for his wound with an annuity of two hundred ounces of gold (£105).

A period of royalist terrorism then commenced, during which Maniscalco ceased to be considered as a political antagonist, but in his own person became an object of public detestation, much in the same light as Narcissus under Nero, or Olivier le Daim under Louis XI.

He recruited the ranks of his myrmidons with malefactors; whole bands of whom he enrolled and joined them to his police force: he then let this band of ruffians and cut-throats loose in the streets of Palermo and the suburbs.

The *sbirri* of Maniscalco, amongst other abominable doings, were ordered to arrest the landlord of the tavern del Fiano-Catolica. There they found no one but his wife and daughter,

the latter in bed; but they would not believe the hostess when she told them her husband was absent.

"Who is there in that bed?" said they.

"My daughter," was the reply.

"Hold the mother," said one of the *sbirri*, "while I ascertain the sex of the person in bed."

While the mother was held down by the merciless wretches, the poor girl was violated before her eyes.

A countryman named Licata, having succeeded in escaping from the *sbirri* of Maniscalco, his wife, who was pregnant at the time, and his children, were thrown into a dungeon. As soon as he heard of this act of cruelty, Licata delivered himself up in order to procure their liberty.

A triumvirate, composed of Captain * * * * *, Commissary * * * * *, and a colonel of the *gendarmerie*, was formed, and their first act was to contrive and invent the newest and most diabolical tortures possible to conceive.

The two most horrible of these contrivances were the so-called "Angelic Instrument" and the "Cap of Silence."

The "Cap of Silence" is a sort of gag of the most ingenious mechanism.

The "Angelic Instrument" is an iron mask, which, being placed on the skull of the victim, and moved by a screw, gradually compresses it until it is crushed.

I was shown a pair of iron handcuffs, which, however thin the wrist may be on which they are fixed, cannot possibly meet without piercing the flesh to the very bone.

Here, too, was renewed, that peculiar kind of torture to which French soldiers were subjected by the Spaniards in 1809: hanging by the waist.

These cruelties were inflicted chiefly upon the aristocracy, whom Maniscalco considered the instigators of sedition. He was mistaken in this supposition; the aristocracy were not content with inciting the people to revolt, they themselves conspired against that government which an Englishman has pronounced to be a negation of God.

All this time it was notorious in Sicily, that Lombardy, the Duchies, Tuscany, and the Legations, were entering upon an era of peace and prosperity in becoming united with Piedmont; while Sicily, on the other hand, remained still enchained to Naples under an administration which alike ruined property, dishonoured individuals, and engendered misery and national degradation.

In such a state of affairs a revolution became imminent.

But Maniscalco made no attempt to calm the existing irritation—he went to work in another way by disarming the people.

A thorough search was accordingly made in every house, for

the purpose of seizing all guns, swords, and bayonets that could be found.

During these persecutions, a Sicilian Committee was formed and designated as "For the Public Good;" this was chiefly composed of the leading nobility, notable citizens, and the people.

On all sides subscriptions were then opened for the purchase of arms and ammunition. In fact, all prepared for the outburst, which they were anxiously awaiting.

The police keenly took up the scent of the coming revolution: this, indeed, they could hardly fail to do, for the atmosphere was redolent of insurrection.

The important news of the union between Piedmont, Tuscany, the Duchies, and the Legations, and the consequent influence that Victor Emmanuel—a progressive prince among reactionary monarchs—inspired by his sound patriotism, created a deep impression throughout Sicily.

Thereupon the union between Sicily and Piedmont was decided on by the concurrence of the nobles, the citizens, and the people.

One material point had still to be discussed.

Should the country rise at once, or tarry a while?

The proxies of the nobles and citizens were in favour of the latter view; the people, on the contrary, wished to rise at once.

One of the popular leaders desiring an immediate revolt was a master plumber named Riso, who had amassed a tolerable fortune by his industry and perseverance.

Yesterday his house was pointed out to me; it had already become a place of pilgrimage for Sicilian patriots.

Riso declared that the nobles and citizens might do as they pleased, but that he would not consent to further delay, as he could reckon on being joined by two hundred devoted friends.

"Well, then," said the nobles and citizens, "begin as soon as you please, and if we find that your movement gives evidence of steadiness, we will instantly join you."

Riso then appointed a meeting of his friends at the Monastery of La Grancia on the night of April the 3rd, his own house being contiguous to that monastery.

All the patriots were now informed that the revolutionary movement would begin at dawn on the 4th of April.

Maniscalco had such misgivings that he gave himself up to despair, fearing that something terrible was about to happen which he was quite unable to prevent. He accordingly assembled all the heads of police on the night of the 2nd April, and informed them that he was not able to prevent a revolutionary outbreak from taking place, but that he must content himself by stifling it when it had broken out.

Meanwhile the whole town was in a state of anxious suspense, and during the day of April 3rd most people purchased provisions sufficient to last them for three days; while, in the evening, families assembled together and locked their doors.

Several well knew what was about to happen, while others only imagined that something unusual was about to take place.

Unluckily, at about eight o'clock in the evening, Maniscalco received information from a monk (the traitor's name is unknown) of what was to occur that very night.

He rushes off in haste to General Salsano, commandant of the town, and orders the monastery to be surrounded.

Riso is already established there with twenty-seven of his confederates, all that were then able to join him. He fully relies, however, upon the others coming in the course of the night; he is satisfied his friends will take good care to be at the monastery by the hour appointed.

When day breaks, Riso opens a window and perceives that the street is closed by soldiers and artillery.

Under these discouraging circumstances his companions are of opinion that they should abandon the enterprise, and that each of them should try to save himself as well as he could.

"One thing is yet wanting to our country," says Riso;—"martyrs! Let us offer to Sicily that which she so much needs."

From the window he then opens fire on the Neapolitans.

And now the deadly contest has commenced.

Cannons are placed in front of the monastery gate. Two balls send it flying before them, and bury themselves in the base of the great steeple which faces the courtyard.

The Neapolitans rush in hastily with fixed bayonets.

The superior of the convent advances to meet them, and is instantly transfixed by their bayonets.

The twenty-seven brave patriots, commanded by Riso, perform prodigies, and for two hours contest every inch of ground from corridor to corridor, from cell to cell.

Riso then gathers them together, and makes a sortie by the same gate which had been forced open by the cannon.

The Neapolitans fall back, but still keep up a fire of musketry. Presently Riso falls, struck by a ball which breaks his thigh just above the knee.

His comrades force an opening through their enemies, leaving a dozen of their number prisoners.

Riso endeavours to rise; two soldiers approach him, and fire their muskets into his abdomen.

He falls a second time, but is still alive.

He is then placed in a cart, and paraded through the streets as a bloody trophy.

The mournful procession halts at the principal thoroughfares, and other public places, and some of the *sbirri, gendarmes*, and police, climb up the wheels of the cart that they may spit in the face of the dying man.

While this is being enacted, a second monk is slain, and four others wounded; in addition to which an "Enfant Jésus," highly respected by the people, is impaled upon bayonets, and dragged along the streets.

The church is robbed of its silver vessels; one soldier, imagining that the two ciphers in gilt iron above the door are of gold, wrenches them off and puts them in his knapsack.

An order arrives from Maniscalco, to convey Riso to the hospital, and to take great care of him.

The surgeons dress the sick man's wounds, which they find to be mortal; but agree in thinking that he may still live two or three days.

This is sufficient for the purpose.

Maniscalco arrests the father of Riso, who had not taken any part in the revolution, but, being anxious about his son, had been seen in his dressing-gown at a window overlooking the convent.

Sentence of death is instantly passed upon him and thirteen other prisoners.

The whole fourteen victims are shot on the 5th of April.

On the evening after this butchery, Maniscalco comes to Riso's bed, bearing a paper in his hand.

"Here," said he, "is the sentence which condemns your father to death; reveal all you know, divulge the names of the nobles who incited you to revolt, and your father's life shall be spared."

Riso hesitates for a moment, but ends by taking the whole responsibility on himself, boldly stating that he has no accomplice.

Maniscalco then learns from the surgeons that Riso might probably survive for four-and-twenty hours longer.

"Very well," says he, addressing Riso, "I'll come and see you to-morrow, so as to give you time to sleep upon it."

Luckily, however, the patriots were apprised of the infamous deceit attempted to be practised on Riso, and accordingly contrived by some means to inform him that his father had been shot that very morning, and that the life he was to purchase by his revelations was extinct six hours before the chance of saving it was offered to him.

Riso died in the night. Some say from the shock he experienced at the news of his father's death; while others state it was occasioned by his tearing off the bandages from his wounds.

Now that Riso was dead, and his father and accomplices

slain, Maniscalco comforted himself with the belief that he had crushed the revolution in the bud; and accordingly money and other kinds of recompense were lavishly showered upon everybody connected with the police.

But this pleasing illusion was soon dispelled; the Palermitan insurrection, although it had been suppressed so promptly at one point, soon broke out in several other places about the country.

The *Picciotti** assembled, and endeavoured to accelerate the movement by offering to all insurrectionists an inviolable refuge in the mountains.

No sooner was the tocsin of La Grancia tolled, than the signal was echoed from all the belfries in Sicily.

At La Bagherie, the two companies of soldiers in garrison were attacked; and the little garrison of Misilmeri was driven out of the town by the inhabitants, and pursued to the bridge of the Ammiraglio; Altavilla and Castellanza sent their contingents of armed peasantry; while the town of Carini, relying upon the looked-for summons from Palermo, had hoisted the flag of United Italy ever since the 3rd of April, that is, on the eve of the outbreak of La Grancia. This was a signal for the display of other flags, and to the cry of "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" they were forthwith all hoisted.

Unfortunately, the want of arms, ammunition, and an organized plan of action, prevented the insurrection from becoming general. It was at that moment but a meteor—a flash of lightning—it had not yet assumed the dimensions of a tempest.

Palermo, meanwhile, was anxiously awaiting aid from the country. The patriots there, terrified in the first instance by the executions, were easily kept down by the stern hand of Maniscalco. The cause, indeed, seemed crushed by the force of its check at the very outset. But the Palermitans did not give way to despair; they remained firm and constant in their detestation of their oppressors, and never ceased gazing towards every point of the horizon, in the ardent hope of beholding the expected signal of that coming aid, around which they might rally, and avenge their first failure.

In the mean time, a sort of head-quarters had been established at Gibilrosa, at which point the patriots endeavoured to annoy the troops, and draw them out on the heights, that they might find thereby some opportunity to break through, at one place or another, the circle of iron which surrounded the town.

Maniscalco then resolved to extend to the country the system

* A name given to all countrymen between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one.

of terror employed by him to crush the insurrection, which, till then, he had only applied to the town.

Sorties of troops, preceded by artillery, were then made; country-houses were pillaged—villages destroyed—and as the troops could find no armed men to contend with, they contented themselves with firing upon women and children.

At this dawning period of the struggle, the names of certain insurrectionary chiefs came to be talked about. The prominent leaders were the Cavalier Stefano Santa-Anna, the Marquis Fimatore Corteggiani, Pietro Pediscalre, Marinuzzo and Lodovico de la Porta, who, after ten years of exile and persecution, maintained the same unwearied spirit in conspiring and fighting for his country.

Partial engagements took place at Gibilrosa and at Villabole; and a body of the patriotic forces were concentrated at Carini, for the purpose of marching on Palermo.

The wounded feelings of the people of that city were excited to unbounded rage and exasperation by Maniscalco and his agents; fierce encounters occurred daily in the streets, between hired vagabonds, set on by the authorities, and respectable citizens, while quietly walking in the public thoroughfares.

These unseemly contests were got up purposely as a pretext for the interference of the police; the citizens, of course, were always made to seem in the wrong; and before they had time to inquire of the offenders the reason of their insults, they were hurried off to prison with manacled hands.

Such was the state of growing alarm and anxiety that the shops were closed one after another; all business was suspended, and the streets became deserted.

It was at this period that a ray of hope appeared to revive the hearts of the citizens.

A Sardinian newspaper, introduced into Palermo in spite of the police, announced the formation of a committee at Genoa, the object of which was to procure assistance for the Sicilian patriots as soon as possible.

The paper added that an expeditionary corps was then being organized in the north of Italy, to aid the Sicilian patriots.

The effect of this intelligence was most inspiriting to the latter.

One man came forward resolved to spread this welcome news throughout the whole island.

This was Rosolino Pilo, who on the tenth of April had landed at Messina. On his return to his native land after an exile of ten years, he took pains to make it known everywhere that not only was an expeditionary corps being formed, but that Garibaldi himself had volunteered to be its leader.

Rosolino Pilo traversed the whole of Sicily, and by using

the most unwearied zeal and activity caused every wall to display the stirring words:—

"Garibaldi is coming. Long live Garibaldi! Long live Victor Emmanuel!"

Thus every village was made cognizant of the coming event; every peasant was enabled to read the notice or to have it read to him.

Another patriot, Giovanni Correo, started on the same mission, and by their united efforts a rallying cry echoed through the whole island: "Long live Garibaldi! Long live Victor Emmanuel!" Annexation was hoped for by all.

Then it was that Maniscalco, in order to silence these patriotic shouts by a clap of thunder, arrested and sent to prison, like so many felons, Prince Pignatelli, Prince Niscemi, Prince Giardinelli, the Chevalier San-Giovanni, Father Ottavio Lanza, Baron Riso, and the eldest son of the Duke of Legiaro.

But the very name of Garibaldi was as a tower of strength to the patriots, and a sufficient consolation for all they had to endure.

Children, whenever they were near a *sbirro*, chanted in every variety of tone:—

"Garibaldi is coming! Garibaldi is coming!"

The wife deprived of her husband, the mother of her son, and the sister of her brother, instead of shedding useless tears, all hopefully exclaimed,—

"Garibaldi is coming!"

The popular exultation increased so much that the *sbirri* appeared to shudder at the reiterated mention of this name, so terrible to every kind of tyranny.

A new star now shone over Sicily: this star was Hope.

In Garibaldi they hailed a popular name that resounded over all Italy; a renowned and skilful captain; a real rallying-point.

As the fact of his coming gradually became evident, the impatience of the Sicilians found vent in the oft-repeated question:—"Where is Garibaldi? When will he come?"

It now became desirable to ascertain if a thorough spirit of concert among the population could be reckoned upon.

It was accordingly promulgated that within a certain interval of time every one was expected to make his appearance in the street of Maqueda. At the appointed time this thoroughfare was crammed; every one was on foot, even the most distinguished ladies; as the presence of carriages would have impeded circulation, they were all left at home.

Maniscalco was furious on being apprised of this; but what could he do to these unarmed, unoffending people, who contented themselves with promenading without raising a single cry.

The demon of mischief inspired him with an ingenious device: as the assembled crowd did not cry "Long live Garibaldi,

Long live Victor Emmanuel," he would make them cry "Long live the King of Naples."

A group of soldiers and sbirri accordingly entered the street, shouting "Long live Francis II."

Not a single response was made by the people.

The soldiers and *sbirri* then surrounded a group of bystanders, exclaiming vehemently, "Shout 'Long live Francis II.'" Still not a sound was heard in reply.

After an ominous pause, a man threw his hat up into the air, and cried loudly,—

"Long live Victor Emmanuel!"

The words were scarcely pronounced, when he fell pierced with bayonets.

Then the musket, the bayonet, and the poniard, began their deadly work. Two men were killed, and as many as thirty persons, inclusive of women and children, were wounded.

The whole population retired without replying to this wanton effusion of blood, this murderous massacre, in any other words than those so simply emphatic, yet so terrible to the baffled sbirri:

"Garibaldi is coming! Garibaldi is coming!"

The next morning all the horrible details of this unprovoked massacre were everywhere talked about; fathers while peaceably walking with their children had been grievously wounded, both themselves and their young ones; others again —men and women—who had fled for safety into some *café* had been pursued thither and sabred by the *gendarmes*.

The next day, indeed, Palermo presented a very alarming aspect. Like the warning of Belshazzar, the walls of the town bore the equivalent to the terrible "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" in this simple phrase, "Garibaldi is coming! Garibaldi is coming!"

During the whole day the streets remained empty, and the windows were all closed. But when the evening had set in, the shutters were reopened, and all through the night anxious looks were directed towards the vast amphitheatre of hills round Palermo, in the hope of perceiving the lighted beacons that were to announce the arrival of the long-expected assistance from the interior of the island.

One morning—it was the 13th of May—a cry rang through the town, "Garibaldi has landed at Marsala!"—The Avenger was come!

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF CALATAFIMI.

LET us now recur to the two steamers, the *Lombardo* and the *Piemonte*, and trace their progress from the point where we left them.

On leaving Talamone, the two ships steamed on without losing sight of each other until the beginning of the second night, when, without any one knowing the reason, the *Lombardo* dropped behind. This delay, it turned out, was occasioned by the maniac volunteer, who had already twice attempted suicide, and who, on being sent from the *Piemonte* on board the *Lombardo*, threw himself for the third time into the sea, to meet with the same fate—that of being fished up again.

The general now ordered a lantern to be placed at the mast-head of the *Piemonte*, as a signal of recall to her consort. As soon as Nino Bixio, who commanded the *Lombardo*, perceived the lantern, he imagined that it belonged to a Neapolitan ship, and therefore, instead of going ahead, did all in his power to increase the distance between the two vessels.

Garibaldi then proposed to fire a gun; but Türr, rightly interpreting Bixio's surmise, advised him not to do so. The general, therefore, contented himself with trying to rejoin the *Lombardo* as fast as he could. As the *Piemonte* possessed more power and speed than the other steamer, Garibaldi soon recognized the latter, and caught her up; and the two vessels then sailed on in close company.

At break of day Maritimo was sighted, and quickly passed. This island has much the appearance of a sentinel placed by Sicily to watch its western coast. The steamers then approached Favignana, and commenced making preparations for the landing, which, it had been arranged, should take place at Marsala.

The operation was to be effected in the following order: Colonel Türr, at the head of twenty-five men of the "Guides," in three boats, was to land first, and after taking possession of the town gates, was to attack the barracks, which were supposed to be occupied by five or six hundred Neapolitans; Captain Bassini, with the eighth company, was to follow, and to use his utmost endeavours to support the attack of Türr.

Towards noon, the steamers were about three miles from the land. The general ordered the men to lie down flat on

the decks, and to keep their muskets by their side; five or six men alone were to stand up, so as to appear like the ordinary crew of a steamer, while the artillery was covered with tarpaulin. Within the harbour two English steamers were recognizable at anchor.

A small fishing-smack now approaches the steamer. The head fisherman is desired to come on board, and on being asked the news, replied, "That the Royalists had been at Marsala to disarm the population, but had left for a time; in short, there were just now no troops in the place." The steamers, accordingly, enter the harbour at once: the *Piemonte* anchoring at about three hundred yards from the pier; but the *Lombardo*, in endeavouring to anchor, takes the ground—a matter of small importance, as its services are no longer required. The disembarkation then takes place according to the order agreed upon.

The first thing now to be done is to take possession of the gates of the town and the telegraph; and as the absence of the Neapolitans renders the operation an easy one, a subaltern is appointed to carry it into execution. As soon as he reaches the telegraph station, the lieutenant puts to flight the official on duty, who, in his haste to get away, leaves upon his desk the copy of a telegram he has recently transmitted, couched in the following terms:—"Two steamers, bearing the Sardinian flag, have just entered the harbour, and are now disembarking men and arms."

This despatch is addressed to the military committee at Trapani.

Just as he is about to read the despatch, the lieutenant perceives, by the movement of the machinery, that an answer to it is about to arrive. One of his men, who understands the telegraphic terms, ascertains the message to run thus: "How many men have landed?"

The lieutenant at once replies: "I was mistaken; the two steamers are merchant vessels with a cargo of sulphur from Girgenti."

The telegraph is again at work, and brings back this further and conclusive answer: "You are a fool."

The lieutenant, thinking that the dialogue has lasted long enough, proceeds to cut the wires, and returns to report to Türr what has taken place.

During this time the 8th company has landed, and is posted at the gate of the marine department. Soon afterwards, a steamer appears in sight—evidently a Neapolitan vessel. The disembarkation meanwhile has progressed but slowly, owing to the small number of boats available; as they have landed, the troops form in line along the pier.

In addition to the suspicious-looking steamer before sig-

nalled, a large steam-frigate rapidly approaches and opens its fire just when two-thirds of Garibaldi's men have landed. Each shot being saluted by the cry of "Italy for ever!"

The good luck which usually seems to attend Garibaldi in whatever he undertakes was again manifested on this occasion. The hostile shots proved harmless, except to a poor dog belonging to the expedition: his was the only death that had to be lamented.

The artillery and the troops now march straight to the town as they land, while General Garibaldi and Colonel Türr remain on the harbour until the last man had left the ships.

Just as the two chiefs were entering the town, a shell fell close to them, and, on its explosion, covered them with dust. Guards were now placed at all the outposts, so that the troops might take as much rest as possible. Luckily, their repose was not threatened by the two Neapolitan steamers; for they, probably, dreading a surprise in the night, had prudently steamed away to the distance of about twenty miles from the port. At daybreak the Garibaldian troops started for Salemi, the road to which was open.

In the evening they were ordered to halt around a farm; some fears had been entertained that they would run short of provisions, but the peasants willingly supply them therewith; every one, indeed, brings what he possibly can, as an offering to the volunteers: one brings bread; another, wine; others, fowls'-eggs, or even a sheep. From this friendly reception, it was evident that should they fail in obtaining armed co-operation, they would at any rate meet with the cordial sympathy of the people.

The next morning a courier arrived with the news that the Neapolitans were in force at Calatafimi, and, in all probability, would march to Salemi. Bixio and his company were promptly sent forward; the general with his staff following and the rest of the expedition bringing up the rear.

At Salemi they are received in triumph, and rest there the whole of the day. At Salemi, the general appoints himself Dictator, in the name of Victor Emmanuel; a copy of his proclamation, to that effect, we have already given in a former chapter.

Türr meanwhile profits by this interval of rest to draw up a body of regulations for the organization of the army, which receives the assent and signature of Garibaldi.

At a short distance from Salemi, just as the general was allowing his horse to take a drink at a fountain, a reformed Franciscan monk, with close-cropped hair, and showing an intelligent face and a quick eye, came up to him. This monk belonged to the convent of Sta. Maria degli Angeli di Salemi, and gave lessons in philosophy. While expressing his joy at

beholding the general, he could not conceal his astonishment at finding him so plain and unpretending. His ardent feelings prompted him to fall on his knees, and to exclaim—"I thank thee, my God, for allowing me to live to witness the coming of the Messiah of Liberty; from this moment, forward, I swear to die, if necessary, for his cause and that of Sicily."

Türr readily gathered from this incident what a considerable number of adherents might be gained by the powerful advocacy of a young, ardent, and patriotic priest, amongst a people so superstitious and susceptible as the Sicilians. He accordingly said to the young monk—"Will you come with us?"

"Such is my most anxious wish!" was the instant reply.

"Then, accompany us," said Garibaldi, with a sigh; "you shall be our Ugo Bassi." The general then gave him a proclamation which he had already had printed:—

"To ALL GOOD PRIESTS.—The clergy is making common cause with our enemies; it hires foreign soldiers to fight against the Italians. Whatever may happen—whatever fortune may have in store for the future lot of Italy, its clergy will be detested by all generations.

"There is, however, one consolation left us—one that encourages the belief that the true religion of Christ is not quite lost, when we behold in Sicily priests marching at the head of the people against their oppressors.

"Men like Ugo Bassi, Verita, Gusmaroli, and Bianchi are not all dead, and the day on which the example of these martyrs—these champions of the national cause—shall be followed, the stranger will have ceased to trample on our soil, and be a master over our sons, our wives, our worldly possessions, and ourselves.

"G. GARIBALDI."

"This proclamation is not intended for me," said the monk, after he had read it; "for I am converted beforehand—but I will give it to those whose faith requires to be sustained." At dinner, which took place at the house of the Marquis de Torre-Alta (where the staff had taken up its quarters), Garibaldi placed Brother John (as the young monk was called) on his right hand. The orthodoxy of some of Garibaldi's officers was more than questionable, and brother John soon became the butt of their pleasantry. One of the officers said to him—"Now, Brother John, as you have become our chaplain, you must cast aside your monkish habiliments, and carry a musket."

Brother John shook his head at this sally. "I do not require one," said he; "I will fight, armed with the Word, and with the Cross; he who bears Christ on his breast need not be called upon to carry a gun on his shoulder."

Garibaldi, seeing that he was a man of spirit and intelligence, by a reproving sign put a stop to this kind of banter. After dinner, Brother John started for Castel-Veterano, his native place, and returned the next morning, accompanied by a hundred and fifty peasants, all armed with guns. These peasants, as we have already stated, were called Picciotti. Early on the morning of the 15th the march of Garabaldi's forces to Calatafimi was resumed.

On arriving at Vita, distant about three miles from Calatafimi, on emerging out of a defile some admirable positions came into view. It was therefore at once assumed that the Neapolitan army (satisfied with such good ground) could not be far off. Garibaldi accordingly orders his troop to halt; then, taking with him Türr, and two officers, Major Tuckery and Captain Misori, he ascends a mountain on the right of the road to reconnoitre. On reaching the summmit, he finds that his supposition was well founded—they are, indeed, in front of the Neapolitan forces.

The main body of their army is posted at Calatafimi, and occupies the situation on the slope of a mountain—whilst their advanced posts are about a mile in front of the town.

No sooner do the Neapolitans perceive that Garibaldi's troops are at Vita, scarcely have they seen a group of officers reconnoitring on the top of an opposite mountain, than they quit the town, to occupy the valley, where they construct three mamelons on the left, and one on the right, by means of which they can command the road. The general, after his reconnaissances, redescends the hill, and issues the following orders:—"Türr is to take the Genoese Carabineers, all excellent shots, and armed with Swiss rifles. In the ranks of this corps are several young men known to possess great wealth. In the rear of Türr the 7th company will march on the right, and the 8th company on the left. Behind these, as a support, will follow the 6th and 9th companies, with the Picciotti of Santa Anna, and those from Cappolo who joined the volunteers at Saleim—about four hundred and fifty men. On the left are to be placed the only two serviceable pieces of cannon, the other two having no carriages."

In this order of battle they await the enemy, who advance in skirmishing order, shouting loudly as they approach—every officer vociferating the word of command in a frantic manner.

The general, observing this, and calculating that ten minutes must elapse before they can be within range, orders all his men to sit down in ranks, saying: "Let us take a little rest, we shall have plenty of time to tire ourselves."

By way of example he, by-and-by, then seats himself between the Genoese Carabineers in front, and the two companies behind, forming their support. As soon as the enemy

are within double musket-range the general orders the horns to sound his favourite call. At the first sounds of the horns the Neapolitan skirmishers halt, and retire three or four paces. Just then, a strong column of Neapolitans appears upon a hillock to the left of their line, and on the right of the Garibaldian troops, and places a battery of two guns in position.

The Neapolitans then resume their advance, which had been interrupted by the sound of Garibaldi's horns; and, as soon as they are within range, open fire. The volunteers received the first fire without moving from their sitting posture; but some of the Picciotti disappear at this juncture.

About a hundred and fifty of these men, however, still remain firm, encouraged by their commanders, Santa Anna and Cappolo, and two Franciscan monks, who, armed with muskets, both fight in the ranks.

The general now thinks it time to commence, and briskly rising up, calls out, "Now, my boys, charge with the bayonet."

The moment these words are out of his mouth, Türr rushes forward at the head of the first line of carabineers. Nino Bixio, with the two companies under his command, quickly follows his example. An instant after the general takes Türr's place, and sends him to give the order for a general attack; but this was useless,—the battle had already become general.

The Neapolitans recoil with the bayonets of their foes touching their breasts; but they rally presently after, on reaching a more advantageous position than the one they had been forced to quit. In the midst of the contest, now raging on all sides, some admirable charges are executed. Every officer who can rally round him a hundred, sixty, or even fifty men, charges with vigour at their head. Most of these charges are led on by Garibaldi, Türr, Bixio, and Schiafini.

At these several charges, the Neapolitans at first hold their ground: fire, reload, and fire again; until they see the glitter of the Garibaldian bayonets within ten yards of them, all the more terrible from their being fixed on guns that are silent. They then retire, but only to reform in a better position, under the fire of their cannon, which vomits forth deadly showers of grape.

The general gives his orders, in the midst of this heavy fire, with his usual calmness. His son, Menotti,—the boy who was born in the Rio Grande, and whom his father carried, during a weary retreat, which lasted a week, in a handkerchief, tied to his neck, in order that he might warm him with his breath,—Menotti, now for the first time under fire, takes a tricoloured standard, ornamented with ribbons, with the word Liberty inscribed on it, and charges at the head of the tirailleurs, with a revolver in one hand and the flag in the other. When

within twenty yards of the enemy, he is struck by a bullet on the hand which bears his flag. The flag falls to the ground. Schiafini seizes it, and is shot when about ten yards from the enemy.

Two other soldiers take the flag in turn, and are both shot dead. The Neapolitans seize it. One of the Guides—Damiani—dashes furiously amongst them, retakes the flag and its ornaments, and carries it off in safety, leaving nothing but the bare pole in the hands of the enemy. During this time the legionary artillery has silenced one of the enemy's two guns; three students from Pavia and one of the Guides then make a dash at the remaining gun, and after slaying the artillerymen, take possession of it.

An order was now given to the Garibaldian artillery to advance and to fire on such bodies of Neapolitan troops as were not intermixed with the volunteers. The battle had continued for about two hours, and the weather was fearfully hot; the men, who had been incessantly engaged in close fighting, were exhausted; further exertion seemed impossible. In the midst of a charge against one of the higher mamelons, they suddenly came to a halt, and, completely overpowered by fatigue, threw themselves on the ground.

"Well," said the general, "what are we all about now?"

"Don't be uneasy, general; we are only taking breath," replied the legionaries. "We shall begin again directly, fresher than ever."

Garibaldi alone remains erect, while all his men are thus lying on the ground. The Neapolitans no sooner recognize him than they direct all their fire upon him. Some of the volunteers, on seeing this, rise up in all haste and devotedly make a rampart of their bodies round the general. "No, indeed, my brave fellows," says Garibaldi; "don't mind me. I shall never meet with better company nor a better day to die in."

After this brief repose, the legionaries spring up and charge the ranks of their foes with fresh fury. Sirtori has a horse killed under him, and is himself wounded in the leg, but he still keeps at the head of his men; in a short space of time the royalists are dislodged from this mamelon, as they have been from the others. But there still remain two others to be taken. "Follow me, students of Pavia," cries Türr. Fifty young men instantly respond to his summons, and follow him, although they are almost worn out with fatigue, uttering a jocular remonstrance at the colonel always telling them that "this is the final charge."

The Neapolitans, driven from their positions one after another at the point of the bayonet, are at length forced to abandon the field of battle and to retire to Calatafimi. Every

legionary soldier then drops in the place on which he stood at the close of the fight; one would imagine that Garibaldi's army had been entirely destroyed—it is but the needful repose after victory; a victory bought at a great sacrifice, as Garibaldi's following order of the day, which was read that same evening on the field of battle, plainly testifies:—

"SOLDIERS OF ITALIAN LIBERTY,—With such comrades as you I would venture anything; this I have indeed proved to you by attacking an enemy four times as numerous as you are, and master of a position impregnable to any but yourselves. I relied on your bayonets and I now find that I was not mistaken.

"In deploring the harsh necessity of fighting with Italian soldiers, let us confess that they made a resistance worthy of a better cause; and let us rejoice at this, for it is a proof of what we shall be able to accomplish when we are all united under the glorious flag of a redeemed country. To-morrow all Italy will rejoice over our victory, a victory achieved by its own free sons and by valiant Sicilians.

"Your mothers and betrothed brides, already proud of you, will to-morrow quite glorify your deed, and will hereafter exhibit their satisfaction at your prowess by their erect attitude and their radiant countenances. The battle we have fought will have cost the life of many a dear brother fallen gloriously in the van; the names of these martyrs for the cause of Italy will be collected and inscribed on the brazen tables of history.

"I myself will point out their names as worthy of the gratitude of their country, as well as the names of those brave men who led our young and inexperienced soldiers on to glory, and who, to-morrow, will again lead them to still more glorious contests—those brave men who will inevitably sever the last links of the chain which holds in bondage our dearly-beloved Italy.

"G. GARIBALDI."

In fact, the Neapolitans had fought so well, that, in the defence of the mamelon, the assailants were brought to a stand midway; and the Neapolitans, after having used all their cartridges, still boldly confronted their enemies, hurling stones at them; one of these missiles struck Garibaldi, and nearly dislocated his shoulder.

Now that the battle was gained, the general was in so favourable a position that, by another blow, he might cut off the retreat of the Neapolitans.

But his overworked troops could not march another step; the army had been indeed severely tested. The Guides alone, under the command of Misori, who had been wounded in the eye by a grape shot, out of their small force of eighteen men,

had one killed and five wounded. In all, 110 men had been killed or wounded, inclusive of sixteen officers.

During the night the royalists abandoned Calatafimi, and the soldiers of Italy entered it at daybreak. Since then the following letter has come to light; it was written by General Landi, and addressed to the Prince of Castelcicala, whose apartment in the palace I am, through the favour of Garibaldi, occupying at the present time.

"*Immediate.*

"CALATAFIMI, 15*th May*, 1860.

"MOST EXCELLENT PRINCE,—Succour—immediate succour—is needed by us! The armed band which left Salemi this morning has taken possession of all the hills from the south to the south-east of Calatafimi. One half of my advanced column was thrown out as skirmishers and attacked the rebels. Their fire was well sustained; but masses of the rebels, united with Sicilian troops, opposed us in vast numbers.

"Our men have slain the commander of the Italians, and have taken their standard, which is now in our possession; but, unfortunately, one of our guns, which had fallen from the back of a mule, was taken possession of by the rebels, an event which I greatly deplore.

"Our column has been forced to retreat a short distance, and to occupy a position at Calatafimi, where we now are, acting on the defensive. As the rebels, in large numbers, seem disposed to attack us, I implore your excellency to send us, without delay, a powerful reinforcement of infantry, or half a battery, at the very least, as the forces of the rebels are enormous and formidable in action.

"I am apprehensive of being attacked in the position I now occupy; in such a case I will defend it as long as possible; but if prompt succour does not arrive, I cannot foresee how the affair will end. The artillery ammunition is almost all exhausted, and that of the infantry considerably diminished. In fact, our position is most critical; it necessarily requires means of defence, and the want of these means causes me the greatest apprehension.

"We have sixty-two men wounded; I cannot now give you a correct list of the killed, as I am writing this immediately directly after our retreat. In my next despatch I will give Your Excellency more exact details.

"Briefly I must add, that should circumstances render the step needful, in order not to risk the safety of my column, I shall think it my duty to retreat to a more elevated position. I hasten to submit all this to Your Excellency, so that you may know that my column is surrounded by numerous hostile forces, who have taken possession of the various mills, and

all the flour that had been prepared for the use of our troops.

"I trust that Your Excellency will not entertain any doubt respecting the manner in which our piece of cannon was lost; I repeat that the gun had been placed on the back of a mule which was shot during our retreat. It was therefore impossible to recover it. I must conclude by informing you that the column fought under a sharp fire from ten in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, at which time our retreat commenced.

"LANDI, *General commanding.*

"To His Excellency
The Prince of Castelcicala."

At the foot of this letter, Türr, into whose hands it had fallen, wrote the following:

"*Remarks by the Adjutant-General Stephen Türr.*

"The captured piece of cannon was mounted, and was taken by us just after it had been fired; moreover, as a proof that the mule was not shot, the two mules attached to the gun fell into our hands. Fortunately for Italy, our commander-in-chief is not slain. As for the captured standard, it was not the battalion flag, but merely a fancy banner which the brave Schiafini brought with him and carried in the column in the ranks of which he fell pierced by two balls.

"Can General Landi point to a similar flag-staff in the annals of war? It is necessary to read his despatch in order to know from his own admission how he was defeated by men in the simple garb of peasants, who can, nevertheless, fight with their whole souls for the liberty of their country."

CHAPTER VI.

BLESSING THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

PALERMO, 16 *June.*

AT Calatafimi one day of rest was granted to the men and another day was devoted to work on such matters as were urgently required.

On the previous evening Brother John rejoined the troops with his hundred and fifty volunteers.

Early on the following day the Italian army arrived at Alcamo; on approaching which place, Brother John, who rode at Garibaldi's side, whispered to him these words: "General, you must not forget that you are excommunicated."

"I do not forget it, brother," replied the general; "but what am I to do?"

"This is what you must do, general: we are here in the midst of a religious people—more than religious, indeed—superstitious; therefore I am anxious that when you pass the church of Alcamo you would enter it for the purpose of receiving the benediction."

Garibaldi reflected for an instant; then making a sign in the affirmative, said, "Well, I will do as you wish."

Delighted with this concession, which he anticipated would be demurred to, Brother John galloped off to the church, there sought for a cushion for Garibaldi to kneel upon, endued himself in canonicals, and awaited the arrival of the general.

But Garibaldi, either forgetting the promise he had made, or else, on further reflection, wishing to evade its performance, passed by the church without going in. Brother John noticed this evasive movement, and by no means relished it; so hastening out of the church, he seized Garibaldi by the arm and said, "What does this mean? Is this the way you keep your promise?"

Garibaldi replied with a smile: "You are right, Brother John; I am wrong, and am perfectly willing to make the *amende honorable*."

"Come into the church, then."

"Yes, I will, Brother John."

And this redoubtable man (who, it would seem, by what the Neapolitan journals say, has received power from the Devil to emit fire from his eyes and mouth) not only allowed himself to be led by the priest like a child, but, actuated by a religious feeling that can never be wholly suppressed, knelt down on the outer step of the church before the eyes of the assembled population, the peasants, and the army.

This was really going beyond what he had promised Brother John to do; who seeing the good turn matters were taking, rushed into the church with that Italian vivacity which will burst forth even under priestly raiment, and, after taking possession of the holy sacrament, hastened back, exclaiming, "Let all behold; here is the victor humbling himself before Him who alone giveth victory!"

Proud of this fresh triumph of religion over arms, he then proceeded to bless Garibaldi in the name of God, of Italy, and of liberty.

The troops are ordered to halt at Alcamo; at which place these legionary soldiers—one of whom be it remembered had

been shot during the Roman campaign, for having stolen thirty sous from a woman—learned the cruelties that had been committed by the Neapolitans during their retreat. At Partanico they had ransacked the town, and set fire to half of it, killed women, and had even trampled children to death.

This brigandage produced just the contrary effect to that which its perpetrators had anticipated; instead of intimidating it had exasperated the population, and those who until now had remained passive, eagerly armed themselves with their guns. Pursued on all sides by the peasantry, shot at from behind hedges, trees, and rocks, the royalists strewed the roads with their bodies, and abandoned at all points their luggage as well as prisoners.

When the liberating army arrived at Partanico, the feeling of the inhabitants was that of intense rapture; their enthusiasm almost amounted to delirium. It was resolved to make a further halt here, to rest the men a short time. While profiting by this opportunity, the general, on whom fatigue seemed to take no effect—that same "commander of the Italians" who had been killed in the recent battle, according to the bulletin of General Landi—pushed forward with Türr, with no other escort than two officers of the staff, and on his way encountered several groups of Picciotti, whom he formed into an advanced guard, and with such means was enabled to effect a reconnaissance of the enemy.

With this advanced guard the general arrived at Renna, where he pitched his camp on each side of the high road, extending his outposts as far as Picippo, from which place Palermo and Monreale are discernible.

This was on the 18th of May. On the following day the troops halted at Picippo, and on the 20th the advanced posts were pushed forward within a mile only of Monreale; San Martino and its mountains being occupied by the Picciotti. On the evening of the 20th, the column marched upon Misero Canone, and on the following morning, while the general and his staff were at the foremost outposts held by the Picciotti, a movement of the royalists made it desirable to withdraw the Picciotti, and they accordingly retired to Misero Canone. Garibaldi then took up a position with the carabineers of Genoa and a battalion of *Bersaglieri*.

The royalists advanced till they were within the range of a gunshot and a half, and then commenced firing, but the carabineers and *Bersaglieri* declined to return it; on which the Neapolitans retired, as if they had achieved a triumph; and, accordingly, a bulletin soon after announced that the Neapolitan army had met the rebels, who had not dared to engage with them!

The general, having ordered his favourite call to be

sounded, again took possession of his advanced posts without opposition.

In the afternoon, Garibaldi advanced along the road to Monreale, in company with Colonel Türr and two or three officers, and he found that if he were to persist in marching on Palermo by this road, it would cause the sacrifice of two or three hundred men. He then formed a plan which for any one else to have contemplated would have been insane; it was no other than to make his way by Parco instead of Monreale.

In order to realize this plan, his army would be compelled, in the absence of any kind of road, to climb over mountains, where neither huntsmen nor mountaineers had ever placed a foot; both men and guns would have to traverse the domains of wild goats, enveloped in clouds, and, in fact, to achieve something more difficult than the passage of the Great St. Bernard, for that, at least, boasts of a road.

As soon as night had set in, the troops commenced their toilsome and hazardous march; the men fastened themselves to the guns, and proceeded one by one, sometimes on all-fours, during a dark and rainy night, in the midst of imminent danger, for fearful precipices yawned on each side of them. If the victory of Calatafimi was a marvel, the successful passage of Parco may be almost regarded as a miracle.

In order to deceive the Neapolitans, the bivouac fires were left still burning; and to the Picciotti was committed the charge of keeping them alight. By this precaution, Garibaldi's army was enabled to proceed on their march for eight hours, and traverse the summits of three mountains before the Neapolitans were aware that they had even abandoned their bivouac.

The mountains were crossed without the loss of either a man, a musket, or even of a cartridge. Towards daybreak, the advanced guard reached Parco; and by three o'clock in the morning the whole army had arrived there. Garibaldi's first care was to provide for the wants and comfort of his men, and it was not until this had been attended to that he thought of taking care of himself. The mayor of the village lent him and Türr each a pair of trowsers; after which the general and his lieutenant remounted their horses, and started off to explore the neighbouring country.

They pursued the road of a zigzag form which leads from Parco to Piano, and soon reached an elevated point, of which instant use was made, by constructing thereon a battery for cannon; two other mamelons were also made available as points of defence. All these works were completed during that same day by men who had been marching all night; after

this, the men bivouacked, some round the works they had just finished, and the rest in the neighbouring villages. All this occurred during the day and night of the 22nd.

The next morning at break of day, the General and Türr mounted to the summit of Mount Pizzo del Fico, after an extremely fatiguing ascent. They had no sooner reached this point, than one of the Picciotti appeared, demanding, "Who goes there?"

This man was one of the peasants of the neighbourhood, appointed to guard that position, and to whom the person of the general was unknown. Türr and Garibaldi forthwith made themselves known, to the great delight of the peasant soldier.

From the top of this mountain the general and his companion Türr were able to survey the whole outline of Palermo, and to distinguish troops encamped on the plains round about it. The quick eye of Garibaldi enabled him at once to determine that the number of these troops could not be less than fifteen thousand.

To oppose these he had only seven hundred and fifty men upon whom he could actually reckon. Moreover, he found, on directing his sight towards Monreale, that a body of three or four thousand men was just about to commence their march from that place. Two companies of this force took the road towards Castellacio, while a battalion, with two pieces of cannon and some horsemen, directed their march straight to Misero-Canone.

After marching a couple of miles, the Neapolitans came to a halt.

In the evening there was a slight skirmish between the Neapolitans and the Picciotti, in the course of which the latter showed some resolution in the defence of their position, and during the night a fusilade was kept up between the Neapolitans and the Picciotti.

Next morning, at daybreak, the general proceeded to the mamelon round which wound the road from Piano to Parco. Here he again directed his glance towards the Neapolitans, and observed that the troops, which had left Monreale the day before, were advancing, evidently with the intention to surround his left wing. At the same time he perceived that the troops from Palermo were advancing towards Parco.

The general instantly guessed the object of these movements, and ordered Türr to remove the artillery from its position, to send the Carabineers of Genoa to the left wing, having the Picciotti to support them, and to unite all the other corps. Then, in order that no time should be lost while Türr was carrying out his orders, Garibaldi, accompanied by a few of the Guides and aides-de-camp, set out on the road to Piano.

Presently sounds of musketry were heard to proceed from the other side of the mountain where the Carabineers were posted; here they defended themselves heroically although attacked by three times their own number; but, deserted by the Picciotti, who were seen flying along the road, they were at last compelled to retire to the summit of the mountain. The moment Türr perceives this, without waiting for orders from Garibaldi, he sent the 8th and 9th companies to join the Carabineers; but as the artillery could not follow by the same road, he retained two companies to defend it, and to construct two batteries on the road. By this manœuvre the two companies and the artillery formed the right wing of the new position.

At two P.M. the general arrived at Piano, always pushing on along the peaks of the mountains. He then allowed the men to take rest, and in the evening summoned, for the first time, a council of war, consisting of Colonels Türr, Sirtori, and Orsini, as well as the Secretary of state, Crispi.

"You perceive," said the general addressing these officers, "that our small force is obliged to march by impracticable roads, and that it is continually menaced on its flanks by an enemy more than ten times our number. It is, therefore, quite essential that we should keep the largest body of Neapolitans as far off as possible. If we send our artillery to Carleone, in all probability it will deceive the enemy, who will, therefore, divide their forces, and thus render our march to Palermo all the more easy."

This proposition of the general was at once adopted, and Orsini was ordered to proceed along the road to Carleone with the artillery, and the baggage, and to take fifty men as an escort.

For the distance of half a mile that intervened before reaching the path that the general wished to take, the army followed the artillery.

On approaching this path, which takes the left side of the road to Marineo, the troops separated from the artillery, which continued its march towards Carleone.

The night was fine, the moon shone, and the heavens appeared as if embroidered with diamonds. Türr, as was his invariable rule, moved on by the side of the general, when the latter, raising his hat, said to him, with a more smiling countenance than he usually exhibited, "My dear friend, most men have their peculiar hobby, and I confess I am no exception to the rule. Having heard in my very earliest youth that every man had his particular star, I sought for mine, and believed that I could recognize that which presided over my destiny. Look now, do you not see the *Ursa Major?* Well, a little to the left of it, between three stars, there is one which is called 'Arthur,' in the nomenclature of the heavens. That is my star."

He then remained pensive, keeping his eyes fixed upon the star he had just pointed out.

Türr soon discovered the star, which was really a most brilliant one, and remarked, "If, general, that is your star, I predict, from its smiling aspect, that we shall certainly succeed in entering Palermo."

There was nothing, nevertheless, in the position of that small army which could justify the hope that Türr's prediction would be verified. A numerous corps of Neapolitans had commenced its march in the direction of Piana delli Greci, while eighteen thousand men, with forty guns, remained at Palermo in order to defend it. Towards midnight the troops entered a forest, and bivouacked there. At half-past four the next morning they resumed their march, and arrived at Marineo at about seven o'clock, and halted there for the day. In the evening the march was resumed, and Misilmeri was reached by ten o'clock. Türr and Colonel Carini had started off in advance in order to provide accommodation for the troops.

The night passed off without any incident worth noting, but few closed their eyes.

There were some members of the Committee of Sicilian Liberty of Palermo staying at Misilmeri, as well as La Masa, with two or three thousand Picciotti. The general informed the members of the committee that it was his intention to attack the town early on the morning of the 27th, at the gate of Termini.

Türr, knowing that his friend, Colonel Eber, the correspondent of the *Times*, was at Palermo, begged the members of the committee to inform him of their approach, and to beg him to join the army at once at Misilmeri, in order that he might participate in their triumphant entry into Palermo; and be, moreover, enabled to report to the *Times* a detailed account of the capture of that city. At four o'clock the following morning the general mounted his horse, and, followed by Türr, Bixio, Misori, and some aides-de-camp, paid a visit to the camp of La Masa, with his Picciotti, at Gibilrosa. The general there reviewed the Picciotti, and then ascended a mountain to take another look at Palermo. On the same day the army encamped between Gibilrosa and Misilmeri.

Towards evening the troops were formed on the plateau of Gibilrosa in the following order:—

The Guides, led by Captain Misori, together with three men of the "Chasseurs des Alpes," comprising thirty-two men in all, formed the advanced guard under the command of the gallant Colonel Tuckery. These were followed next by the Picciotti; next came Bixio's battalion; then the general, with his staff, followed by Carini's battalion, and, finally, a second corps of

Picciotti, which, with the commissariat, closed the line of march. In all, there were 750 men of the legionaries and 2,000 or 3,000 Picciotti to oppose 18,000 Neapolitans.

CHAPTER VII.

PALERMO THE FORTUNATE.

PALERMO, *20th June.*

FROM the plateau of Gibilrosa there was no road by which the liberating army could march towards Palermo, and they must needs make their way by a ravine that leads to a valley through which runs the high road to Palermo. It was then eleven o'clock in the evening. As soon as the high road was reached, the advanced guard first halted and then retraced their steps, for the Picciotti, who were to support it, had all vanished; this retrograde movement became necessary in order to rally the disordered column.

A false alarm that came from the heights had been sufficient to make the Picciotti take to flight. This vexatious incident necessarily delayed the march. It took two hours, indeed, to reform the column, now reduced to 1,400 or even 1,300 men.

At half-past one in the morning, the troops had approached to within three miles of the town. They then marched in close column until they reached the advanced posts of the Neapolitans; they came into collision with these at half-past three, when, after firing three musket-shots, the Neapolitans retreated to a house close by. These three musket-shots sufficed, however, to disperse two-thirds of the Picciotti that remained.

The advanced guard, consisting, as we have said, of thirty-two men, pushed on to the bridge of the Amiraglio. This bridge, thrown over a dried-up torrent, they found defended by three or four hundred men, whom they vigorously attacked and fired at from both sides of the bridge, as well as from behind trees planted on each side of the road. A hand-to-hand combat then ensued; so close was it, that a legionary captain, called Piva, killed four Neapolitans with his six-shot revolver. Misori, at this juncture, sent to Bixio for assistance.

Bixio, alarmed at the retreat of the Picciotti, was already advancing with the 1st battalion at quick march, and was followed by Türr with the 2nd battalion: these troops then

rushed on the enemy, and the bridge of the Amiraglio was carried at the point of the bayonet. The Neapolitans, utterly routed, fled in disorder to the right; but at that moment the Garibaldians were attacked on the left by a strong column of the enemy. Türr sent some thirty men to check the advance of this column, while the rest of the troops continued to advance in quick time with fixed bayonets. The Neapolitans then fell back upon the road leading to San Antonio. This road, which is bordered with houses, bisects that of Termini, along which the legionaries were retreating; the royalists placed two guns on this road, and swept it with grape-shot. At this juncture, the general came up, in company with Colonel Türr and Colonel Eber; and at the same moment poor Colonel Tuckery fell, mortally wounded. The column halts for a few seconds at about ten yards from the cross-roads. Nullo, the guide, was the first man to place his foot on this road, and carried in his hand a flag displaying the colours of independence; he was promptly followed by Damiani, Bazzi, Manci, Tranquillini, and Zazio.

By degrees the column advanced along the road under the eyes of the general, who, from being on horseback, was exposed to the fire of the enemy, but who, nevertheless, kept urging his men forward. The first handful of gallant men who plunged into the road, joined by about two hundred of the legionaries, scattered themselves along the streets leading to the gate of Termini. Nullo, Damiani, Bazzi, Manci, Tranquillini, and Zazio, penetrated, however, as far as the Fiera Vecchia, which is about three hundred paces beyond that gate. In their progress the volunteers found nothing but closed houses and deserted streets; but at Fiera Vecchia, where the general arrived in the midst of the fire, he met eight or ten members of the Committee of Palermo. Thus, a handful of men, amounting to scarcely two hundred, had, by extending in loose order over an extent of half a mile, driven everything before them by their unexampled intrepidity, and had succeeded in repelling a force of probably not less than three or four thousand men.

As soon as the general reached Fiera Vecchia, he ordered barricades to be constructed. By dint of continued shouts the inhabitants were led to appear at the windows, and were then loudly called upon by the troops to throw down mattresses to them. In a minute or two an abundance of these articles were willingly thrown out from all the windows, and were immediately turned to good account in helping to form those barricades that were most exposed to the fire of artillery. Shortly after this, some Palermitans began to show themselves in the streets, and were requested to urge the people in the town to rise. They replied discouragingly, "But

we have no arms!" Behind the general and this foremost handful of men the rest of the legion effected their entrance into Palermo.

An attack on the Strada di Toledo and the Strada di Maqueda immediately ensued; and the Neapolitans, who thought they were fighting against a force three times as large as it really was, were driven back on the royal palace and the Maqueda gate. Fresh barricades were then quickly formed of carriages at the openings of the streets.

Just as the general had established himself at the Piazza Bologna, the bombardment commenced from the vessels of war and the castle. The 8th company and the Carabineers of Genoa then attacked the square of the Royal Palace from the Strada di Toledo and the narrow lanes leading to the great square, and by firing from the houses in front of it. They were, however, opposed by superior forces, and compelled to retire. Garibaldi then established his head-quarters at the Pretorian Palace.

A Neapolitan column advancing by the Strada di Toledo, penetrated to within fifty yards of the Piazza Bologna: a few Picciotti, with twenty other soldiers, concealed behind a barricade, checked their progress, while twenty other men moving round on the right, attacked them in flank and rear, and put them to flight. The fighting was kept up during the whole of the day; but the sharpest contest took place at the Alberghesca. Captain Carroli, of the 7th company, formed of students, was severely wounded; and by the close of the day there were other casualties to deplore.

On the second day, Misori and Captain Dezza sent a shell from the Alberghesca right into a barricade occupied by some Neapolitans, which effectually stopped their fire for some time. It was at that point that a detachment of the 7th company, consisting of seventy-five men, held the Neapolitans in check for twenty-four hours. The second day exhibited as many marvellous and successful feats as the first; the Maqueda gate was reached, and by this means the communications of the enemy between the sea and the castle were cut off. During these two days, Sirtori, in particular, distinguished himself by many acts of dashing valour, as well as by great coolness.

On the morning of the third day, the Neapolitans endeavoured to regain the ground they had lost; but the town was then bristling with strong barricades of stone, and they were repulsed at all points. On the same morning, intelligence was brought to the general that the Picciotti had succeeded in bringing off a cannon from Montalto.

Garibaldi, very doubtful of the prowess of the Picciotti, directed Misori to verify the alleged fact, and if it proved correct to take up a position with the captured gun; telling him

at the same time that if he should find his forces insufficient, assistance should be sent to him.

Misori, followed by a few soldiers on the spot, then hastened to the Convent of the Annunziata, and there found the Picciotti fighting with the Neapolitans. They had, indeed, captured no gun, but were fighting resolutely, encouraged as they were by the example of Brother John, who stood in the midst of the fire, holding a crucifix in his hand. Misori then led the attack they had commenced, and succeeded in taking possession of the Annunziata Convent, which overlooked Montalto. The Neapolitans, in spite of a large reinforcement which came to their aid, were again repulsed; the legionary soldiers and the Picciotti then quitted the convent, and entrenched themselves in the Montalto bastion.

Misori wrote to the general to contradict the report about the capture of the gun, but at the same time informed him that he had taken the bastion, and was in want of re-inforcements.

Meanwhile, Brother John advanced to within twenty paces of the Neapolitans, and preached a sermon to them on the subject of fraternity. This step provoked a captain to take a musket from one of the soldiers, and to fire at the monk. The cross which Brother John held in his hands was broken in pieces by the bullet, within six inches of his head; on which a Picciotto fired in turn at the captain, and stretched him dead with a ball in his forehead.

A movement to the front was now made. The Picciotto who had shot the captain proceeded to take possession of his sword, while Brother John claimed his swordbelt, fastened it round his body, and fixing the end of the cross in it, exclaimed, "The sword has given place to the cross!"

At that moment, two Neapolitan companies advanced from the Royal Palace, and attacked Montalto. The Picciotti retired in precipitation, and Misori was, therefore, obliged to abandon the bastion, and to return to the convent. Luckily, at this juncture Sirtori arrived with assistance from the general. He soon formed the thirty-five men he had brought with him, and they bravely checked the aggressive movement of the Neapolitans. The contest now raged more furiously than before, and the convent was bombarded and battered by cannon. At last, however, the Neapolitans were forced to retreat, and possession of the Montalto bastion was regained by the Garibaldians.

Colonel Sirtori, duly appreciating the importance of a position which commanded the Royal Palace, placed a dozen carabineers and twenty legionary soldiers behind a house, from which place their fire would prevent the Neapolitans from returning to renew their attack on the bastion. But, having

received fresh reinforcements, the latter, for the third time, recommenced the attack, while two pieces of ordnance on their left kept showering forth grenades. After this contest had lasted for an hour, the fire of the Genoese Carabineers silenced that of the two guns, and the Neapolitans were repulsed, and once more forced to abandon their position. Misori then left the convent, for the purpose of informing the general of the result of the day's operations in the direction of the Royal Palace. In this affair Colonel Sirtori, Captains Dezza, Mosto, and Misori particularly distinguished themselves. Major Acerbe especially entitled himself to commendation for the intrepid manner in which he exposed himself during the construction of barricades, under a most galling fire.

Just as the general was about sitting down to dine, after inviting the officers present to follow his example, intelligence reached him that the Neapolitans had driven out Santa Anna from the position he occupied near the cathedral, and that they were advancing without there being any means of arresting their progress. The general instantly rose from table, saying:—"Come along, gentlemen, we must stop them ourselves." Then, on foot, followed by Türr and Guzmaroli—ever by his side,—by his officers, some dozen of the Guides, besides every legionary soldier he could pick up on his way, he hastened to the field of action, and there, sure enough, he found the Neapolitans masters of three barricades, and the Picciotti quite routed.

A fresh barricade was immediately formed under the fire of the Neapolitans; and during this process, a man who stood at the left of the general, was struck by a ball in the head; the general tried to support him, but he was quite dead. The Neapolitans, after a vigorous attack, were compelled to abandon the first barricade, which was instantly occupied by the legionary soldiers. While retiring, the Neapolitans had set fire to two houses; but a handful of Picciotti, under the immediate direction of the general, took them in flank, and completed their defeat.

At the end of the third day the Garibaldians were masters of almost all the town. During these three days and four nights, they had not had a moment's rest, for the alarms were continual; they had scarcely had time even to eat; sleep, consequently, was out of the question, and the fighting hardly ever ceased.

On the fourth day, the Neapolitan general, Letizia, made overtures for an armistice, through the medium of the English admiral. Towards one o'clock, Garibaldi, with his son, Menotti, and Captain Misori, repaired to the sea-shore; and orders were given to cease firing everywhere. Nevertheless, as they passed near Castelluccio, two shots were fired, and the bullets

whistled close by the ears of the general. As soon as they reached the shore, they waited for the arrival of General Letizia, who was accompanied, as a safeguard, by Major Cenni, Garibaldi's aide-de-camp.

A ship's boat, despatched by the English admiral, was waiting to take on board the two generals, and the officers who accompanied them. The interview took place in the admiral's state cabin, in presence of the English and French admirals, and the American and Neapolitan commodores. The result of this conference was: a truce for twenty-four hours, during which period the Neapolitans were to be allowed to transport their sick and wounded on board their ships, and to supply the troops in the royal palace with provisions.

At the end of these twenty-four hours, hostilities were to be resumed; but the next day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Neapolitans demanded a prolongation of the truce for four days more, in order to give General Letizia time to go to Naples to confer with the King. This was granted; and, on his return, the truce was prolonged *sine die*, on which General Letizia departed once more for Naples. It was on his second return that the definitive conditions for the surrender of Palermo were signed.

On the morning of the day appointed for the evacuation of the town, the Neapolitans requested an escort on their way from the Royal Palace, and also from Fiera Vecchia, to the sea-shore. At Fiera Vecchia, three of the Guides and a captain on the staff were sent on this duty,—four men in all; the number of the Neapolitans under their escort being between four and five thousand; while at the royal palace Major Cenni and four Guides took under their care as many as fourteen thousand men. According to the admission of Neapolitan officers of rank, their forces at Palermo consisted of no less than 24,000 men. All was now over: the Neapolitans had been driven out of Palermo, and Sicily was lost to the King of Naples. But let us be correct in terms: the Neapolitan army retired, according to the conventional phrase in capitulations, *with all the honours of war*.

Let us now inquire how they deserved these said honours. On the 24th of May, that is, when they knew that Garibaldi was approaching Palermo, bills were stuck about the town to the effect that the inhabitants had nothing to fear as long as they remained within doors. That explains why Garibaldi, on arriving at Fiera Vecchia, found all the doors and windows closed. We have already stated at what hour the bombardment began: it lasted three days. In one day, no less than 2,600 shells were fired into the town.

The enemy's missiles were more particularly directed at public monuments, charitable institutions, and convents. From

my window I am able to count thirty-one balls in the handsome steeple of the cathedral of Palermo. Ten or twelve palaces are razed to the ground, among which number should especially be mentioned the palace of Prince Carini, ambassador at London, and that of the Prince of Goto. As many as fifteen hundred houses were crushed in from the roofs to the cellars; and when we arrived, some of them were still burning. The entire quarter situated near the Castro gate was completely pillaged, and the wretched inhabitants either robbed, or murdered, or crushed by the falling houses.

Facts of so terrible a nature occurred, indeed, that we shrink from the attempt to detail them at length; but we cannot avoid pointing out a few instances, to show the fiendish spirit that characterized these doings. A razzia was made of every young girl that could be laid hold of, and these poor victims were taken forthwith to the royal palace and left to the mercy of several thousand troops who occupied the palace, in whose hands they were forced to remain ten days and nights.

A Neapolitan captain, on seeing a Garibaldian fall wounded in the shoulder, burst in the door of a *café*, and seizing a bottle of spirits of wine, poured it over the body of the wounded man, and then set fire to the alcohol. The poor fellow would have been inevitably burnt alive, had not the brutal captain been himself shot dead.

At the Alberghesca, where the loss of life among the inhabitants amounted to 800 in all, a body of soldiers, on the night of the 27th, burst into a house, and on finding within a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and their daughter, proceeded at once to kill the father and mother; after which, a corporal took possession of the girl and claimed her as his part of the booty. On his way he was fortunately met by Captain Prado, who, seeing the young girl in tears and covered with blood, rescued her from his hands and placed her in safety at the house of the Marquis Milo. Intense terror had, however, rendered her totally dumb.

In the same part of the town some soldiers burst into a house, and there found a family consisting of a man, his wife, and two children, one four years and the other eight months old,—the older of the two was lying at its mother's feet, the young one at her bosom. They instantly killed the father, set fire to the house, tore the infant from its mother's bosom, and sent it to join its father, and threw the other child into the flames. The poor mother, mad with grief, threw herself on the soldiers, and was almost instantly killed by their bayonets.

In another house, the Neapolitans found a woman and her three children. They made the mother deliver up to them everything she had, and then, after locking the door on the

outside, they set fire to the house. In one establishment, that of Diugeri, the soldiers violated all the women, and then, locking the doors, set fire to it. Not a single woman escaped.

The Neapolitans also set fire to the nunneries of Santa Catarina, Badöia Nova, and that of the Seven Angels, while the nuns were forced to fly as best they could through the flames. I afterwards visited the ruins of these three convents, in company with Garibaldi. All the sacred vessels had been stolen. At Badöia Nova, the soldiers had cut off the head of a statue of the Virgin, in order that they might carry off a collar of coral, and had also broken off one of the fingers to get at a ring set in brilliants. All the effects of the poor nuns were strewed about on the floor, but the prayer-books were untouched; these alone were in their usual places in the choir of the church. Behind the hospital six men were found drowned in a ditch; their heads had evidently been held under water until they were suffocated.

It was said that a certain major had directed the setting fire to the houses of Colli and San Lorenzo, as well as the pillage of the house of the Marquis Spina, where he had dined some time before, and had praised the magnificence of the plate. The royalists tried to force Antonia Ferraza to betray the whereabouts of her son, which she refused to do. They forcibly held the poor woman with her head downwards and burnt her with vitriol. While these scenes were being enacted, the French also received their share of insult, robbery, and murder.

At L'Agua-Santa, Barthélemy Barge hoisted the tri-coloured flag, believing that, under its protection, his house would be secure; but the display of this flag, it seems, was obnoxious to the Neapolitan officer who commanded the detachment at the Lazzaretto, and he ordered him to take it down; and, as he did not obey at once, a trumpeter rushed forward, tore it down, and trampled it under foot. An old servant who tried to defend his national colours, was felled to the earth with the butt-end of the soldier's musket. M. Fuirand, a professor of the French language, fell into the same error as Barge in believing that our flag would afford him protection, and accordingly hoisted the tricolor at his window. The Neapolitans broke into his house, tore down the flag, trampled on it, and killed M. Fuirand with their bayonets: by this barbarous act depriving six children of their father. And yet all this must have occurred almost under the eyes of our consul.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT WE OURSELVES SAW.

PALERMO, 18*th June*.

IT was really a curious sight to see 20,000 Neapolitans provided with forty pieces of cannon, confined within their forts, their barracks, and their ships, and guarded by 800 Garibaldians, who brought them their rations twice a day. Steamers arrived frequently from Naples and took away every day two or three thousand of these men, who seemed to be only too glad to get away from Palermo. During the first two or three days of my stay at Palermo, I went to bed every night with a notion that we should be aroused by musketry; it seemed to me impossible that these 20,000 men, confined behind a mere wooden railing, who well knew the small number of their enemies, should not contemplate taking a bloody revenge. But nothing of the sort happened; to-day, indeed, there are only three or four thousand Neapolitans left, and they are about to start off in the same manner as their comrades. As soon as the last Neapolitan shall have left, the Sicilian prisoners, who have been kept under confinement in the fort of Castelluccio, will be set at liberty.

In proportion to the gradual departure of the Neapolitans, the barricades have diminished in height and thickness, and at present are only guarded by striplings between the ages of twelve and fifteen, armed with lances. A corps of these lads is now being organized, which will amount to 2,000. During the campaign of Rome, Garibaldi had under him one company called "the Boys' Company:" the oldest soldier in it was only fifteen years of age; and these lads at Velletri, when commanded by Daverio, behaved wonderfully well.

The Picciotti swarm in Palermo; the sound of some broken drum is heard incessantly, announcing the arrival of fresh companies of Picciotti from all points of the compass, and all these bodies are headed by a drum, as well as a monk (either a Capuchin or Franciscan) carrying a musket on his shoulder. One might almost fancy that the times of the League had returned.

Every now and then is to be heard the discharge of fire-arms; occasionally a shot from one of these inexperienced gentry may be heard breaking window-panes, or rattling against some wall already sufficiently damaged by the bombardment.

On the third day after our arrival, Garibaldi left the Palace

of the Senate in order to take an apartment contiguous to mine in the royal palace; but, on coming, he found the room was too large, and consequently took up his quarters in a small pavilion at the end of a terrace, leaving to my comrades and myself the whole of the first story. We have thus eighteen rooms on the same level for our use.

Since Garibaldi came to lodge at the palace we have had military music twice every day. As there are two bands, that of the National Guard and that of the Legionaries, the one that arrives first takes its place under Garibaldi's window, the other and later one under mine. As soon as Garibaldi's band has played through its selection of music, it comes under my windows, and my band proceeds to perform under Garibaldi's.

As soon as it is light the square of the royal palace is filled with volunteers drilling; to get any sleep while this noisy operation is going on is hopeless. It appears to me that the Sicilians are the most noisy set of people upon the earth, the Neapolitans not excepted. Their incessant talking fairly bewilders a gallant English colonel serving in Garibaldi's army, and who has undertaken to drill two or three hundred of them. This worthy instructor looks upon the behaviour of the Sicilians rather too strictly. The day before yesterday he actually wanted to shoot one of them in charge of a post, because, without giving the pass-word, he relieved all the sentinels on guard round the Neapolitan forts and barracks. The man in charge of the post, and who committed this military blunder, was of course a Picciotto. Türr found it very difficult to explain to the gallant colonel that the same rigid strictness could not be adopted with such undisciplined men as with regularly-trained soldiers.

As red blouses are the distinguishing uniform of Garibaldi's soldiers, that colour has become quite fashionable, and consequently all red stuffs fetch double the price they used to do: so that a common red cotton shirt now costs as much as fifteen francs, and the result is that all the streets and public places of Palermo look like a large field of poppies.

In the evening, at every window are displayed two lanterns, by the side of the national colours of red, white, and green. This has a very curious effect when seen from the Square of the Four Nations, where the Strada di Toledo and the Strada di Maqueda intersect each other. It presents the appearance of four rivers of flame flowing from the same source.

At the palace, Garibaldi is attended by the servants of the former viceroy, who wished to observe the old habits of princely style, in their service upon the general; but he soon undeceived them, telling them that he wanted nothing for his dinner but some soup and a plate of meat with vegetables. He had great difficulty to make them accede to these rules

of unostentatious simplicity. There is one thing that never fails to exasperate him: this is that the Sicilians will persist, in spite of all he can do to prevent them, in calling him "Excellency," and in trying to kiss his hand.

Everything is frightfully dear here; it is almost as bad, indeed, as it must have been at San Francisco, in the palmy days of California: an egg costs four sous; a pound of bread, six sous; and a pound of meat, thirty sous (15*d.*). It must be recollected, moreover, that at Palermo the pound contains only twelve ounces. Yesterday, as we were walking about among the ruins of the town, two poor women showed us a piece of bread they had just bought, complaining that it was all they could get for a *tari*. To alleviate the sufferings now experienced by the poor, money and bread are distributed to the most needy every morning at the gate of the royal palace.

Garibaldi's own aides-de-camp each in turn superintend this distribution.

The present extraordinary change of affairs seems almost to stupify this superstitious population, which was nearly starved under a Catholic viceroy, and is now fed by an excommunicated general. Brother John, indeed, does his best to explain this to them in his own way, by telling them that Pius IX. is the Antichrist, and Garibaldi the Messiah!

We are told that the Neapolitans left Catania yesterday: if that be true, they have now only two footholds in Sicily, one at Syracuse, and the other at Messina.

Garibaldi is at present making preparations for an expedition into the country, which is to be commanded by Colonel Türr. We are now, day by day, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Medici, with the 2,500 volunteers, who, it has been announced, accompany him. These troops are intended to guard Palermo with Garibaldi, while Türr is absent on his expedition. If, however, they do not come speedily, Türr is to proceed at once, and the general will then be left at Palermo with only three or four hundred men. It is my belief that he alone could really guard it, for his very name would suffice to make the Neapolitans keep aloof.

In the midst of present events private vengeance is not inactive; from time to time we hear a cry of "Sorice, sorice!" (A mouse, a mouse!)—a nickname bestowed by the populace on the *sbirri*. At this cry there is a great commotion; a shriek of agony is heard,—a man falls: may-be he is a *sbirro*, perhaps not; at any rate, he is a dead man.

During the first few days after Garibaldi's entrance into Palermo, some *sbirri* were brought before him to hear their sentence. But like all great victorious generals after a battle, Garibaldi is prone to be gracious; not only did he pardon the *sbirri*, but he even gave them a kind of passport. As soon as

this clemency became known, the inhabitants of Palermo took the law into their own hands, and killed all the *sbirri* that fell into their hands.

If one compares, however, the six or eight *sbirri* who were so assassinated, with the thousand or twelve hundred Palermitans who were either killed, burnt, or tortured by the Neapolitans, one will find that the vengeance of the people has been restrained within very narrow bounds. I state all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, so that the exact truth may be known. There is here a great diversity of interests; each one exaggerates his own wrongs, and the evil doings of his enemies. Now, abounding as I do with sympathies, but without entertaining animosities, I am enabled to recount impartially circumstances just as they happened under my own eyes.

I have narrated almost everything that is to be told about Palermo up to the present moment. In my next letters I will describe what happened in the country, and give some account of the aspect of Sicily; for my comrades and I have resolved to accompany Türr on his expedition. My yacht is to go round by the Straits of Messina, and to wait for us at Catania.

When I travelled through Sicily in 1835, I journeyed in the company of a brigand chief, to whom I gave ten piastres to protect me. On the present occasion I am going with an escort of two thousand men, to endeavour to deliver it from its two plagues,—robbers and Bourbon oppressors. In the interval between these two dates, progress has decidedly been made, and I have the more reason to be satisfied with my reliance on the policy of Providence, which is fortunately antagonistic to human diplomacy.

19th June, in the Morning.

Colonel Türr has just called on me to make known two circumstances which will delay our departure until to-morrow evening. The first of which is the arrival of Medici with his 2,500 men. He is now at Partanico, and will reach Palermo to-morrow; he brings with him ten thousand muskets. Garibaldi has gone off in a carriage to meet him. The second is the intended departure to-morrow of the rest of the Neapolitans, and the deliverance of the six prisoners—Prince Pignatelli, Baron Riso, the Prince of Niscemi, the Prince of Giardinelli, Father Ottavio Lanza, and the Marquis of San Giovanni. Some of these wish to accompany us on our expedition.

Garibaldi told me yesterday that these six men cost Sicily six millions. If the Neapolitans had not had them in their hands, we should have been able to impose harder conditions with respect to giving up their arms than those that were granted.

Thanks to the arrival of Medici, our expeditionary force will now number 4,000 men instead of 2,000.

19th June, in the Evening.

At dinner we heard a great uproar, which caused all of us to run to the balcony. An immense crowd, diverging from the Strada di Toledo, screaming and yelling, came rushing towards the palace. At first it was quite impossible to distinguish anything except that four Garibaldians, recognizable by their red shirts, were endeavouring to defend a man against his assailants. At length, as they came nearer, we were able to make out that the man they were trying to protect had a chain round his neck. As they approached close to the palace we immediately left the room, and reached the passage just as the poor wretch was brought in through the window of a sort of porter's lodge. He proved to be a *sbirro*, named Molino, the same who, on the night of the 4th of April, denounced Riso and two monks, Brothers Ignazio and Michele. Some of the populace had recognized him, and were about to tear him in pieces, when luckily four Garibaldians came up, and, taking him under their protection, brought him with them to the palace.

Garibaldi returns to-morrow, and will then decide on their fate. It will be a difficult task to prevent them being shot.

The two chiefs of the *sbirri* were called Gorrentino and Duche. At the time of the capitulation they went through the town, disguised as Neapolitan soldiers, and are now at Castellucio, about to leave with the Neapolitan troops.

A Frenchman, living in Palermo, whom I dare not name, in case of a reaction, brought a poor man to me who had been put under torture. The mildest of the punishments to which he had been condemned was, to tie his body and limbs together in the form of a ball, and then to let him roll down the whole length of the stairs of the royal palace. These stairs had been previously fitted with sharp nails and fragments of knive-blades. The other tortures he had to undergo was too horrible to relate. The sister of this poor man was violated by the Neapolitan soldiers, at the period of their retreat. These monsters then cut off her head, and threw both head and body naked into the street, where some of our Carabineers, found them and humanely buried them.

When the royalists were ordered to face the Carabineers of Genoa—all good shots, who killed a man every time they fired—they rushed into several houses, and, seizing all the women and girls they could find, forced them to march in front, and, with fixed bayonets closely pointed at their backs, drove them onward. But the Carabineers, sure of their mark, were not be baffled by this cowardly device, and took

such steady aim at the intervals between the poor women, and over their heads, that, although some of these were wounded by the Neapolitan bayonets, not one was touched by the balls of the Carabineers; and so it befell that, notwithstanding this living rampart, the Neapolitans were put to flight.

The Marchioness of San Martino related to me a story yesterday which smacked at once of the bombastic, the comic, and the sad. A certain Neapolitan general who had boastfully pledged his word of honour to a gentleman of Palermo that Garibaldi should never enter the town—came one day to the Duchess of Villa Rosa, and, with the grave air of a man making his will, placed at her feet a valise, saying, "Duchess, I am about to set out on a very dangerous expedition: if I come back, you will return me this valise; if not, you will dispose of its contents as you may think fit." The "dangerous expedition" which this valiant general was about to undertake was no other than that of sacking the country house of the Marquis Pasqualino.

19th June, Midnight.

While I was writing just now, a sharp cannonade was distinctly audible; the reports were irregular and sounded like independent firing. I immediately rushed to the balcony, where I found all my comrades, who had jumped out of bed, and, consequently, were in a varied state of *dishabille:* two of them were in the stage costume of *La Juive,* three arrayed respectively as Britannicus, Nero, and Narcissus, and I was only partially dressed myself.

Not only could we distinctly hear the firing, but we could plainly see the flashes of the guns. Two of our party took out their watches, and by calculating the time which elapsed between the flash and the report of the firing, agreed that the combat then going on must be, at least, from fifteen to eighteen miles off.

The whole town was soon aroused, and all around us was to be heard the challenge of sentinels. Those who had no faith in the honour of the Neapolitans—and their number is not small—maintained that they have taken advantage of the truce and of the removal of the barricades, to attempt a *coup de main* in Palermo. Others were of opinion that some Sardinian ship, bearing a reinforcement of men and guns, had been attacked on her way by a Neapolitan frigate, which was then giving chase. Every one amongst us agreed in regretting Garibaldi's absence at this juncture.

One thing, at all events, is certain,—that a truce agreed to before the English, French, and American naval commanders, cannot be violated without exposing the Neapolitans to a collision with the marine forces of those powers: moreover, it

is not probable that the same men who were defeated by Garibaldi when they were more than twenty to one, would venture to beard three powerful nations, merely to attempt the re-capture of a town which they had so benevolently surrendered.

I then ran over to Major Cenni, who sprang up, saying, "Let no one stir." I found the Duke of La Verdura, prætor of the town, at his house, or rather at his door, looking very much alarmed. While Cenni was dressing, I took the duke to our balcony whence we could see the firing.

In the midst of all the different opinions, a gentleman present lifted up his voice, and said, "Gentlemen, I should inform you that I breakfasted this morning with Admiral Jehenne, when a messenger came to him to tell him that the English corvette lying in the road had weighed anchor in order to practise firing out at sea; it is, therefore, my opinion that the reports we now hear are nothing more or less than guns of the corvette exercising."

Every one now began to laugh at the idea that an English corvette should practise firing, at one o'clock in the morning, before a town which had just been bombarded, and which had lost by that calamity from a thousand to fifteen hundred of its inhabitants, who are still in an unsettled state all day and anxious alarm at night. Meanwhile, detachments of soldiers assembled in the Place Royale, a square space of great extent, dimly lighted by oil lamps. I then proposed to go to the observatory of the palace, from which the whole sea-view is visible; after fifty more reports, however, the firing ceased.

Just then a horseman came riding up full gallop across the square, and stopped at the palace gates. Every one made sure he was the bearer of some intelligence, and quite a crowd rushed out to meet him. All he had to say was:—"The English admiral trusts the inhabitants of Palermo have not been alarmed, as the cannonade lately heard was nothing more than his corvette exercising her guns."

"There, you see, I was right," said the man who had previously suggested this as the true solution.

"Well, what of it, my friend?" replied I. "I was always aware that the English were eccentric, but I never supposed them to be capable of such an absurdity as this."

Every one went to bed again, and I resumed my work.

20th June.

Garibaldi arrived at ten o'clock. The first thing he did was to release the *sbirro* and give him a protective passport. I pity the first of his comrades who may be caught.

At eleven o'clock, La Porta, the hero of the people, the illustrious guerrilla chief, who has been active in the field since the 4th of April, who was the first to join Garibaldi, and whose

men alone kept their ground at Calatafimi, came to invite me to be present at the setting free of the prisoners; we then got into a carriage and started off to the pier.

Every window in the Strada di Toledo was adorned with the colours of national independence; and on each door was pasted the following notice, which scarcely needs a translation:—

"VOGLIAMO L'ANESSIONE AL GOVERNO NAZIONALE DEL RE VITTORIO EMMANUELE."

All the balconies were crowded with ladies and children, while the people literally swarmed on all the thresholds and door-steps, places which they occupied as by right. A hedge of Garibaldians, Picciotti, and guerillas, armed with guns of every pattern, from wall-pieces mounted on stands to a simple pistol-barrel fixed to a branch of a tree, and lighted by a match, formed a continuous line from the palace to the pier.

The proper way was by the Strada di Toledo; but just opposite to the cathedral the road was blocked up by the ruins of the Carini Palace, and similar obstacles occurred at two other places in that line, and we had, therefore, to go a roundabout way. On approaching within a hundred yards of the mole, our progress was again stopped by an immense crowd of people running before us, dancing, waving their handkerchiefs, and shouting at the top of their voices, "Viva l'Italia!"

It is remarkable that in such kinds of popular fêtes—men, armed and unarmed, horsemen and their steeds, pedestrians, women, and children mingle together, and jostle one another continually; and yet, without any precaution being taken to prevent mischief, accidents rarely occur, notwithstanding the absence of gendarmes, police, and *sbirri*. We soon found that the two or three thousand people by whom we were surrounded only formed, as it were, the advanced guard of the main body.

Presently, a band came up, playing the Sicilian national air. The people danced before, behind, and around the musicians; and in front of all figured a priest, who represented King David before the ark; next came five carriages, containing the liberated prisoners and their families, who were actually buried under the heaps of flowers showered upon them on all sides. These were followed by a long rank of carriages, behind which we took our place.

No sooner had the prisoners entered the town, than they were hailed with joyful acclamations, which seemed to increase at every step. The enthusiasm was really fearful as it reached its climax. Not content with lavishing flowers and monstrous bouquets, many excitable people even threw out their window-

curtains. As every carriage displayed a flag, some, indeed, having two or three, I stretched out my arm to take hold of one, when La Porta said—"Wait a minute; I'll give you mine." Then, addressing one of his *guerrilleros*, he said—"Tell my standard-bearer to bring me my flag."

The officer quickly came up, and La Porta placed in my hands his flag, pierced by balls in thirty-eight different places. My friend's zealous kindness led to the honours of the day falling to my share—owing to the flag placed in my hand. It became necessary for me to lower this at every group of people packed together on the door-steps that we passed in our course: women would seize it with both hands, and kiss it with that ardour which the impulsive Sicilians exhibit in all their actions. On our road we passed the front of a nunnery. The poor recluses, clustering at the grated windows, frantically exclaimed—"Viva l'Italia!" clapped their hands energetically, and manifested their joy with other animated gesticulations.

The procession occupied more than an hour in its progress, the enthusiasm increasing at every step. At length we reached the great square in front of the castle, which was roomy enough to contain this excited multitude.

Garibaldi was waiting on the gallery of his pavilion, where he seemed to soar above all this clamour, as if he had already reached a more serene sphere of existence.

As soon as the carriages with the liberated prisoners had disappeared under the dark arch of the palace, I quitted the scene, leaving the rescued captives to offer their thanks to their liberator, and entered my own apartments. Scarcely had I appeared on the balcony in company with La Porta's ensign, when the shouting recommenced. This enthusiastic people, on an occasion like this, of such solemnity, and so replete with poetical associations, were resolved that a poet should have his place in it.

Oh, my thirty years of struggles and toil, how I now bless you! If France has nothing to bestow on its poets but a crown of misery, and the staff of exile, foreign lands offer them the homage of a crown of laurels and a triumphal car! Oh, if you, my dear friends, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, whom I have always cherished in my heart, had only been with me on this balcony, the triumph would have belonged to you. Participate in it with me; nay, accept it all; may the sweet breezes of Palermo waft it to you, with the smiles of its women and the perfume of its flowers! You are the two heroes of our century, the two giants of our epoch. I am like the poor *guerrillero* of La Porta, only the standard-bearer of the legion.

But no matter; two years ago I left the traces of my footsteps in the north, I now leave them in the south. It is you

for whom the applause bestowed on me—from Mount Elbrouz to Mount Etna—is really intended. Let France still be ungrateful, if she can be so; the rest of the world, at all events, is capable of gratitude. An event like that I have just witnessed can scarcely be sufficiently appreciated; such things are of rare occurrence, and are to be met with but once in the life of a people.

As soon as the liberated prisoners had left Garibaldi, they came to pay me a visit, accompanied by their mothers, their wives, and their sisters. The wife of one of them, the Baroness Riso, is the daughter of my old and worthy friend Hallay, the referee (*juge de camp*) in all affairs of honour.

20th June, Evening.

Well, after all, there is such a thing as retributive justice!

My attention was just now drawn to a great crowd issuing forth from the Strada di Toledo. Fifty men, in the midst of this motley assemblage, held lighted torches in their hands, and all seemed employed in kicking about some shapeless object, which they reviled and execrated in every possible way. Then gathering underneath my windows, they commenced dancing around this object, each dancer bestowing a kick whenever it came within his reach. Legray, Paul Parfait, Edward Lockroy, and two or three more of my comrades, went down into the court to see what all this meant, while I remained on the balcony.

What do you think this object was that the populace of Palermo took such delight in kicking about in the dust and refuse of the road, while they discharged upon it volleys of abusive epithets? It was the head of a broken statue of the man who poisoned my father: no other than King Ferdinand!

I wonder if the man who presided at the massacre of '98, who witnessed the hanging of Carraccioli, Pagano, Cirillo, and Eleanora Pimentele, and the decapitation of Hector Caraffa, feels, in his royal sepulchre, any pangs at an act of retribution which has at length overtaken a tyrant, who found it necessary to grant the executioner a fixed salary, as the customary fee of twenty-five ducats (£4. 4s.) allowed him for each execution threatened to ruin the royal treasury.

Not a single Neapolitan is now left in Palermo; and we have succeeded in obtaining the exact number of the royal army which embarked during the last eight days: their entire number reached 27,000 men. Lest we should be charged with exaggeration in describing the cruelties committed by the Neapolitans, we insert below an exact copy of an official report, furnished to us by the Swiss consul, Mr. Hirzel: the original is still in our hands.

This document was addressed to Marshal Lanza, the second in authority in Palermo, and is characterized by that discretion in the statement of facts which the representatives of nations usually employ when addressing one another.

"*To his Excellency, Marshal Lanza, clothed with full powers by his Sicilian Majesty.*

"PALERMO, *2nd June*, 1860.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Acting upon information received from various persons, to the effect that Alberto Tich Holzer, a native of Switzerland, husband of Donna Rosa Bevilacqua, living at No. 778 in the Grande Piazzetta, and shop No. 22 in the street leading from the Piazza Ballero to the Castro gate, had the misfortune to be pillaged and his house burnt; that his shop and warehouse were both plundered, and that his son, a boy of twelve years old, on endeavouring to escape from the flames, was shot by a soldier; inasmuch as no one was able to state what had become of the rest of the family, I thought it my duty to apply personally to his neighbours for some information that might assist me in my search, but none could give me any. Some supposed that the rest of the family had been arrested by the soldiers, and this was all I could gather on the subject, except that it might be possible that this numerous family had been taken to the convent of White Benedictines, and confined in the refectory there, and there burnt when the soldiers set fire to the convent before retreating to the royal palace.

"As I could not possibly believe in the truth of such a report, I instantly repaired to the above-mentioned convent to learn what I could on the spot.

"Making my way through a totally ruined part of the town, and, amongst burnt houses, from which issued a pestilential odour, I asked every one I met what was the cause of such horrors, and from each of the few survivors in this quarter I received the same answer, namely, that all the marks of ruin I beheld had been caused by the troops, who, during their retreat towards the palace, after being repulsed from their defensive post at the Montalto gate, had slain every person they came in contact with. As soon as I arrived at the convent of the White Benedictines I was shown a large space which I was told was the spot where the refectory had stood; there I found men busily engaged in bearing away burnt corpses, which I was told were the bodies of the people who lived in that part of the town, who had been arrested by the soldiers and locked up in the large dining-hall; and that, having done this, the soldiers had sacked the convent and then set fire to it.

"I then inquired of these grave-diggers how many dead

bodies they had carried way; they said 'forty.' I next asked them how many they thought still remained, and they answered 'twenty.' Thus, there were no less than sixty persons slain in this convent alone. I therefore, with feelings of the greatest anxiety, turn to your Excellency to obtain some information with regard to the fate of my countryman: whether he is actually a prisoner, with the rest of his family, or not; and trust you will give me any clue in your power as to the fate of these unfortunate people.

"I present my demand to your Excellency in the name of humanity and justice; and, in the event of their being prisoners, claim an order from your Excellency for their immediate deliverance, and for compensation for all the damage my countryman may have received from the Neapolitan soldiers.

Signed, "G. C. HIRZEL,
"*Agent of the Swiss Confederation.*"

This memorial of the agent of the Swiss Confederation may be considered as too prosaic; but I presume that no one will pronounce it to be untrue.

The 1st battalion of Piedmontese volunteers, of Medici's division, has just arrived, with a band preceding it; they are all well armed and equipped, and look like seasoned troops who have served in a ten-years' campaign. As the expedition into the interior only awaited their arrival, we shall, in all probability, start to-night, or to-morrow at the latest.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EXCURSION.

VILLAFRATI, 22*nd June.*

AFTER leaving Palermo, our first halt was made at Misilmeri. On quitting the capital of Sicily we pursued the same route that Garibaldi took on entering it. On our arrival at the bridge of the Amiraglio we found the corpses of three *sbirri* half-eaten by the dogs, although they had only been killed the night before.

The first engagement at Palermo between the Garibaldians and the Royalists took place at the bridge of the Amiraglio: there it was that thirty-two men, under the command of Tuckery and Misori, boldly attacked four hundred Neapolitans, and, supported by Nino Bixio and a company of Piedmontese

(as all the volunteers are here designated, no matter to what nation they belong), entirely defeated them. On the eve of our departure from Palermo I received the following certificate, in pursuance of a recommendation previously given by me:—

"This morning the following gentlemen were enrolled as privates in the cavalry regiment of which I have the honour to be colonel:—

"Prince Conrad Niscemi.
"Baron John Colobria Riso.
"Prince Francis Giardinelli.
"Chevalier Nosarbartholo San Giovanni.

"(Signed) COLONEL GIULIO SANTO STEFANO,
MARQUIS DE LA CERDA."

An hour before starting I went to make my adieus to the general, and having, in the course of our conversation, asked him what were the precise terms in which his resignation to the King of Piedmont was drawn up, he looked out a copy in his own hand, and signed by himself, from among a file of papers, and presented it to me. Here is a translation of this document:—

"GENOA, 26*th November*, 1860.

"I am very grateful to your majesty for the high honour of having been appointed a lieutenant-general; but I should observe to your majesty that, as such an appointment might interfere with the freedom of action which would still enable me to be useful to Central Italy, I beg your majesty to be so good as to weigh the justice of this plea and to suspend, temporarily at least, the said appointment.

"I am, with the highest respect, your majesty's most devoted servant,

"GARIBALDI."

How different in spirit from this was that exclamation made by one of our marshals of France, "My emoluments shall only be taken from me with my life!"

Before we left Palermo we took a photographic sketch of a group of the six principal prisoners, and two superb portraits of Türr and the general. When I offered his likeness to Garibaldi, he requested me to write a word or two on it, as a souvenir of our friendship. Taking up a pen I wrote the following lines:—

"Avoid Neapolitan poniards; become the head of a republic; die as poor as you have lived; and you will be greater even than Washington and Cincinnatus.

"ALEX. DUMAS."

"PALERMO, 20*th June*, 1860."

Our little corps of amateur soldiers follows the expeditionary column in high spirits. We are each of us armed with a double-barrelled gun and a revolver; and our party has been furnished with two light travelling carriages.

Count Tasca, one of the richest landed proprietors of Palermo, was anxious to do the honours of Sicily to us; and, consequently, for the first twenty miles we shall have the opportunity of staying at his castles, his farms, his houses, or at those of his friends, as we may feel inclined. He takes with him two carriages—one for himself and the other for his *valet de chambre*. The only mischief to be apprehended in proceeding to Girgenti or to Syracuse is the chance of meeting with robbers.

When the Neapolitans, pursued by Garibaldi's troops in their precipitate flight, no longer guarded the prisons of the town, the malefactors in confinement, mostly robbers or murderers, either undergoing their punishment or awaiting their sentence, contrived to escape; and as the town was no place of safety for them, they fled to the mountains. There, collected in bands of ten, fifteen, or even twenty, they have set up again in their old line of business, robbing all travellers that come in their way. As we do not exactly follow the march of the column, the chances are we shall soon have a bone to pick with them.

We made our first start at three o'clock in the morning, the column having commenced its march at five o'clock in the preceding afternoon. We arrived at Misilmeri at six o'clock, and found that Türr was confined to his bed there, being seriously indisposed. He had been seized with a violent attack of blood vomiting, owing to which circumstance the legionary soldiers suspended their march until the evening.

Our party started at three o'clock in the afternoon, to prepare our lodgings at Villafrati. Misilmeri has one thing to boast of; it was the first place in Sicily which revolted after the 4th of April. There were at that time in the place four Neapolitan soldiers, eight mounted gendarmes, and eight *sbirri*. The people of Misilmeri began by driving these men away; they then hoisted the Italian banner, and sounded the tocsin. A committee was formed, and Don Vicenzo Ramolo chosen as its president. The vice-president was our host Signor Giuseppe Fiduccia; two priests named Pizza and Andolina formed the rest of this insurrectionary tribunal.

When they were presented to me, I recognized in Andolina the priest who danced so energetically before the carriage containing the liberated prisoners, on their withdrawal from Castelluccio.

On the 11th of April these insurgents attacked a body of Neapolitans a little in advance of the Amiraglio bridge; but the noise of the combat caused the advance of a column to the spot,

which was too strong for them to stand against. The insurgents therefore took refuge in the mountains, to the number of two thousand men,

On the 16th Rosalino del Pilo appeared at the camp to herald Garibaldi's approaching arrival in Sicily in aid of their cause: this had a great effect in animating their patriotic ardour. As he had in his possession some English gold, our host accommodated him by changing it for Sicilian money.

At this juncture La Masa arrived with about three or four hundred men. He induced the committee to meet again, and it was then decided that Misilmeri should be the head-quarters of the revolt, and also, that from that place a correspondence should be kept up with all the other parts of the island.

From the initiative being thus taken, by a man so much higher than his associates, originated his nomination to the post of commandant of the guerrillas, and it was when clothed with this title that he rejoined Garibaldi at Salemi with six or eight hundred Picciotti: these men were at the battle of Calatafimi; how they behaved there I have already stated.

There is much diversity of opinions about La Masa; some say that he has rendered great service to the cause, while others as boldly maintain that he has done nothing at all. It is obvious enough, that these opinions are exaggerated on both sides. My own belief is that amongst such brave and simple-minded unassuming men as Garibaldi, Türr, Nino Bixio, Sirtori, and Carmi, La Masa's habit of using the word "I" so continually and with so much emphasis is quite out of place. He is now in this neighbourhood, and in all probability I shall see him before I leave Villafrati.

We left Misilmeri at three o'clock in the afternoon with the thermometer 45° in the shade. The Garibaldian troops were to march from the town at eight o'clock in the evening, to halt on the road at about three o'clock, and then to reach Villafrati at about six o'clock in the morning.

Villafrati is visible a long way off, owing to the presence of a little Norman castle, called the "Castle of Diana" by the country people, and is situated on the summit of a rock; down below in the valley, skreened by a peasant's house, are the ancient Arabian sulphur baths. An inscription in Arabic, almost entirely effaced by time, has been lately deciphered by a Palermitan antiquary. It is really extraordinary what these learned folks manage to decipher nowadays. The roof of these baths is just the same as it was when built by the Arabian architects, with holes pierced in it, for the purpose of causing the vapour to escape.

Villafrati or the "Town of Priests," is situated on the slope of a tolerably steep hill. Our coachman must needs make his horses gallop up three quarters of this acclivity; at first, the

horses went to work with a will, but all at once, without giving us any intimation of their wicked intention (which they probably whispered to each other), they all three with one accord threw themselves down on their sides. Luckily the hind wheel of our carriage was supported by a large stone which stopped us short, or else we might have been in the same predicament as Hippolytus was on the road to Mycenæ. It luckily happened, however, that no mischief ensued; no thanks to the horses however, for it was evidently their intention to break our necks. As we were only a hundred yards from the house of the Marquis of San Marco, which is the highest in the whole town, and evidently the *casa principale*, we performed the rest of the journey on foot. Thanks to Salvator, Count Tasca's *valet de chambre*, we found the stoves lighted, dinner almost ready, and beds made ready for us in the sleeping-rooms.

Villafrati is situated in a most charming country, in the midst of lofty hills, radiant with glowing cornfields—their stalks gracefully undulating under the breeze—and with groves of the most beautiful shades of green. Just opposite to our windows, towers the ancient Castle of Diana. A platform or terrace, just in front of the facade, and ornamented with busts of Roman emperors and empresses modelled at Faenza, overlooks the whole village, and commands a view of the road which our coachman so unluckily proposed we should ascend at a racing pace. The area of this terrace is paved with tiles of earthenware, and plentifully planted with wild roses. It is a most delicious place to sit in, from five to nine in the morning, and after five in the evening. Accordingly, the morning after our arrival, after passing a night of torment from the incessant attacks of gnats and fleas—those two greatest plagues of Italy—for, in my opinion, the Bourbons and the Austrians rank after them—I betook myself to this terrace as early as five o'olock. The advanced guard of the Garibaldian column was then visible at a turn of the road, and in about a quarter of an hour reached the entrance to the village. Five minutes afterwards, a horseman came up at full speed to the court-yard of the chateau; this proved to be Brother John, decked in a large hat, ornamented with silk tassels. Supposing these silk tassels to be changed to golden ones, and the hat to be made of red silk, it would be just like that of a cardinal.

Brother John! Brother John! can such an ambitious idea have ever occurred to your mind, under your demure dress of a reformed Franciscan? My first care in addressing him was, to inquire after Turr. He had, I was told, been seized again with blood-vomiting, and was now approaching in a carriage drawn by three white horses, which Brother John pointed out to me, as it moved on in the rear of the column. As it was quite impracticable for Türr to ascend to the high ground on which

stood the *casa principale*, where an apartment had been prepared for him, Brother John and I started off in search of a lodging for him elsewhere, and found the accommodation required at a house about two-thirds up the rise; in fact, just at the spot where we were threatened with an accident. Half an hour afterwards our sick friend was comfortably in bed. The column is ordered to halt here for three days.

I have just written to Garibaldi, to inform him of the serious illness of Türr, whom he loves as his own child. It is not improbable, therefore, that a letter will arrive the day after to-morrow recalling Türr to Palermo.

24th June, Noon.

Yesterday, at four o'clock, Count Tasca came to tell me that an officer, whose name he did not mention, desired to make my acquaintance; he therefore requested my permission to invite him to dinner. As the officer was in the next room, I went there at once, to confirm the invitation, if necessary. After five minutes' conversation, I found out whom I had to do with; it was La Masa. He was just the sort of man I had anticipated—a Gascon in the favourable sense of the word. There is more of the Arabian element than of the Norman in Sicilian blood.

La Masa was born at La Trebbia, and is now about thirty-five years old; he is fair in complexion, has blue eyes, and is well-proportioned. He wears the Garibaldian uniform, consisting of a red blouse, and grey trousers with silver stripes. Garibaldi simplifies this costume in his own case, for, instead of a blouse, he contents himself with a shirt, and wears no silver stripe on his trousers, which, by the bye, are generally the worse for wear.

La Masa stayed with us till nine o'clock in the evening, and spent the time in talking about himself, his men, and the services they had rendered to Sicily. His style in conversing was always agreeable, easy, and even elegant.

On leaving me he gave me a collection of his proclamations and orders of the day. Here is a specimen:—

"HEIGHTS OF ROCCAMENA, *17th May*, 1860.

"BROTHERS,—The sacred love of my country and the favour of Heaven have drawn me towards you, my old associates in adventures and victories, to fight for the last time by your side against the armies of the tyrant.

"The valiant General Garibaldi, aide-de-camp of his majesty Victor Emmanuel II., *has joined us*—Sicilian emigrants of the continent—with a corps of invincible patriots, to assist us in breaking the Bourbon yoke, and in accomplishing the object of the insurrectionary plans—annexation to the

government of Victor Emmanuel, so that Italy may become united, free, and powerful, as soon as possible.

"All the insurgents will proclaim this great Italian general Dictator.

"To arms, then, my brave brothers.

"Our expeditionary force, with brave General Garibaldi at its head, has, in one day's battle, defeated and put to flight at Calatafimi, the royal troops, who held in their power the whole territory of Sicily, from Marsala to Alcamo.

"It now remains for you, brothers, to arm yourselves at once, in the best way you can, and to join those brave men who fought against the Bourbon troops in the mountains round Palermo and in its suburbs. All armed Sicilians, from Marsala to Partanico, have eagerly hastened, in great numbers, to swell the ranks of the Italian troops. You must strive to make yourselves as formidable and renowned as the patriotic guerillas who fought at Parco, at Piana delli Greci, and in the suburbs of the capital.

"At the invitation of some of our brothers, I hastened to these mountains to examine your position, and to put you on a footing to co-operate effectually with the army of our brave general, as well as to combine unity of action, so indispensable in a patriotic contest.

"Brothers, the eyes of all Italy are upon you! you will, I am sure, act in a manner worthy of yourselves and of your continental brothers, who have generously shed their blood in Sicily in aid of the common cause.

"*Viva L'Italia! Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!*

"G. La Masa."

All this prolixity of diction is very different from the clear and compact style of Garibaldi, who, in all the proclamations he has made since he left Talamone (twenty at least), has probably not spoken so much about himself as La Masa in this single one. I should mention that since the arrival of Türr, La Masa has disappeared altogether.

Yesterday evening, after the departure of La Masa, as we were sitting on the terrace, the Count, in the course of conversation, informed me that we were close to the very scene of the exploits of the famous Fra Diavolo; that the mountains in front of us were his habitual place of refuge; and that a small wood of olives, three miles off, belonging to the Marquis de San Marco, was the scene of his last combat. Upon my expressing a desire to gather more ample details about a man whom the words of Scribe and the music of Auber have rendered so popular, the Count sent for one of the *campieri* of the Marquis of San Marco, a man of about fifty-five or sixty, who had personally known Fra Diavolo, and he gave us the following account of him:—

Fra Diavolo, whose real name was Antonio Borzetta, was born towards the end of the last or rather at the beginning of the present century, at Carini. He had a younger brother, named Ambrozio, and his father was a landed proprietor. Some of his youthful pranks having been too harshly dealt with by the authorities, he fled to the mountains, and became a bandit. In six months he had acquired such a reputation from his exploits that he was known by no other name than that of "Fra Diavolo."

A bandit, who was at that time confined in the prisons of Palermo, informed the viceroy, that if they would set him free, he would deliver the redoubtable Fra Diavolo, dead or alive, into the hands of justice.

In setting the brigand free they certainly ran the risk of his not keeping his word; but by detaining him in prison they might be running a greater risk, for Fra Diavolo was becoming more notorious every day by some new outrage. The convict, who came from Misilmeri, and was named Mario Granata, was, therefore, released; on his being asked by the viceroy what he needed in the way of money: he replied, that he only wanted sufficient to buy powder and bullets with. The sum he required—ten ounces (about £5)—was accordingly given to him. He then urged that, instead of letting him openly out of prison, they should connive at his escaping from it. Having been allowed to make his preparations for evasion, he put his plan into execution, and started off, after purchasing powder and ball, to rejoin his old crony, Fra Diavolo.

At first his unexpected return gave rise to suspicion in the mind of Ambrozio, Fra Diavolo's brother; so the two latter hit upon a plan by which they might test his sincerity. This was to intrust him with a large sum of money for the purpose of buying provisions for the band. If he returned, they could safely trust him; as he could not be punished for stealing from robbers. Mario Granata executed his commission, and came back. From that moment he was received among them as a member of the band.

The fair of Castro Giovanni was soon to take place, a short time after the fair of Lentini. All the large graziers who provide Palermo with meat regularly attend this fair, and, as usual with such persons in most countries, whether they be buyers or sellers, they always carry a considerable sum of money about them. Granata suggested, therefore, that the band should lie in ambush in the mountains of Villafrati. His advice was followed. The band, consisting of six men, Fra Diavolo, his brother Ambrozio, Mario Granata, Giuseppe and Benedetto Davi di Torretta, and Vitali di Cinesi, then set off for the appointed place.

Just before they reached Misilmeri, Granata asked Fra

Diavolo to give him leave of absence for twelve hours in order that he might visit his wife; which request was at once complied with—he promising to rejoin his comrades in the mountains of Villafrati before the morning. The bandits then proceeded to their rendezvous.

The morning came, but there were no signs of Granata; they were then on the mountain of Chiara Stella. Fra Diavolo ordered a halt, and sent one of his comrades, Vitali, to Villafrati to glean information. Vitali, therefore, took the road to the town; and, as it was the day of the Annunciation, the first thing he did on his arrival was to attend mass, and to listen to the sermon of the Capuchin, Father Innocenzio di Bisacquino, and after quitting the church he began to seek for information.

During mass the gendarmes of Merzöiero entered the town. This unusual movement of the armed police was significant enough, and it supplied him with the information he was seeking —that is, they were on the track of Fra Diavolo. He, therefore, at once returned to the mountains; but there he came abruptly upon a chain of troops, consisting of two companies, posted by the orders of the viceroy at the suggestion of Mario Granata. These troops were commanded by captain Antonio Orlando, the Lercaza Fredde, and Antonio Pesione, of Palermo. They asked Vitali what he was doing in the mountains. Vitali replied that he came there in search of simples for herbalists and druggists. While they were debating together whether they should arrest him or not, he contrived to give them the slip, and disappeared among the mountains; within a quarter of an hour he had rejoined Fra Diavolo and warned him of the impending danger. The brigands then tried to effect their escape from the mountains, but all the passes were found to be carefully guarded. The soldiers had been gradually contracting the size of their circle, when, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, the first reports of firing were heard at Villafrati.

Fra Diavolo, fighting as he retreated, at length took refuge in an olive wood belonging to the Marquis of San Marco. Towards two o'clock the firing had ceased. At four o'clock the corpse of Fra Diavolo was brought to Villafrati. He had shot himself with two pistol-bullets on the right side of his head, to prevent the soldiers from taking him alive. It was obvious enough that he had committed suicide, for there was only one orifice caused by the two bullets entering his right temple, while, on the other side of his head, they had made two wounds in passing out.

In the struggle, two or three of the soldiers were killed, and a *sbirro* and Giuseppe Davi were wounded. On the side of the brigands two were killed, and the rest made prisoners. Ambrozio and Vitali, who, although able to escape, preferred

dying with their comrades, were shot at Carini; meeting their fate with perfect cheerfulness. As all the townspeople followed to see them shot, Ambrozio thus addressed them:—

"My mother has lost nothing by not making me a priest; for whatever reputation I might have obtained as a preacher, I should never have figured at the head of such a numerous procession as the present one."

Benedetto Davi was condemned to be incarcerated eighteen years in irons. The corpse of Fra Diavolo was decapitated; and his head, after being immersed in boiling vinegar, was at first sent to the viceroy at Palermo, and then returned by him to Carini, where it was exposed to public view in an iron cage, together with that of his comrade Pascal Bruno, whose extraordinary exploits were related by me about twenty years ago.

CHAPTER X.

SANTO MELI.

VILLAFRATI, *23rd June.*

Just as the *campiero* finished his narrative, copies of the official newspaper of Sicily of the 22nd and the 23rd were brought to Count Tasca. He took that of the more recent date, and offered me the other. I opened it mechanically, as official newspapers seldom possess much attraction for me; I was thus rather listlessly glancing over it, when all at once my attention was caught by observing my own name figuring in one of its paragraphs. In France I should have been inclined to have laid the paper aside at once, from a conviction that the allusion would have been rather disagreeable than otherwise. In Sicily I had no cause for such distrust; so I read the paragraph out, which ran as follows:—

"At a meeting of our civic council a motion was made, that the celebrated novelist, Alexander Dumas, should be elected. This vote in favour of a man, who, by his works, has shown himself to be the glory of France, and who is at present in Italy in order to gather information respecting our war against the Bourbons in favour of the great cause of Italy, was unanimously adopted by the council."

The motion had been made and passed the day after my departure. Such a mode of proceeding was, therefore, an act of delicacy, added to a favour. I wrote to the municipality at Palermo, to tender that body my sincere thanks.

After this piece of personal news, came the following:

"The Duke of La Verdura, our prætor, states, in continuation of the details already given by him with regard to the bodies found in the ruins, that on the 18th two corpses, and on the 9th eight more were discovered. Every effort is now being zealously made to restore to the town its former splendour, but the horrible scenes revealed to the eyes of the people, continually increase the hate they now bear to the Bourbons.

"We have received the following from Messina dated 12th June. 'The royal garrisons of Trapani, Termini, Agosta, Girgenti, Catania, and a part of that of Palermo have arrived at Messina, which now contains in addition to these a great number of wounded, *sbirri*, police agents, and civil employés. There are now at least 15,000 men there, either soldiers or auxiliaries of the government.'

"The following proclamation has been distributed among the royal troops in the name of the people of Messina:

"'NEAPOLITANS!—You are the children of Italy; Italy! that land which stretches from Mount Cenis to the waters of Sicily, now red with blood.

"'Rise then in the name of Italy, in the name of liberty.

"'The brave men of Varese and Como are with you and for you; and yet you fight against them! God said to Cain, 'What hast thou done to thy brother?—now thou art cursed from the earth!'

"'Italy says to you, 'What have you done to your brothers? You accursed ones!'

"'Every drop of blood spilt in Sicily, draws down a curse on your heads, on the heads of your sons, and your sons' sons!

"'Neapolitans! Italy pardons you; but rise with the fire of your own volcanoes against those who bear no good will to Italy.'"

25th June.

We learnt this morning that the diligence had been stopped by twenty armed men, two miles from here; the four travellers who were in it, were robbed of everything they had.

25th June, eleven P.M.

For the first time in my life, at this hour of the night when one is disposed to think leisurely over the events of the day, I feel something like remorse creeping over me. The following story which will in all probability have a tragical ending, will account for the feeling I have alluded to.

This morning I was by Türr's bedside; the window was open to allow entrance to the rays of the sun, which are always so welcome to the eyes of a sick man; while the door was ajar to allow the passage of a fresh current of air, when I heard

the steps of several horses approaching, which induced me to rise up and look out of window.

I then found that the party consisted of seven horsemen armed with guns and pistols, and that the two last men were mounted on the same horse. At the head of the troop rode a man who looked like the chief; he wore on his head a Neapolitan *kepi* with four braidings, indicative of the rank of captain, and by his side was suspended a dragoon's sabre with a silver knot. There was nothing in all this to attract my attention, but for a fact that I could not help noticing, namely, that half a dozen chickens were poking out of the saddle-bow of one of the horsemen. "Upon my word," said I to Türr, "these fellows are not likely to starve."

Türr made an effort to rise for a moment, glanced at them hastily, and fell back on his bed without saying a word.

"What are these men?" said I.

"Some of La Masa's guerillas, I should say," replied he.

Then turning to me in a moment after, he continued:—"Just observe where they are going."

After watching them from the window, I informed him that they appeared to be taking the road towards Palermo.

Major Spangaro then coming into the room, Türr said to him, "Major, see who those men are who have just gone by."

"They are some distance off by this time," remarked I; "I can just see them winding round the other side of the village."

"General," asked a young officer who watched at Türr's bedside, "shall I take a horse and bring back their captain to you?"

"Take four men and bring the whole body of them; do you hear, Carbone?"

"Oh, there's no need for that," replied the officer; "why disturb four men for them?—I'll go alone." He then left the room, and mounting a horse without a saddle, galloped after them.

Türr began talking with the major, while I went to the balcony and followed the movements of the young officer. In less than ten minutes he came up with the little troop. The captain had turned his head several times already; but as he only saw one man following them, he did not trouble himself about him. From the window where I was I could see everything, and guess, from their gestures, what was passing, although I could not, of course, hear a word they said.

"Well," exclaimed Türr, "can you see them?"

"Perfectly."

"What are they doing?"

"Nothing, yet; they appear to be chatting together in a friendly manner. But stay—what's going on now? The captain has this moment sprung off his horse, and is clutching

his gun, whilst Carbone, having drawn his revolver, is placing it against the other's breast."

"Quick!" shouted Türr; "send off four men instantly to assist Carbone."

"It is needless; the chief of the troop has remounted his horse, and is obediently turning his head this way, followed by his seven men, evidently by Carbone's orders, who brings up the rear with his revolver in his hand."

At the end of five minutes the head of the little column appeared in the street approaching the general's quarters, and not long after they halted at the door.

"Tell Carbone to come up to me alone," said Türr; "and ——but, before he comes, to place these fellows in charge of his comrades."

I accordingly summoned Carbone, but there was no need to caution the Garibaldians to keep watch over the seven horsemen, as they had already formed a pretty secure living barrier round them.

"Well," said Türr to Carbone, as he entered the room, "it appears they made a show of fighting?"

"Yes, general; but, as you see, it ended better than I had at first anticipated."

"Well, now tell me all that happened. Do not omit the least detail. Before I see their chief I want to know what sort of a man he is."

"General, I came up with them about fifteen hundred paces from here; and feeling then that I was engaged on a more difficult mission than I had anticipated, I addressed their chief first in a polite manner."

"Quite right," said Türr, laughing, "always be polite, Carbone; and pray what did you say so politely?"

"'Noble captain,' said I to him, 'the general has sent me to inquire where you are going.' 'I am going to Palermo,' he replied. 'I am glad of it,' I rejoined, 'for the general has despatches and a sum of money to send to Palermo, and wishes you to take charge of them.' 'What, I?' 'Yes, you; he therefore desires you to come to his lodgings, so that he may intrust them to you.' 'I am very sorry,' replied the chief, 'but I have no time——' 'Oh, if that is the case, a different turn must be given to the matter; instead of making a request, I must desire you to obey his order.' 'By what authority?' 'By his authority, as your superior officer. If you are an officer, as your *kepi* and sabre denote, you must obey him; but if you are not an officer, I must arrest you for wearing those things which you have no right to assume. Then,' continued Carbone, 'he made a quick movement indicative of an intention to dismount and make use of his gun, but I promptly drew forth my revolver, and, pointing it to

his breast, said, 'I'll kill you instantly if you do not follow me.' This he made up his mind to do, and we have got him."

"Very good, indeed," said Türr; "now let him come up."

I was about to leave the room, when Türr called out to me, "Stop; he is most likely some sort of bandit, so there is no harm in your witnessing what may take place. Moreover, you have a special right to be here: it was through you we were led to arrest him."

It was, I found, of no use demurring, so I agreed to remain. Soon after, the door opened, when a man, between twenty-five and twenty-eight, of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and rather tall, entered, with an air of remarkable assurance; but seeing Türr lying on his couch, he stopped short and turned pale.

Türr, on his part, fixed his truthful eye firmly on him, but without showing any signs of astonishment beyond a curl of his moustachioed lip.

"Oh," said Türr, "it's you, is it?"

"Excuse me, general," replied the prisoner, "but I do not know you!"

"Well, then, I know you! Try to march without limping."

"I cannot, general; I am wounded in the leg."

"Yes, by a ball above the knee; but it was not in face of the enemy that you received that ball."

"General, indeed——"

"It was when you tried to rob the treasury of Santa Margarita. Yes, I know you,—you are Santo Meli. I had you in my hands at Rena; and you would have been shot then and there if we had not been forced to march on hastily to Parco. I then delivered you over to Santa Anna, who did not guard you well; but I will take good care now not to transfer you to any one's charge, and you will be the better guarded, I warrant." Then turning to Major Spangaro, he said, "Major, to-morrow you will hold a court-martial, of which you are to be the president, on this man. Now disarm him, some of you, and take him to prison."

An officer advanced and took away the prisoner's sabre, while two soldiers, taking their places, the one on his right, the other on his left hand, led him out of the room. "Well," said I to Türr, "you are getting on briskly, my dear fellow!"

"That is how we must deal, in such a troublesome time, with those who are robbers, murderers, and incendiaries."

"But are you sure all the time that this man comes under this threefold category?"

"Yes; for he has robbed the treasury of Santa Margarita, assassinated a goldsmith at Carleone, and burnt the village of Calaminia; but he shall be tried, and all this will come out, you will see. He shall not be shot without good reason."

"You think, then, that he will be shot?"

"I feel pretty sure of that. We were only just before talking about the diligence being stopped; well, if two or three more affairs of this sort should happen, they will say in our reactionary papers that, since the Bourbons have been driven out of Sicily, no one can be safe in moving out of his house, alone. My friend Garibaldi, in his Roman campaign, ordered one of his soldiers to be shot for stealing thirty sous from an old woman. Garibaldi possesses no other property than two pairs of trousers, two red shirts, two neckties, a sabre, a revolver, and an old felt hat. Garibaldi must needs borrow a *carlin* in order to give alms to some poor creature, for the simple reason that he has never such a coin in his own pocket; but this self-denial does not prevent the Neapolitan papers from calling him a filibuster, or the French papers from designating him as a pirate. In the times in which we live one must be trebly brave, pure, and just, not to be calumniated to some extent. With such claims, one may hope to be appreciated at the end of a dozen years by one's enemies; but it takes nearly double that time to receive that justice from those whom one has served. Now, pray go to breakfast, for it is high time; and send me some broth made by yourself, and a spoonful of some preserved fruit, if you can find any."

I shook hands with this man, who is at once so good, so true, and so merciful; whose heart seems to be, one half that of an angel and the other that of a lion; who laughs at foemen's bullets, and who weeps before misery. I then walked away in a pensive mood, thinking of the hard task undertaken by Garibaldi, and by him, his second self, not only to deliver, but, what is more, to purify a country corrupted by four hundred years of Spanish and Neapolitan misrule.

All day long the thought of that man's arrest, of which I had been the involuntary cause, troubled me considerably. I spoke about Santo Meli to most of the officers, but they seemed so heedless on the subject as scarcely to understand what I meant, and who, when I pointedly claimed their attention to the prisoner's case, averted all discussion by coolly saying, "Oh, yes; the brigand that is to be shot to-morrow? We will take good care not to let him escape, as Santa Anna did!"

Good Heavens! how is it possible for any one acting in the capacity of a judge, or a public prosecutor—required officially to demand a man's head every day—to display an unmoved, ay, even a smiling countenance! I can understand how a sportsman, in the excitement of the chase, is led to slay everything he pursues, from a quail to a wild boar, without pity for the weakness of the one, without dread of the ferocity of the other; but I cannot understand how that sportsman could cut a fowl's throat or put any animal to death in cold blood.

Count Tasca, like myself, also appeared rather grave; and, as I presumed that it was from the same cause, I asked him if it were so, and found I was not mistaken. Santo Meli is a native of the village of Cimurna, a few miles from Villafrati. He was both feared and admired in the country round about; all energetic natures, whether for evil or for good, always command popularity amongst the mass of the people; witness the popularity of Nero at Rome, of Mandrin in France, and of Fra Diavolo in Sicily.

It was agreed between the Count, a young Palermitan poet, called Di Maria, and myself, therefore, that we should contrive to draw the conversation to the subject of Santo Meli after dinner, and then endeavour to influence the mind of Major Spangaro in his favour, if possible.

But in him we found what is frequently observable, at least amongst military judges, who are seldom influenced by the sense of superior power or by personal antipathy: that is, one who was inflexible on the score of justice, and one whom it was impossible to turn from his convictions, either on the side of clemency or of severity. He checked us at the outset, by observing, "I have two things to care for and watch in the position in which I now find myself: my impartiality and those feelings which might prevent me from being impartial. I must beg of you, therefore, not to make an appeal to my feelings; for, as I am a man, I might relent, and then I should cease to be a judge." Then seeing that I was about to put in a last word, he rose and left the room.

I admire this stoicism excessively, although I do not feel capable of it myself. I reflected, moreover, that in such a position men have a duty to perform, and certainly it was not my duty to make use of that observation which had the effect of attracting Türr's attention; which led to the man's arrest, and which might, indeed lead to his death. Travelling about as I do in this beautiful land, which is now being regenerated by the breath of her deliverer under Providence, I have no other mission than to plead for the unhappy, to weep for the dead, and to greet with smiles the living: by what right, then, should I be the cause of a drop of blood being spilt on my path?

Perhaps the voice which now speaks within me is not that of conscience so much as that of weakness;—no matter!—that voice tells me that I ought to do all I can to save this man, be he murderer or incendiary, and I will do it.

26th June.

As I rose this morning, I was told that a woman, dressed in black, was waiting to see me in the ante-room. It was the mother of Santo Meli, an old woman with grey hair, a

pale complexion, clear blue eyes, and with an intelligent countenance. I wondered who could have told her to ask for one, whose name probably she had never heard of before that morning. Who could have told her to address herself to me, a stranger in the midst of all her countrymen?

However that may be, as soon as she saw me approach, she took both my hands, and, as is customary with the Sicilians, endeavoured to kiss them. She then said that she fully relied upon my procuring permission for her to see Türr. I refused her entreaty, for two reasons: the first was, Türr considered her son guilty, and wished to make an example of him, deeming it necessary for the good of Sicily; the second, that in Türr's very weak state, arising from his blood-vomiting, any kind of excitement might prove dangerous, and he certainly could not reject the prayer of a mother without much emotion.

The poor woman did not, however, seem to know the full extent of her son's danger; I told her that the best thing she could do was to ask permission to see her son; and, as the court-martial was to meet that very morning, to direct Santo Meli to choose Di Maria for his counsel.

After giving her a paper, with the name of Di Maria written on it, I got permission, through Major Spangaro, for her to see her son. She then set off to do this.

The prison is a square building in the midst of the town; there is nothing about it to distinguish it from the other houses, except the bars across its windows. I watched the poor woman until she entered by the door over whose threshold her son had first passed the day before; a threshold over which, in all probability, he would never cross again, but to march to death. The court-martial met at ten o'clock; and Santo Meli, acting on my advice, had chosen Di Maria for his counsel.

At five o'clock, the court adjourned for the day. The prisoner gave his replies with much firmness, and declared that since the 4th April, that is, since the insurrection was proclaimed at Palermo, he had kept the field with the tricoloured banner; that if he had taken possession of moneys, and set fire to villages, he had been authorized to do so by the revolutionary committee at Palermo; that if he had levied contributions on villages, it was only in the case of their being royalist, and also in order to pay and feed his soldiers, so as to keep them together; their pay was four taris (one shilling and sixpence) a day, and their keep two taris (ninepence); that he had as many as three or four hundred men under him; and, therefore, he was compelled to procure, in some way or another, from 1,000 to 1,200 francs (£40 to £50) every day for their use. As to the charge of burning houses; he had only set fire to those from which his men had been fired at,

and it was, therefore, but a just retaliation. He concluded by demanding that they should weigh the services he had rendered to the revolutionary cause against the evil he had been compelled to do for the maintenance of his men, and that he should be judged impartially.

These reasons would have little weight in a country like France, and when urged by a member of a civilized community; but in Sicily such a mode of justification, offered by an uneducated peasant was regarded as of sufficient value, by the court-martial, to be entitled to serious consideration.

That evening and the next day were spent in hearing the witnesses. The court considered the case a very serious one, not only on account of the issue, as far as regarded Santo Meli himself, but on account of its moral bearing.

The more severe judges said: "The greater the services this man has rendered to the revolution, the more severely he ought to be judged as a patriot, for not being able to keep himself pure from the excesses which are systematically made a subject of reproach to revolutions." The more moderate maintained that at this moment there are in Italy two different peoples, as regards civilization, and country, and even race: the pure Latin race, which has just crossed the sea to liberate Sicily, finds there a mixed race of Latins, Greeks, Saracens, and Normans. If Santo Meli be judged too severely, will not the Sicilians say, that one of the first acts of their brethren of Northern Italy was to shoot a Sicilian patriot?

At eleven o'clock in the evening, while I am occupied in writing these lines, the court-martial is still sitting.

27th June, Morning.

Yesterday, as the witnesses were being heard, the mother of Santo Meli came over to request me to visit her son in prison, as he wished to thank me for the interest I had already taken in his behalf and to entreat its continuance.

I at once acceded to her request. The prisoner, who was confined in a cell opening on to the foot of the staircase which leads to the room where the court-martial is held, awaited my coming with evident impatience. His eyes wore such an expression that it was scarcely necessary for him to speak; he eagerly seized my hands in spite of the bars, and kissed them, although I endeavoured to prevent him. His mother, meanwhile, stood near to the barred window.

I first told him to place implicit confidence in his judges; that Major Spangaro, the president, was a most impartial man; and that he had better confess everything, and refer all that occurred to the necessity of the times. He told me that such was his intention. I remained about ten minutes with him; he seemed to be quite a young man, but his open shirt dis-

played a large hairy, muscular chest. He wore loose trousers, and boots turned down below the knees, such as used to be worn by old country gentlemen in France.

His arrest caused great excitement in the adjacent country, his native village—Ciminina—being not more than seven miles from Villafrati.

Türr's sufferings, I am sorry to find, are constantly increasing.

My letter to Garibaldi produced the desired effect; but, instead of directing Türr's return to Palermo by a formal order, he modifies his adoption of my recommendation by putting it in the form of an entreaty.

It is difficult to express the affectionate solicitude Garibaldi feels for those he esteems and loves; a father could not feel more for his own children. He has carried his delicacy so far as to give the command of our column to Colonel Eber, a friend of Türr's, so as not to give the latter the slightest umbrage. Colonel Eber, who is a Hungarian, and speaks French, English, Italian, and Russian, with equal facility and elegance, entered the service of Italy for this particular occasion only; he was colonel of the Foreign Legion in the Crimea, and is now correspondent of the *Times*, from which journal he receives a liberal salary to proceed wherever anything interesting is going on, that he may furnish reports accordingly. He arrived last night. Garibaldi, not knowing that I was as intimate with Eber as I was with Türr, and thinking that perhaps my passport would not be sufficient, sent me a fresh one.

The terms in which this passport is couched is a fresh proof of the very kind regard I alluded to just now. The following is a translation of the Italian original:—

"*Head Quarters of the National Army,*
"PALERMO, 25*th June*, 1860.

"Free permission to pass throughout Sicily I desire may be given to that illustrious man and my intimate friend, Alexander Dumas, and I shall be thankful for every attention that may be shown to him.

"GARIBALDI."

Türr left at half-past three A.M. for Palermo, and this evening at five o'clock the column is to proceed on its march to Girgenti.

Letters received yesterday from Genoa announce that 40,000 muskets, together with a steam-vessel, have been purchased; 45,000 enrolled volunteers have already given their signatures, in the intention of coming to Sicily, to join the liberating army.

As soon as the army shall be organized, the Neapolitans are to

be driven out of Messina, and the troops are to march on Naples through Calabria, where an insurrection is already beginning to ferment.

When I left Palermo, the last words of the general were: "Remember, that as soon as we reach Naples, apartments will be prepared for you in the royal palace."

"While you are about it," said I, "you had better order a country-house to be got ready for me at Pompeii."

The court-martial only resumed its sitting at two o'clock this morning; and, after a three days' debate, it does not consider itself sufficiently informed about the case of Santo Meli, to come to a decision. The prisoner is, consequently, to be sent to Palermo, where he will be tried by another court-martial.

I dwell the more on this circumstance, in order to point out the difference which exists in the manner of dispensing justice between the royalists, "men of order," and the revolutionists, "men of blood," as they have been respectively styled. For further illustration of this, we may add, that the court-martial held at Palermo by the royalists on the 5th April condemned within four hours as many as fourteen prisoners to death, while the revolutionary court-martial just alluded to did not feel sufficiently informed as to the facts, after three days' deliberation, to condemn a single man to death, who by his own confession had stolen treasure and burnt villages.

While writing this, I find Santo Meli and his six guerrilleros are passing under my windows, on their road to Palermo. They proceed on foot, and are escorted by a detachment of fifteen men.

We are to leave this evening at five o'clock for La Vicara, on the road to Girgenti.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF MILAZZO.

On board the "Emma," before MILAZZO.
21st July, Evening.

A GREAT battle!—important victory!—flight of 7,000 Neapolitans before 2,500 Italians.

I am now writing under the very cannon of the castle, which certainly fires very badly at the *Castle of Edinburgh*, and

at your very humble servant, the *Emma*. While this idle cannonade is going on, I will resume my narrative.

On leaving Girgenti, I quitted Sicily, with the intention of going direct to Malta, and from Malta to Corfu, but when I put into the little port of Alicata, to take in provisions, a feeling something like remorse caused me to change my plan.

Why should I not be present, I reflected, at the close of this great drama of the resurrection of a people? Ought I not to do all in my power to aid it? Moreover, the East, which I was anxious to visit, would always be in existence, and one more year passed by me away from France would be simply another year of separation from calumny and abuse. With the exception of two or three trusty hearts, who cherish a strong attachment for me, there is little enough to recall me to that great modern Babylon.

As soon as I had made up my mind what course to take, I addressed the following letter to Garibaldi, through the medium of his son, whom I had left at Girgenti:—

"My Friend,—I have just travelled throughout Sicily, and have everywhere observed great enthusiasm, but no arms. Would you like me to procure you some in France? I will select them with the care of a sportsman.

"Send your answer to me at the Post-office, Catania.

"If you say 'Yes,' I will put off my journey to Asia, and follow your steps through the rest of the campaign.

"*Vale et me ama.*

"Alex. Dumas."

I despatched my letter by a fisherman to Girgenti, and then sailed for Malta, where I had directed money and letters to be forwarded for me. From Malta, where I merely stayed a day and a half, I sailed for Catania, which I reached in forty hours. As it was scarcely five days since I left Alicata, it was evident that Garibaldi's answer could not reach me for at least a couple of days to come, so I determined to remain until it should arrive at Catania. As it was, I spent there three days, and quite gala-days they proved to be. There was music on the first evening; music and illuminations on the second; and on the third evening, in the midst of music and illuminations, the municipal council presented me with letters of citizenship, which had been voted unanimously. This was the fourth time that I had been elected a citizen in Sicily.

In the course of the day the French consul brought me a letter, which I instantly recognized, from the writing, to be from Garibaldi, and opened it eagerly. It contained three Spartan-like laconic lines:—

"PALERMO, 13*th July*.

"FRIEND DUMAS,—I am anxious for your return, both on your own account and respecting your well-timed proposition about the muskets. Come quickly.—Your devoted friend,

"G. GARIBALDI."

There was no occasion now for the least hesitation. We set sail accordingly during the night; but in consequence of the calm weather and the currents, it took us almost thirty hours to reach the opposite coast of the strait. At the dawn of the third day we were in the eastern gulf of Milazzo, and there the report of cannon stopped us. It was evident that if fighting was going on at Milazzo, Garibaldi would not be remaining at Palermo.

In reality the general had left Palermo on the 18th, and had arrived at the camp of Miri on the 19th; and slight skirmishes had taken place during the last two days. On his arrival, the general reviewed the troops of Medici, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The next morning at daybreak all the troops marched off to attack the Neapolitans, who had come out of the fort and village of Milazzo. Malenchini commanded the extreme left, and General Medici and Cosenz the centre; the right, consisting merely of a few companies, was intended only to cover the centre and left in case of a surprise. General Garibaldi took up his position in the centre, as he considered the action would be most severe at that point. The firing commenced on the left, about half-way between Miri and Milazzo, where the advanced posts of the Neapolitans were placed, under cover of the reeds. After a quarter of an hour's firing on the left, the centre of the line came in its turn in front of the Neapolitan line, this they at once attacked, and in a short time dislodged it from its position.

While this was going on, the right wing had driven the Neapolitans from the houses they occupied; but the difficulties of the ground prevented reinforcements from arriving to their aid. Bosco, the Neapolitan general, pushed forward a mass of 6,000 men against the 500 or 600 assailants, who had at first compelled him to fall back, and who, now overpowered by numbers, were compelled to give ground in their turn. The general sent for reinforcements, and as soon as they came up a fresh attack was made on the enemy, who were concealed in the reeds and covered by an orchard of Indian fig-trees. The position opposed great difficulties to the Garibaldians, who, from the nature of the ground, were unable to attack the enemy with their bayonets. Medici, marching at the head of his men, had a horse killed under him, and Cosenz received a spent ball in the neck, and fell to the ground; the soldiers

thought he was killed, until he sprang to his feet shouting,—"Italy for ever!" The wound he received, fortunately, was but a slight one.

General Garibaldi then placed himself, with Misori and a few Guides, at the head of the Genoese carabineers. It was his intention to turn the Neapolitans, and then, by attacking them in flank, to cut off the retreat of a portion of their troops; but in advancing he came upon a battery placed on the road, which for a moment checked this manœuvre.

Misori and Captain Statella having then advanced along the road with fifty men, Garibaldi placed himself at their head and led them on to the charge. When within twenty paces, the guns loaded with grape poured forth a deadly fire upon them. The effect was terrible; only five or six of the assailants remained standing. Garibaldi had the sole of his boot and his stirrup shot away; his horse, too, was wounded, and became unmanageable, and he was forced to dismount, leaving his revolver in one of the holsters. Major Breda and a trumpeter were both slain by his side, while Misori fell under his horse, which had just been killed by the shot of a wall-piece; Statella stood up unhurt in the midst of a shower of grape: nearly all the rest were either killed or wounded. From this point few circumstantial details can be described; every one had to fight and every one fought resolutely.

The general, perceiving that it was impossible to capture the guns which had caused this carnage in his front, gave an order for Colonel Dunne to send him some companies, and with these troops he charged through the reeds, and directed Misori and Statella, as soon as the marshy ground was cleared of the enemy, to spring over a wall close to the guns, and then endeavour to capture them. This movement was boldly executed by the two officers and fifty men who followed them; but when they reached the road, the first person they found was Garibaldi himself, on foot, sword in hand. At that moment, another discharge from the cannon swept down several men; but, in an instant after, the others seized it, and were about to carry it off to their own lines, when the Neapolitan infantry opened its ranks to allow a body of cavalry to pass through, and these horsemen boldly charged down on the men who had captured the gun. The men under the command of Colonel Dunne, being unaccustomed to fire, threw themselves on each side of the road, instead of meeting the charge at the point of the bayonet; but they were hemmed in on the left by the orchard of fig-trees, and on the right by a wall. The cavalry rushed past like a whirlwind, and the Sicilians, who had recovered from their first alarm, opened fire upon them from both sides. Finding himself and his men under a sharp fire both right and left, the Neapolitan officer hesitated for a

moment, and then endeavoured to make his way to the rear; but in the middle of the road he found his passage opposed by Garibaldi, Misori, Statella, and five or six men. On being summoned by them to surrender, he replied by aiming a blow at Garibaldi with his sword, which the latter parried, and by a back stroke cut open the officer's cheek; this was no sooner done than three or four swords were pointed at the general, who wounded one of his assailants by a thrust, while Misori killed two others and the horse of a third by shooting him with the third discharge of his revolver. Statella, on his part, brought down one man, and a dismounted soldier having made a spring at Misori's throat, the latter, by a blow of his revolver, split his skull.

During this terrible encounter Garibaldi was busily engaged in collecting together his scattered troops; with these he charged the foe, and exterminated or took prisoners the remaining horsemen. At length, supported by the rest of the centre, he advanced to the enemy's line—Neapolitans, Bavarians, and Swiss—and charged them with the bayonet. The Neapolitans instantly fled; the others, however, kept their ground for a moment, and then followed the example of the Neapolitans. This decided the fate of the day; for although the victory was not yet wholly secured, but little remained to be done for its achievement by the heroes of Italy.

The whole Neapolitan army began to retreat towards Milazzo, closely pursued by the Garibaldians as far as the houses of the town; but there the guns of the fort took part in the contest.

Milazzo is built on a peninsula, on high ground, sloping on each side.

The battle, which had begun on the east bay, gradually turned to the western side. In the Gulf of Milazzo was the *Tuckery* frigate (formerly the *Veloce*). Garibaldi, calling to mind his old vocation, that of a sailor, got quickly on board the frigate, climbed up into the rigging, and from that point watched the progress of the battle.

A body of the enemy's cavalry and infantry now advanced from the fort in order to support their retreating army. Garibaldi, seeing this, had a gun pointed at this detachment, and, when they came within the quarter range of cannon-shot, showered upon them such a full discharge of grape, that the Neapolitans reeled under the shock, and, without awaiting a second discharge, took to flight.

A contest then took place between the fort and the ship. As soon as Garibaldi found that he had drawn the fire of the fort upon himself, he jumped into a boat, and, with twenty men, again threw himself into the fight still raging at Milazzo.

The musketry fire continued there an hour longer; when the

Neapolitans, after being driven from house to house, withdrew into the castle.

I had witnessed all the movements of the battle from the deck of my yacht, and now longed to rejoin Garibaldi and hail him as the victor. I accordingly proceeded to land, and in the midst of the last musket-shots entered Milazzo.

It is difficult to give any idea of the disorder and terror which prevailed in the town, never very patriotic in feeling, it is said. The dead and the wounded were lying in the streets, and the house of the French consul was full of dying men. General Cosenz was amongst the wounded.

None could tell me where Medici and Garibaldi were to be found, until I perceived Major Cenni in the midst of a group of officers, when he voluntered to take me to the general; and after considerable difficulty we found him lying under the porch of the church, with his staff asleep around him. He was lying on the pavement with his saddle for a pillow, quite worn out and fast asleep. Near him stood his supper—a bit of bread and a jug of water. The sight threw me in imagination 2,500 years back: it seemed to me as if I stood before Cincinnatus. May God preserve him to you, my dear Sicilian friends! should you lose him, the whole world will never be able to provide you with such another.

The general soon opened his eyes, and on recognizing me, desired me to keep by his side the whole of the following day.

CHAPTER XII.

GARIBALDI ON BOARD THE EMMA.

MILAZZO ROADS, *23rd July.*

WHEN Garibaldi expressed a wish to keep me by his side, during the next day he could offer me no other bed than one like his own, the pavement of the street or the broad flagstones of the church. I preferred, however, the sands by the sea-side. I had made an appointment with four of my crew on the western shore of the bay; they were to fix a tent, and to await my coming, with a boat in readiness; on reaching the spot I found my men prepared. The general, expecting a sortie would be attempted by the Neapolitans during the night, had ordered that the gates of the town leading to the castle should be well guarded, and that barricades also should be constructed.

I was prompted by a feeling of curiosity to see how his orders had been carried out, and therefore proceeded to the gates of the town, where I found one solitary sentinel, almost dead with fatigue, on the watch, in the midst of fifteen of his comrades fast asleep. The sentinel was obliged to walk about briskly in order to avoid falling asleep too, and even then found it very difficult to keep his eyes open. With respect to the barricades, they were formed of a few tables, chairs, and planks, over which a child could easily jump; those who had undertaken their construction had fallen asleep very soon after they had commenced their work. These brave fellows, like the Spartans of Leonidas, considered their breasts sufficient ramparts to resist the enemy. As I left the town, I prayed to Heaven that Bosco might not be prompted to make a breach through these unyielding living ramparts.

At about a mile from the town I again found my sailors, and throwing myself into the boat, fell asleep, cheered with the thought that human nature, which, with its contrasting elements of grandeur and baseness, makes such men as Francis II. and Maniscalco contemporaries with Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, must in the end be a gainer.

Contrary to expectation, the night passed off quietly. We rose as soon as it was light, and the ceremony of dressing occupied very little time; we then plunged into the sea, after having signalled the yacht—which had not been able to anchor in consequence of the deep soundings—to approach as near the shore as possible.

We were on board by half past five in the morning. The firing had just recommenced, but it was evident from the sound that it was on the other side of the peninsula, that is in the direction of the harbour. The captain of the yacht then steered towards the north. There was but a very slight breeze blowing, so that with all our anxiety to reach the other side quickly, we could only make two knots an hour, owing to the slow rate of progress. It was nine o'clock when we doubled the Cape of Milazzo, and the first thing we then saw was the steamer *Tuckery* towed by some twenty boats, in consequence of an accident having happened to the paddle-wheel as we learned from a fisherman. Garibaldi was thereby deprived of one of his most powerful means of action.

The shores of the peninsula had all the appearance of a camp; twenty families had taken refuge there, and were living under such tents as they could hastily put up; others took refuge on board small boats at anchor near the shore, and, thanks to the rapid declivity of the mountain, were protected from the guns of the fort. Others again found shelter in natural grottoes formed by the sea. We sailed boldly along and passed under the guns of the fort; but as I felt rather scrupulous about the suscepti-

bility of our own government I had taken down the tri-coloured standard, and hoisted in its place my own flag. General Bosco did not appear to consider us worthy of hostile notice, and quietly allowed us to anchor a cable's length and a half off the fort. From this point we could distinguish the Neapolitan, Bavarian, and Swiss troops, crowded together in the courtyard of the castle; for the huge buildings of the fort were found insufficient, owing to the heated atmosphere, to contain them all. The *Tuckery*, still towed by boats, passed within fifty yards of us, to its anchorage ground in the harbour. The guns of the fort remained silent, and allowed the steamer to perform this manœuvre without molestation.

Such forbearance appeared to us a propitious sign, and we began to think that an armistice had been agreed upon between the Neapolitans and the Garibaldians; this, indeed, seemed the more probable, as, besides the silence of the guns of the fort, there was a cessation of the musketry fire. Scarcely had we anchored, when a shore boat, conveying a "red shirt" —the Garibaldians are universally so styled in Sicily—directed its course towards our yacht. The General had sent a message to me, directing that the yacht should enter the port, and go astern of the *Tuckery*. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were at the appointed spot, and I then went on board the steamer. The General, who was waiting for me, looked as cheerful and calm as he usually does; it is difficult to imagine a composure of countenance such as his; it is really that of the lion reposing, as described by Dante. No communication had as yet been opened between the fort and himself, but he felt perfectly easy, especially by reason of the large number of the Neapolitans it contained: for he believed that the fort was not provisioned for a long siege, and that it would forthwith need supplies, both of stores and ammunition. After conversing with me briefly on the more important affairs of the day, Garibaldi told me how much gratified he was with my proposition to proceed to France in order to purchase arms, and asked me to explain to him by what means I should accomplish it. I gave him, accordingly, all the information he required; and he, in his turn, gave me instruction and advice as to the best mode of proceeding, and then furnished me with an order on the municipality of Palermo for 100,000 francs (£4,000), to enable me to effect the purchase agreed upon.

"There," said he, giving me the order: "Now proceed, and may good luck attend you." He then added: "Do you know, Dumas, what you ought to do when you come back?— You must set up a newspaper!"

"In truth, General, I had already thought of so doing; but pray give me a title. I only need that to begin at once."

Taking up a pen, he wrote as follows: "The newspaper

which my friend Dumas is about to establish, is to bear the appropriate title of 'The Independent;' and it will be the more deserving of this title, if it be the first to deal a blow at me, should I deviate from my duties as a child of the people, and a soldier of humanity. G. GARIBALDI."

"Bravo for 'The Independent,'" exclaimed I; "these lines shall be its motto."

Just then a small boat rowed up to the *Tuckery;* the General, after exchanging a few words with the man who was in it, gave orders to some of his *aides-de-camp,* whereupon one of these observed to me: "News has just come from Messina —we shall have plenty of work to do, enough for both hands."

The General then turning to me, merely said, "Let us now go and see your yacht."

At this moment a paper was brought to him to sign; it was a credit of 500,000 francs opened to his name. After signing the paper, he remarked while glancing at my yacht, "If I were rich, I should like to have such a vessel as yours."

Listen attentively to this, Sicilians, my fellow countrymen, Italians, my brothers! This man, who disposes of the blood and treasures of Sicily, who is now bestowing two millions of men on Piedmont, is not actually rich enough to buy himself a yacht, obtainable for so small a sum as 25,000 francs (£1,000)!

We then went on board my yacht, and the contents of a bottle of champagne were poured into some glasses that I brought from the royal palace of Palermo, as my share of the booty of King Francis II.'s goods and chattels; and we drank to the welfare of Italy. But Garibaldi would only drink water, his usual beverage. While we were conversing on deck, he suddenly rose up. With his practised eye as an "old salt," he noticed that a steamboat coming from Palermo had just then doubled Cape Milazzo, upon which he laconically exclaimed, "It is he!"

Then holding out his hand to me, he said, "*Au revoir!* come back to Palermo, and do your best for our cause. I must be off quickly to yonder steamer."

After a cordial leavetaking between us, he quitted the yacht and went on shore. A horse was waiting for him; after mounting which, he dashed rapidly through the streets of Milazzo, and in a quarter of an hour reappeared on the jetty. During this time the newly arrived steamer had come in, and my yacht got under weigh. All the sailors declared that the new arrival was English, although it persisted in showing no colours.

At the sight of the steamer, all the Sicilian boatmen, anticipating the usual landing of passengers, rowed towards the

mysterious vessel. Just when they were about a hundred yards from it, and we were perhaps fifty, a slight cloud of smoke rose up from the platform of the castle, and at the same time we heard the report of a gun, and the whistling of the ball.

The shot fell into the sea between the small boats and the steamer, causing the water to spout up in the air. The consternation this caused among the poor boatmen was ludicrous enough: some of them took refuge behind the *Emma*, which offered them but poor shelter—little more than enough to protect them from a musket-ball.

In the midst of this flying flotilla, which looked like a frightened flock of birds, one boat alone pushed straight on to the ship, as inflexible in its purpose as the man it bore. That man was Garibaldi. The fort continued firing at his boat, but the balls either fell too high or too low: not one touched it.

But at the eighth discharge the ship hoisted the English ensign, notwithstanding which, another shot was fired from the fort—it was the last, however.

We were scarcely thirty yards from the vessel when she turned her head towards us, and we were enabled to make out her name,—the *City of Aberdeen*. Garibaldi stepped on board, crossed the deck, and mounted the paddle-box. Just then we crossed her course, when Garibaldi wished us a good voyage once more, and the next moment the *City of Aberdeen* steamed away; in ten minutes afterwards she had disappeared behind Cape Milazzo. The *Emma* continued her voyage. To-morrow, or the day after, as it may please the capricious wind, I shall again behold that beautiful Palermo which has chosen me for one of its citizens.

PALERMO, *25th July*.

As soon as I landed here I went straight to the President of the Municipal Commission and presented him my letter of credit. Unfortunately, Garibaldi had forgotten to add to his signature the word "Dictator;" and, as the Duke de la Verdura prudently remarked, should Garibaldi be killed during my absence, the municipality of Palermo would be answerable for the money. Nevertheless, I thought the remark savoured of rigidity, when coming from municipal councillors who owed everything to Garibaldi; for if he were to be killed, as the Duke de la Verdura apprehended, he would, at least, sacrifice his life for Sicily.

It struck me that they might surely risk 100,000 francs for the conqueror of Calatafimi and Milazzo. But I am only a poet, and the Duke le la Verdura is a syndic; two conditions in life which are no way akin to each other. I at once telegraphed Garibaldi that the municipal authorities had refused me the money, and received from him forthwith this reply:

—"Make your arrangements respecting the letter of credit with De Pretis."

I applied accordingly to M. de Pretis, who opened a credit in my favour for 60,000 francs.

I was to take to France with me a young artillery officer, Rognetta, son of the celebrated physician of that name. He had been directed to purchase revolvers at Liege while I undertook to proceed to Marseilles to buy muskets and rifles there.

We missed the steamer which goes direct from Palermo to Genoa, owing to the indifference of the French consul, certainly the most whimsical consul I ever met with, and I have known a great many oddities among those officials in my time.

As we wished to lose no time, we went immediately on board the yacht again, and directed our course to Messina. If we could only reach that town before the following Sunday, we should be able to start by the steamer for Marseilles direct the same evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TAKING OF MESSINA.

MESSINA, *28th August.*

WE made the passage from Palermo to Messina in thirty-two hours. When we arrived before Milazzo it was pitch dark, with most awful weather. We sent a boat off to inquire after Garibaldi, and heard that he had started two days before for Messina. Two hours were lost by this delay; but during the interval the weather became quite calm.

We were about to make sail at two o'clock in the morning, when we descried the lanterns of a steamer coming round the point of Cape Rasocolmo. The steersman signalled accordingly to the mate; but, as a collision seemed scarcely to be apprehended in the vast bay of Milazzo, we took no more notice of the steamer, but sailed on slowly, with both our own lanterns lit. All in a moment a dark mass, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, approached within fifty yards of us, and, passing across our bows, made a semicircular bend round the yacht, then putting about ship, came right athwart our starboard.

"The steamer! the steamer!" cried the sailor on watch.

"Luff! luff!" then shouted the mate.

Although this order was at once complied with, before it

could be fully executed, the steamer was down upon us. The scene that took place at this moment was indescribable.

The yacht was lifted up like a feather, and a sharp cracking noise ensued. I was lying on deck, and was instantly covered with water. The steersman was violently thrown down, while the mate was tossed six or seven feet in the air; our square-sail-yard was split; our spanker-boom bent like a reed, and our mainsail was torn to shreds. The stern of the yacht plunged into the water, and came up streaming wet. On board the steamer it was thought she had run us down, but she pursued her course as if nothing had happened.

It was a sort of Neapolitan joke; that was all! Our yacht was recognized as having taken part in the affair at Milazzo; and accordingly it was determined to sink us. It took us until daybreak to repair our damages, for many things on board were broken,—but luckily nothing of vital importance. We replaced our mainsail by our trysail, and, fortunately for us, we had two sets of jib and spankerbooms. The calm still continued, and it was not until noon that a light breeze and the current together helped us on towards the straits.

On reaching the Faro of Messina, a fine sight met our gaze. A battery of three pieces of ordnance had been constructed; and I counted one hundred and sixty-eight boats on the beach, all ready for landing troops, each of them able to hold twenty men. But the number should have been quadrupled.

As we approached Messina, we could see the Neapolitan sentinels walking backwards and forwards on the ramparts of the fort fronting the sea; while, on a plain behind the citadel, level with the sea, we observed bodies of cavalry and infantry manœuvring.

The Neapolitans, as is well known, manœuvre surprisingly well. In fact they have manœuvred so very cleverly, that they have contrived to shut themselves up in the citadels of Messina and Syracuse.

As soon as we reached Messina, our first visit was to Garibaldi. The tears flowed down his face, when I told him of the answer given me by the Duke de la Verdura. On adverting to this he remarked, with a sigh: "Well, if I am killed, it will not be for their account, but for the liberty of the world." Then, referring to the mission I had undertaken, he added, "Start off, Dumas, as soon as you can; but return with equal dispatch."

"General," replied I, "I can manage to be back again in a fortnight, but not a day sooner."

"With the arms?"

"Yes; although I may have to pay rather dearer for them. I give you my word that I shall return by the steamer of Tuesday fortnight."

"Very well! If it be so, I will wait for you before I go to Calabria, and we will make our entrance there with your muskets and rifles."

The surrender of the fort of Milazzo, and the capture of Messina, had taken place during my voyage to Palermo. The following are the details which I collected in connection with this double event. The day after our departure from Milazzo, a French screw steamer, the *Protis*, Captain Salvi, anchored in the roads, carrying provisions on board for the Neapolitan army. The captain was quite ignorant of the battle of Milazzo, and the blockade of the fort. He replied to the boat that came out to hail him, that he was quite ready to take orders from the commandant of Milazzo, and to hold his cargo at his disposal. "But," said they, to his great astonishment, "Garibaldi is in command here." This was rather embarrassing; but the French flag protected the vessel, and she remained in the harbour awaiting events.

On the evening of the arrival of the *Protis*, two other French screw clippers, the *Charles Martel* and the *Stella*, anchored before Milazzo, with the same intention and purpose as the *Protis*.

Early on the morning of the 23rd, the *Mouette*, Commander Boyer, coming from Naples, anchored in the harbour. An interview at once took place between General Garibaldi and Commander Boyer. The position of the French transports in the service of the King of Naples being fully guaranteed, this superior officer, who had dispatches for Messina, was enabled to proceed thither. He did not leave, however, until he had, from a feeling of humanity, requested the captain of the *Protis* to offer his mediation towards a negociation between General Garibaldi and the commandant of the citadel.

The position of General Bosco was certainly very critical; his garrison, composed of 5,500 men, being shut up in a fort without any sort of provisions. He could consequently hardly hope for an honourable capitulation.

After having obtained General Garibaldi's assent, the captain of the *Protis* went to the citadel with a flag of truce, and was introduced, with a bandage over his eyes, to General Bosco. At first General Bosco was very reserved, but when he found that Captain Salvi was a Frenchman he became more communicative, and did not dissimulate that he was quite ready to enter into some arrangement, as long as its conditions were honourable for himself and for his troops.

The following, although not exactly the text, contains the substance of the letter given to the captain of the *Protis*, addressed to General Garibaldi:—

"The general commanding the fortress of Milazzo, from feelings of humanity, which he appreciates as much as General Garibaldi, and desiring above all to prevent useless bloodshed, would not object to surrender the fort on honourable terms, provided they should be approved of by his government. He admits that the actual position of the citadel is, without being desperate, rather critical; it still offers resources, however, to a resolute general with determined troops." General Bosco also gave the captain of the *Protis* a letter for the King of Naples. Captain Salvi then retired, but the General would not permit his eyes to be bound, as had been done on his entrance.

Directly after the interview, the *Charles Martel* and the *Stella* sailed for Messina, while the *Protis* remained in the harbour to await the issue of the negociation just entered upon. The commandant of the *Mouette*, feeling rather anxious, had only touched at Messina, and then steamed back towards Milazzo. In so doing he crossed the *Charles Martel* and the *Stella* without knowing that they had left that station, and without chancing to meet them.

It was about four o'clock when he arrived in sight of Milazzo, and on a nearer approach he was no little astonished at seeing there four Neapolitan frigates under steam, and one of them bearing an admiral's flag.

Amongst the several conjectures this unlooked-for circumstance gave rise to, it was thought by some on board that troops were landing, while others believed it to be nothing more than the revictualling of the garrison; but, at any rate, some sort of cannonade was expected. It was, however, not difficult to observe, with the telescope, that Garibaldi had made all needful preparations to resist any aggressive attempt that might be made against him.

The drums of the Garibaldians had beaten the "assembly," and a battery of six guns, which seemed to have sprung up by enchantment, had been planted on the quay at the foot of the citadel, while another of two pieces could be seen at the end of the bay at the mouth of the river. These two batteries were so placed as to give a cross fire.

The two high towers on the summit of the peninsula, which had at the outset fallen into the hands of General Garibaldi, had their four guns also pointed towards the Neapolitan squadron. All these warlike arrangements could not fail to lead to some result. The admiral's frigate had a flag of truce hoisted at her mizen.

Such was the aspect of affairs when the *Mouette* quietly anchored by the side of the *Protis*.

The Neapolitan squadron had evidently a plenipotentiary on board; in fact, the negociations were terminated by seven o'clock, and the captain of the *Protis* then received orders to

start directly for Messina, in order to assemble the *Charles Martel*, the *Stella*, and the *Impératrice Eugenie*, &c., that these vessels might be present at the immediate evacuation of Milazzo. At two o'clock in the morning the *Mouette* got up steam in readiness for her return to Messina.

As to the terms of the capitulation, the conditions at first imposed by General Garibaldi were, as I was told, as follow:—"The garrison to be prisoners of war, but the officers to be at liberty to proceed to their homes with their arms and baggage."

The following conditions were, however, eventually agreed to on both sides:—"The troops to march out with their arms and baggage, but without cartridges; and the stores and munitions of war in the citadel to be divided equally between the besiegers and the besieged."

And now as respects Messina. On the 22nd, the men-of-war stationed in the harbour of Messina were requested by General Clary to change their anchorage, so as not to be in the way of either the offensive or the defensive operations on the part of the citadel. Immediately consequent upon the evacuation of the harbour by the ships of war, a general panic and flight ensued on the part of all those who had not yet left the town.

The mass of this unfortunate population was packed together on the east coast of the Straits of Messina, some under tents made of rags, others in all sorts of boats, where women and children were crowded to such an extent, that in one small galley I counted twenty-eight women and the same number of children. Those who were in better circumstances had already fled into the country, and the town itself was as silent as the tomb,—a silence only broken by the watch-cries of the Neapolitan sentinels, and by the musket-shots which they fired at random at all who appeared in the streets.

The harbour, also, was almost as much deserted as the town; for the few Neapolitan corvettes still remaining were preparing to move off, so that the only vessel left in the harbour was the *Mouette*, which, having to take in coal, was moored off Terra Nova.

The days of the 24th and 25th passed by in the same manner, without any remarkable incident, but it was tolerably evident that a battle was imminent. From the designs manifested by General Clary, a desperate contest was indeed to be expected. In fact, the Neapolitan troops were in possession of all the mountain crests which surrounded Messina.

Artillery, cavalry, and engineers were all there to give efficiency and scope for the operations of the royal army; but, withal, the mountain brought forth only a mouse. Towards seven o'clock P.M. on the 25th, a slight engagement took place

between the advanced posts of the Neapolitans and some guerillas under a partisan leader named Interdonato, although orders had been issued to avoid coming to blows.

This engagement led to the expectation that an action of importance would take place on the following day; but at sunrise it was found that the Neapolitans had re-entered the town; the Picciotti consequently withdrew into the ravines, which they were to occupy, and there to await orders. At length the evacuation of the harbour commenced. This evacuation, the conditions of which appear like a puzzle, was doubtless the simple result of the capitulation of Milazzo.

In giving up claims he might reasonably have insisted on, the general of the independent army had reserved to himself the greater advantage resulting from the evacuation of Messina. By way of compensation for waiving the terms first demanded by him, the garrison of Milazzo thus became the ransom of Messina.

On the 26th, the foreign men-of-war re-entered the harbour, and the population began to return to the town. General decrees, emanating from General Garibaldi, restored public tranquillity; every attempt to endanger personal safety was severely punished; a national guard was organized, which occupied the posts lately abandoned by the Neapolitan army; and every one, conquerors and conquered, embraced one another with emulous fervour in the public streets.

The definitive signature of the truce did not, however, take place until the 28th. The royal troops, who continued to occupy the citadel, and the Garibaldians to hold the town, mutually agreed to abstain from all hostilities during a certain interval of time; and a renewal was to be announced at least forty-eight hours beforehand.

On Sunday, the 29th of August, I embarked on board the *Pausilippe* for Marseilles.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

BAY OF NAPLES, 31*st July*.

To all those who have previously visited Naples, one thing is very evident on returning to it now: that it is very much changed. In proof of this assertion, let me relate what happened to me—to me, who had the honour of being condemned

to the galleys for four years by his Majesty King Ferdinand. Scarcely had the *Pausilippe* cast anchor in the port, when some of the people of the city made their way on deck, and one amongst them, judging probably by my countenance that I must be a patriot, asked me, in a loud voice: "Where is Garibaldi, sir? When will Garibaldi be here? We are waiting for him."

Knowing Naples and its ways so thoroughly, I concluded that my questioner was probably a spy desirous of drawing out my opinions, and that it was of course perfectly useless to make him any reply. So I confined myself to saying "*Non capisco*," as distinctly as possible. The man then turned to one of my fellow travellers, and repeated the same question.

While I was listening to the answer he would make, a gentleman standing by took his hat off to me, and when I asked him to what I was indebted for that honour, he asked me, in his turn, "Are you not M. Alexandre Dumas?"

"Certainly I am," said I; "but with whom have I the honour of conversing?"

"Sir, I am *****, an agent of police."

It was now my turn to take off my hat. "Sir," said I. "I would observe to you that I am here under protection of the French flag, and that if you are come to arrest me——"

"Arrest you, sir! you, the author of the *Corricolo*, the *Speronare*, and the *Capitaine Arena?* Why, sir, my children learn French from your works. Arrest you! why, what an opinion you must have of us. My object is very different indeed. I considered it my duty to come here and invite you to land."

"And here is my boat at your service, my dear M. Dumas," said a second gentleman, taking his hat off quite as politely as the other.

"Pardon me, sir, but to whom am I indebted for this obliging offer?"

"I am the commissioner of police for the harbour, sir. Pray do not refuse me; my wife wishes particularly to make your acquaintance. The other day your *Monte Cristo* was played at the theatre of the 'Florentines,' and met with the greatest success. Let me beg you to come, sir."

"Gentlemen, I have two reasons for not availing myself of your invitation. The first is, that I am condemned to four years in the galleys the moment I set my foot in Naples——"

"Well, indeed, sir, you need have no fear on that score now. If it were publicly known that you were in the harbour, you would be soon carried off in triumph."

"The second reason is, that I promised Garibaldi that I would not enter Naples except with him."

"And when do you think he will be here, sir?" said the commissioner, in the most engaging manner.

"In a fortnight, or three weeks at the latest."

"So much the better!" exclaimed both the two police agents. "Every one here is impatiently waiting for him."

I made no rejoinder to this.

"You know, sir," continued one of the agents, "that your letter about Milazzo reached us yesterday, by way of Leghorn. Oh sir, what a sensation it created! One printer struck off 10,000 copies, and when you have landed you will hear it cried about the streets of Naples."

I was now forced to condescend somewhat, and said, in reply, "Well, sir, if you are as much a Garibaldian as you seem to be, I will show you something which will much gratify you; it is an admirable portrait of Garibaldi."

I then showed my interlocutor a splendid photograph of the General, the sight of which almost brought tears to his eyes.

"Oh sir," said he, "we have here nothing but the most execrable portraits of the General, and yet even these fetch extravagant prices."

"Well, then," replied I, "I have a great mind to have this engraved, and to present it as a patriotic gift to the city of Naples."

"But why make a gift of it, sir, when you may reckon with certainty on selling them at your own price?"

I was now becoming thoroughly weary of my companions, and could find no other means of getting rid of them, but by saying pointedly that I was waiting for some one, and could not possibly land just now. The two agents then retired, with repeated assurances of their sincere regret.

This is a type of Naples as it is. Every one there is a Garibaldian now; the very police agents, even; and it may be readily supposed that those who wish to keep their places when the General comes to Naples are greater Garibaldians than anyone else. In fact, the proclamation of the Constitution produced an effect which he who proclaimed it little expected. Everyone now speaks aloud that wish that he before scarcely even ventured to entertain in thought. That wish, that all had so much at heart, was annexation to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel; and they longed to utter, "Long live Garibaldi and Italy!" Such was the effect produced by promulgating the constitution; Francis II. evidently had good advisers when he published it.

It produced, also, many other effects. It created the national guard, which last Sunday fraternized with the army, and cried out in the public streets—"Long live Garibaldi and United Italy!"

It also established the right of citizens to meet together;

and this was turned to account by causing people to conspire in favour of King Victor Emmanuel.

It also led to the return of many exiles who, by revealing all the hardships they had suffered through banishment, increased, if it were possible, the hatred that Francis II. had already inspired. This petty tyrant, at the instigation of the queen-mother, tried hard to set on foot a reactionary movement on the 15th July last.

The grenadiers of the royal guard, allowed to walk about with their swords, threw themselves on the people, and ordered them to exclaim, "Long live the king!" but at Naples, as at Palermo, they only replied, "Long live King Victor Emmanuel!" Upon this the grenadiers drew their swords, and as many as sixty citizens were wounded, and five or six actually killed. The only punishment the regiment received for this wanton act of cruelty was an order for them to be sent to Portici. The king's punishment for this same act will probably be his being sent to Trieste.

The news of the surrender of Messina arrived here yesterday, and was cried about the streets. As it happens to be the *fête* of the queen-mother to-day, in honour of which guns are now being fired all round us, some confusion is occasioned by this.

When the exiles returned, their instructions, which, we may presume, had been given them by M. de Cavour, were to effect a revolution without the aid of Garibaldi. But such a thing was at once seen to be impossible, and M. de Cavour must be content to see the revolution effected by Garibaldi, and with Garibaldi.

At Naples, as everywhere else, the effect of his name is quite magical. The soldiers here, who fought against him at Calatafimi, report that Garibaldi is eight feet high, that, during the battle, he received one hundred and fifty balls in his red shirt, and that, after the battle, on his shaking this wondrous garment, all the balls fell out at his feet!

When the constitution was proclaimed, no one relied on the good faith of the King of Naples; consequently not a shout was raised, not a flag was displayed, nor was there even a cockade worn. The lazzaroni were the first to rise; they went to all the police offices, burnt their furniture and papers, but avoided pillage. A lazzarone carried off a paillasse for [the purpose of feeding the fire, when a poor old woman, who was passing by, said to him entreatingly, "Instead of burning that, give it me." The man was about to yield to her request, when his comrade told him that the paillasse in question was to be burnt, not given away. It was accordingly thrown into the fire, while those engaged in the act clubbed together to buy the poor old woman a new paillasse.

The exiles on their return were quite surprised at the progress made by the lazzaroni. One of these emigrants told me, that wishing to pay a man for carrying two muskets from the guard-house to his own lodgings, the bearer refused to accept any money, saying that he also was anxious to be at the service of his country.

Within the recollection of the oldest lazzaroni such an answer has never been known to be given by any member of that honourable body.

These men had some sport in hunting out the *sbirri*, when they found that Francis II. had abandoned his police to them; but in their pursuit, they did not seek to assassinate them, roast, or eat them, as they are said to have done in 1798. They contented themselves by giving them up to the soldiers, and they were then sent out of the country.

Two hundred and fifty of these *sbirri* were sent to Capua, and among them was the hangman of Naples and his assistant functionary, whose office it is to pull the legs of malefactors at their execution. A few collisions took place, but they resulted in bringing about a better understanding amongst the population at large, and even in the army. The Swiss and the Bavarians attacked a post of the national guard at Avellino, and drove them out in the first instance; but, on being reinforced by some more of their comrades, and some mounted carabineers, the national guards took the offensive, and in their turn drove the Swiss and Bavarians out of Avellino. A few days ago, a performance took place for the benefit of the returned emigrants; the hall was crammed, and the receipts amounted to 1,800 francs.

Seven or eight large newspapers have recently started into existence at Naples; five of these have reprinted in their columns "The Memoirs of Garibaldi," from my pen, published originally in the *Siècle;* and yet each of these scribes writes at the top of his papers, that these memoirs are *his own private property*. Thus, journals which have only sprung up yesterday are as accomplished liars as if they had existed for half a century. What a hopeful augury for the future civilization of Naples!

CHAPTER XV.

A KING WHO TAKES HIMSELF OFF.

BAY OF NAPLES, 13*th August*.

HERE I am once more, on board the *Pausilippe*, off Naples; but, between the date of this letter and the preceding one, I have paid a visit to Marseilles, where I stayed six days.

I had at first reckoned upon purchasing there muskets of the new pattern, from the government establishment; but just as they were about to close with my offer, official interference stopped it altogether. I was therefore obliged to look to my friend Zaoué, and through him I obtained 1,000 muskets and 550 rifles, for the sum of 91,000 francs (£3,640). Rognetta has proceeded to Liege with 7,000 francs to buy revolvers.

I gave Zaoué a bill of exchange for 40,000 francs, payable at Messina; and as the *Pausilippe*, which was to start on Thursday, the 9th, would not take the arms on board, I was obliged to start without them. They are to follow, or, perhaps, precede me, to Messina, by the regular packet.

Yesterday, two passenger-boats, in the bay of Civita Vecchia, presented rather a singular appearance. The first of these, the *Quirinal*, a ship coming from Naples, had on board Filangieri, Duke of Sangro, Prince Zurlo, Vicenzo Zurlo, a friend of the Prince of Aquila, Sabona, the Sicilian re-actionist, Marquis Tommasi (who must not be confounded with Doctor Tommasi), the Prince of Centola Doria, the Duke of San-Cesario, and, lastly, Madame Tadolini.

The other, the *Pausilippe*, a ship proceeding to Naples, had on board, besides myself, Luigi Mezzacapo, a Piedmontese general, Doctor Tommasi, Chevalier Andrew Aquaviva, Chevalier Capecelaro, Giuseppe Rotoli, ex-minister of the Sicilian government, and, lastly, La Cecilia, the historian and novelist. This crossing flight and return had been occasioned by a report that Garibaldi had landed in Calabria.

We will first speak of the fugitives. It appears, whole classes of these are escaping from Naples as fast as possible.

On the 28th of June, the lowest class of rogues, sbirri and assassins, headed the flight. Sixteen or seventeen of these fellows were killed, and the rest sent to Capua. Then came the higher class of rogues, chiefly police functionaries of "bad eminence."

Nunziante, a son of the general who ordered Murat to be

shot, is now forced to give up his sulphur mines at Vulcano, as well as his beautiful new palace of Santa Maria di Capella. It is true that, on leaving, he wrote a letter of remonstrance —in the tone of a persecuted patriot—in which he aimed one of his shafts at Filangieri, the minister of war, a first-rate man, whatever people may choose to say, and who is the son of the famous publicist, Gaetano Filangieri.

After the massacres of 1799, Gaetano Filangieri and his brother came to Paris, and were presented to Bonaparte, then first consul. He authorised their admission, free of expense, into the Prytanée. Gaetano served as a captain at Austerlitz, and afterwards as a major in Murat's army in Spain. He was wounded at the Panaro, became a general, and was decorated by Murat. In 1821 the light of his star began to pale; it was veiled behind the clouds of suspicion. The officers of the guards, then under his orders, refused to fight against the Austrians; he did not shoot them, however, for their disobedience. He fell under disgrace until 1830, at which period he was again received into favour, and endeavoured to reconstruct a liberal ministry, and to make a patriot of the king: but all his efforts failed. This was the first year of the reign of Ferdinand II.; King Bomba, that tiger-wolf, the type of cunning and ferocity, cajoled him. He soon resigned, but still kept the command of the engineers and the artillery; and during the stormy year 1848, kept beating about in indecision, until, out of jealousy towards Pepe, who had been sent in his place to Lombardy, he was induced to lean towards the reactionist party; and, after the 15th of May, 1848, the critical period of the reaction in Paris, Vienna, and Naples, he boldly declared himself for that party, and afterwards remained true to the principle. He commanded the *corps d'armée* which was ordered to retake Messina, and proceeded to bombard that city with the artillery he had himself organized, and thus gained for his king the merited epithet of "Bomba." He reconquered Sicily the following year, and became its viceroy and held that high office until 1855, when he was replaced by the Prince of Castelcicala, in whose apartment, as I have already stated, I wrote my account of Garibaldi's recent triumphs.

I may as well mention here that the Prince of Castelcicala —a brave soldier, who was forced to wear a silver plate on his head in consequence of a wound he had received at Waterloo —was the son of the Inquisitor of 1799.

As a minister of state under Francis, Filangieri dissatisfied every body, and became celebrated officially, solely by his famous decree against the desecration of the theatre of San Carlo, through the practice of depositing filth in front of it. At length he resigned in due form, on account of the

rejection, as he alleged, of a constitution which he had offered to the king at the beginning of the year. He showed us this same constitution, which he carefully keeps about him as a kind of safeguard, and said it was the identical one that the king threw in his face, with the pithy exclamation, "I would rather die than grant it."

The king has, nevertheless, granted a constitution, and is not yet dead; but it must be admitted that it has mightily disagreed with him.

"I wish you all a pleasant journey, gentlemen; your prudence is very commendable. Garibaldi slept at Reggio the day before yesterday, and you fled from Naples the day after!"

There are four different parties at Naples. The strongest being in favour of annexation through Garibaldi. A smaller party is in favour of annexation through Cavour. Another, smaller still, is the party of Prince Napoleon. Lastly, there is a party so utterly insignificant, that it may be deemed almost microscopic—that of Francis II.

This last party, by its fussy agitation, does its best to make people aware of its existence. It directs the movement of soldiers to and fro, between Cape Miceno and Salerno; it orders purchases of revolvers to be made at Marseilles; it contrives to despatch cases of arms to the Count of Aquila, under the cover of perfumery and hardware; and it has ordered kepis, similar to those worn by the civic guard, to be made, so that its Sicilian *sbirri* may be enabled, when required, to intermingle with the national militia. All this is known well enough, and people laugh at it.

But the eyes of all are now fixed on Garibaldi—that second Colossus of Rhodes, with one leg on Vesuvius and the other on Pausilippe, and between which all ships pass, whether coming from Rome or from Messina. The strangest reports are current about him. He is considered capable of everything. All Naples is convinced that he was in the harbour a week ago on board the *Adelaide;* moreover, that he had an interview with Villamarina, and that the conference lasted six hours. I fully believe this report to be untrue. If he had come to the port a week ago, he would have landed, and from that time there would have been no longer a King of Naples. It is generally felt that his coming will suffice to put to flight the last phantom of Bourbon royalty.

This is all the news that has reached me up to half-past nine A.M.; but I expect some friends who live in Naples, and I will finish this letter under their dictation.

Garibaldi has not landed as these bulletin-makers pretend; but has sent Misori, colonel of the Guides, to prepare the road

for him beforehand—the same brave man who saved the general's life at Milazzo.

Misori, after embarking at the Faro, crossed the straits, and then landed, between Scylla and Villa San Giovanni, with 153 men, and forthwith made his way through the mountains. The news of his landing was conveyed to the king by Pianelli, the minister of war, to whom it had been transmitted by telegraph from Reggio; but Francis II. had already received the intelligence by a direct telegram. The young king, without losing his composure, showed great astonishment at the news. He said that he had been distinctly assured, both by France and Piedmont, that Garibaldi should not be allowed to cross the straits, and it was owing to his reliance on this promise that he had been induced to yield his assent to the abandonment of Sicily.

He sent off, in all haste, for M. Brenier, who, on his part, refused to take the responsibility of the alleged promise made to the king; averring that it had not been made to his knowledge. Francis II., after reflecting for an instant, said, appealingly, to M. Brenier, "Will you advise me what to do?"

"Sire," replied M. Brenier, "since your majesty does me the honour of asking my advice, I beg to state that, were I in your place, I would place myself at the head of my army, and march out against Garabaldi, leaving the province of Salerno in charge of General Pianelli, and the town of Naples under the protection of the national guard. The presence of your majesty in Calabria would prevent any attempt at defection in your army, and would also tend to encourage the troops to fight. In case of defeat the town of Naples would be spared, and the king could then proceed either to Trieste or to Vienna; thus leaving on the last page of his history a just claim to the gratitude of the Neapolitan people."

The king continued to reflect a little longer, and then said, "After the first success that I may gain, I will do what you advise; but that is an essential preliminary."

The ministers, with the exception of Pianelli, learned the news of the landing only when it became known to the public voice. They were then sitting in council. Liborio Romano, who was the first to speak, thus addressed his colleagues: "As the circumstances are so serious, and must ultimately become more so, I think that we ought, in our character of responsible ministers, to require of the king that we should be consulted and heard on every point respecting the war."

Spinelli, the president, having been intrusted with the transmission of this opinion to the king, forthwith proceeded to the palace, and communicated to the king the object of his mission.

"Tell the ministers," replied the king, "that by the consti-

tution of 1848, I am empowered to make peace and war, as I please, and that I intend to maintain my right."

When this reply was made known to the ministers, Romano proposed to tender his resignation; De Martino and Garafalo did the same; but Spinelli, Lanzelli, and Pianelli were of a different opinion. Romano then offered to draw up an address, requiring the king not to suffer Naples and the neighbouring country to become the theatre of war. Romano was then requested to make a rough draught of the proposed address; his colleagues declaring that they could not express their opinion until they had read it, in all such cases the form being of great importance.

"If you will not sign the address," said Romano, "I will sign it alone, carry it to the palace, and place it in the king's hands myself."

This is a tolerably accurate account of the political events that occurred on the day of the 12th August.

On the morning of the same day orders were given to complete the arrangements for the despatch of a force of 30,000 men into Calabria. The merchants have all placed their goods and money on some of the ships in the harbour, paying at the rate of one and a half per thousand for insurance.

General de Benedictis, father of the captain of engineers who was the first to go over to Garibaldi, has sent a despatch from Giulia Nova, stating that, having been informed by telegraph from Brindisi that an Italian fleet was cruising along the coast of Les Pouilles and the Abruzzi, he had changed his base of operation by removing his troops to Pescara, and by establishing his head-quarters at Giulia Nova.

Another despatch of yesterday, dated from Palma, and signed by General Melendez, announces that the Neapolitan cruiser commanded by Salazar, by keeping between Villa San Giovanni and Reggio, has prevented fifty boats laden with troops from leaving the Faro. He adds, that if he were guaranteed that no landing would be effected for the next two nights, he could, with his forces, destroy the Garibaldians already landed, as well as the bands of Calabrians which were increasing at a tenfold rate. Last night he states that they consumed no less than forty-three sheep.

A third despatch from the captain of the merchant ship, the *Vésuve*, employed in the service of the Neapolitan government, and engaged in towing two large ships laden with coal, bound for Messina, states that he has been forced to fire three guns at a flotilla sailing towards the coast of Calabria, in order to open a passage through them.

I must not forget to mention that General Bartolo Marra, who lately commanded a division in Calabria, having stated in one of the orders of the day that he regretted he had to command the same troops he had under him at Palermo, where they conducted themselves more like brigands than soldiers, has been arrested by order of the king, and sent to the fort of St. Elmo, where he is still confined.

The battery belonging to the Bavarians, who, contrary to the 10th article of the constitution, have not been disbanded, was removed yesterday to the barracks at the gates of the town in the quarter of the Grandi, which step has considerably augmented the general alarm. The 5,000 men composing the foreign legion are still at Nocera.

The elections are to take place, should time permit, on Sunday, the 19th. In all probability the revolution will break out here on the Saturday, and Garibaldi himself will head the electors. Meanwhile, two electoral councils have been formed; the one at the Calabritto Palace, presided over by Pietro Leopardi, and the other at the suburb delle Campane alla Toledo, with Orionzo Costa, the celebrated naturalist, for its president. These two committees have presented almost identical lists of candidates favourable to the unity of Italy; Costa's list, however, is somewhat in advance of the other. The same committees have opened a very active correspondence, and have sent commissioners to organize provincial committees; they give the telegraph plenty of work.

The government has ceased to take any part in the elections, and accordingly announced, on the 13th instant, to the superintendents, that it had no candidates to put forward.

The king is much alarmed at the two electoral committees, particularly Costa's, which he looks upon as quite Garibaldian. He went out yesterday, after being secluded in his palace for twenty days; but it was merely to ride briskly up and down the Chiaia, for exercise. In all probability it will be his last canter on that spot. This evening we start for Messina.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

MESSINA, 15*th August, Evening.*

As we passed before the Faro yesterday, we counted nearly two hundred boats drawn up in order on the beach, and protected by a battery of heavy guns which had been erected since my departure; on the top of the battery floated the Piedmontese flag. Two Neapolitan steamers, the *Fulminant* and the *Tancrède*, are cruising about the straits to prevent any attempts at landing on the coast.

Scarcely had we dropped our anchor, when the captain of my yacht hastened on board the *Pausilippe* to tell me an important piece of news. This wonderful intelligence was, that an aide-de-camp of the King of Piedmont had come to forbid Garibaldi's landing in Calabria, and had ordered him, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, to proceed to Turin, to give an account of his recent doings. This story set me laughing outright. The captain, then, in the most serious manner possible, told me that the news must be quite true, for he had had it from M. Boulard, the French consul. That, however, did not in the least change my opinion, for, according to my notion, diplomatic agents are the last to pick up accurate intelligence, and are usually the worst-informed as to events.

"M. Boulard knows so much about it," said the captain, "that he even told me the name of the ship in which Garibaldi was to return to Genoa."

"Well; and what may be the name?"

"The *Washington*."

"My dear captain, depend upon it that Garibaldi would never have chosen a ship so named to make a retreat in; no, no; you may be sure that Garibaldi has not gone to Genoa."

"At any rate," continued the captain, who could hardly be led to doubt a report which emanated from the mouth of an official, "no one knows where he is."

"Captain, in speaking of Cæsar, Suetonius relates that:

"'He neither announced on what days he would march, nor on what days he would fight; he required all to be ready at any moment. He cautioned his troops ever to keep him in sight, but he would contrive to dissappear suddenly, either in the day or the night time—going over a hundred miles in twenty-four hours—and then announce his presence by appear-

ing where he was least expected, with the effect of a clap of thunder.'

"Garibaldi, you see, my worthy captain, very much resembles Cæsar.—But, now let us talk about the *Mersey*."

This was the steamer by which my arms were to have been forwarded direct to Messina. While we were talking, the smoke of its funnel was visible on the other side of the lighthouse—it would therefore be safe in the harbour in half an hour.

After this chat with my captain I left the *Pausilippe*, and proceeded on board the *Emma*.

Immediately my arrival at Messina became known, all my acquaintances there hastened to impart to me the wonderful news the captain had already told me; but the more it was repeated the less inclined was I to believe it.

One of my visitors, in order to overcome my obstinacy, told me emphatically that he had heard it from Garibaldi himself. This, indeed, looked like a clincher, and if any doubt remained in my mind, it was enough to dispel it. It then struck me that the general had purposely circulated this report in order to impose upon the Neapolitans, and thus be able to land at any place he pleased without their troubling themselves about him. I recollected, moreover, that when I touched at Genoa, Bertani told me that he was just going to take six thousand men to Garibaldi, and that on the very day after he had told me this he started with these men for Sardinia. I also remembered that two days after my arrival at Marseilles, I received a note from Bertani, couched in the following terms:—

"I am just going away. In my absence make your arrangements with my *locum tenens*."

In all probability, Garibaldi had set out to meet these six thousand men either at Milazzo, Palermo, or Salerno. If he had really gone to Naples, or, rather, to the bay of Naples, on board the Piedmontese vessel the *Adelaide*, he would have made himself acquainted with the spirit of the town, and in that case it was tolerably certain that he would land at Sapio or at Salerno, to avoid the necessity of crossing Calabria with his six thousand men; but I took care to keep these reflections to myself. If my conjectures were correct, Garibaldi would feel the more anxious it should be believed that he had gone to Genoa at the very time that he was closely approaching Alento or Basilicata.

As the *Mersey* was now in port, and had now come to anchor, I was soon able to ascertain that the arms I had bought were on board.

I still continued in an awkward position as respects this purchase, seeing that I had to meet a bill of 40,000 francs; and

that as I had only about 10,000 francs on board the *Emma*, it was impossible for me, in Garibaldi's absence, to do so.

After making inquiries, I heard that Medici was, luckily, at Messina. This saved me.

I hastened to him, and announced that I had brought with me a thousand muskets and five hundred and fifty rifles.

"Have you any cartridges?" he asked, anxiously.

"Ten thousand."

"And caps?"

"Fifty thousand."

"Then," said Medici, "we are all right. We are short of cartridges, and our caps are damp. We will at once pay you the 40,000 francs, and take possession of your arms."

"Are you going to land in Calabria?" I inquired.

"Why not?"

"Well, but what about this order summoning Garibaldi to Genoa?"

Medici looked at me keenly, saying, "Did you believe it?"

"Not for a single moment."

"That's right."

"But where is the general?"

"Oh, no one knows his present whereabouts: the day before yesterday he went on board the *Washington;* he intrusted the command of the troops to Sirtori, and then started off.

"And have you received no news of him since?"

"None at all, except that about half an hour ago I received an order telling me to be in readiness to start this evening."

"For what place?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Well, don't let us lose any time. My muskets and rifles may be useful to you; they must be at the custom-house by this time."

We then went to M. Pié, packet agent at Messina, and there we found the correspondent who had been commissioned to present the bill for payment. He was then taken to the office of the minister of finance, where the matter was settled; in what manner I do not know—it was not my business; the great point was to meet the bill, and that was done.

Two hours afterwards Medici had the arms conveyed from the custom-house.

As soon as this affair was quite concluded, I called a carriage, and told the man to drive to the Faro.

I did not intend to stay long at Messina, as I felt convinced that Garibaldi either had a design on Sapri or Salerno; nor did I know when I might return to the place, but I had to pay two visits before my departure; the first was to Captain Arena, at the village of Della Pace, the same man who had the command of the little *speronare* on board of which I made

a voyage to Sicily in 1835; I next went to visit my old friend Paul de Flotte, who had the command of the flotilla of boats which I previously noticed when doubling the eastern cape of Messina.

On each of my preceding visits to this town, I had made numerous inquiries about Captain Arena; but to all my questions I could obtain nothing but very vague answers. The information I received about his son, as well as of our former pilot, was more precise. The former, I learned, had died as soon as he came of age; and Muzio did not live to become an old man.

On this occasion, however, I showed so much perseverance, that the inhabitants of the village Della Pace, after consulting together for some time, told me at last that Captain Arena was now living with his wife and family in a house called "Paradiso." As I was at least a quarter of a league beyond Paradiso, I continued my journey, resolving to pay it a visit on my return.

The "Faro," or lighthouse, with its camp of about twelve thousand men, presented a singular appearance; it must needs be termed a camp, as there is no other term to designate a large assemblage of armed men; but the word camp presents to the mind the idea of an inclosure formed with trenches and palisades, and containing a certain number of tents or huts.

Garibaldi's camp afforded none of those comforts or advantages which are generally met with in other camps. The general, being content to sleep on the naked ground in the field, or on the sand of the sea-shore, or even on the pavement in the streets, using his saddle for his pillow, cannot comprehend why soldiers can possibly want any better accommodation than he has to put up with.

His twelve thousand men are scattered about this spot, and their red shirts dotting the landscape here and there, give it the appearance of a cornfield sprinkled over with poppies. They are short of water, and what they have is brackish, but what of that? they can easily sweeten it with the wine of the country.

Amongst all these red-shirts I endeavoured to find out De Flotte; he is well known to all through his being ever the first under fire; but he was not then in the camp.

On my return I paid a visit to Paradiso, in my way; but was not lucky enough to find Joseph Arena at home. I found his wife there, however, whom I had not seen for five-and-twenty years: she was then a young mother suckling an infant of eight months old. She is now an old woman, and that infant has probably grown up to be a fine young fellow.

Madame Arena promised me that her husband should come and see me the next day, on board my yacht. Accordingly,

on the following morning, when I went up on deck, the first person I saw was the worthy Captain Arena. Twenty-five years had given a tinge of grey to his locks and beard; but his countenance was little altered. It was ever calm and cheerful, even in the midst of a storm, and why should it be now otherwise? He had been steadily prosperous: instead of possessing one vessel, he was now master of three. His ambition had never soared higher than this. He brought with him one of his old sailors, Giovanni, once the devoted admirer of all pretty girls and an expert dancer; one who, at a pinch, could serve as cook also; he was the sole survivor of our old crew.

Giovanni had not made a fortune; he picked up a livelihood, with the aid of an old patched boat (with which his torn trousers and a shirt in rags were quite in keeping), by such odd jobs as he could pick up in the harbour.

The poor fellow gave me an account of his misfortunes. One of his daughters had married seven or eight months ago a young fellow as poor as herself; so poor, indeed, were they, that they could not even afford to buy a mattress to sleep on.

I could not resist giving poor Giovanni a mattress as well as a couple of louis. While I was indulging in pleasant recollections of old associates, my attention was drawn to the approach of Paul de Flotte coming to greet me in his turn. I had not seen Paul since 1848. His beard, and the hair of his head, had turned grey; age appeared in his looks too, but not in the same manner as with Captain Arena; for the wrinkles with which his forehead was furrowed clearly indicated that he had met with a greater proportion of stormy weather than of calm; proscription, exile, home-sickness, political deception, and repeated disappointments, had all left their traces on that honest lofty brow.

Poor De Flotte! he told me all his vexations and annoyances. The general had been very kind to him; but the fact that he was a Frenchman drew upon him the antipathy of the ignorant and the prejudiced.

Italy has much to learn, vast progress to make, if she wishes to fraternize with other nations. But let us hope for the best! The Italians have already overcome their greatest difficulty, in ceasing to hate one another. What grieved De Flotte more than anything else, was to find himself left in arrear for his men's pay. Even those in good circumstances could hardly procure anything in the camp just now, as I had myself witnessed the evening before; what then must be the plight of those whose purses are empty?

De Flotte required one thousand francs (£40) to get out of his difficulty. Now it happened that I, who had often been in want of even twenty francs, was luckily in possession of a thousand at this time. It is almost useless to add that I

gave them to him. As I did so, a ray of unspeakable satisfaction lighted up his face. But apprehensive, as he was, that the municipal treasury of Messina or Palermo might raise some objection to repay me, he gave me a draft on the committee formed at Paris in favour of Italian independence, which had authorized him to have recourse to them in case of need. He had, however, avoided making any use of this credit, until he had sacrificed three thousand francs of his own in the same cause. Such are the profits we Frenchmen make when we wage war for the defence of a principle, or to secure the triumph of an idea.

De Flotte then shook hands with me, saying, "Adieu!"

"*Au revoir*," I rejoined, laying a stress on the words.

"That is not very probable," said he; "so adieu!"

A week afterwards he fell at Selano mortally wounded; and Garibaldi, in the next order of the day, paid this honourable tribute to his memory:—

"*Order of the day, 24th August*, 1860.

"We have lost De Flotte.

"The epithets of a brave, honest, and true democrat are insufficient to represent all the heroism of one who possessed so incomparable a spirit.

"De Flotte, a noble son of France, was one of those privileged beings whom no one country has the right of exclusively claiming. M. de Flotte belongs to the whole of mankind: for that country was his wherever a suffering people was struggling for liberty. De Flotte died for Italy, and fought for it as he would have fought for France. This illustrious man has given a precious pledge to that fraternizing of nations, the development of which is the cherished object of humanity. Slain in the ranks of the Chasseurs des Alpes, he was, together with many of his brave fellow-countrymen, a fit representative of that generous nation which, although it may halt for a moment in its progress, is, nevertheless, destined by Providence to form the vanguard of peoples, and of the civilization of the world. G. GARIBALDI."

It was at the fight of Selano that De Flotte, for the first time in his life, wielded a deadly weapon. In all the previous battles he had been engaged in, he stood with his arms crossed in the midst of the fire, watching and encouraging his men. I had offered him a rifle as well as a revolver, but he refused them both, with these prophetic words:—"On the day that I shall kill, on that day shall I be killed myself!"

At the attack of Selano, however, he was armed with a rifle, with which he shot two Neapolitans, and was himself mortally wounded on the field of battle by the large ball of a muske-

toon, which struck him above the temple. He fell, faintly articulating a few words, and expired without a struggle. On his person was found a quarter of the sum of money I had lent him.

My regard for the memory of De Flotte induces me to insert here the following address to General Garibaldi from the Italian committee at Paris, which was drawn up by them soon after the news of De Flotte's death had reached them, for the purpose of raising a subscription for the erection of a monument to his memory at Selano:—

"*To General Garibaldi, Dictator of the Two Sicilies.*

"GENERAL,—The sacrifice of noble lives is, unfortunately, one of the fatal necessities of the conquest of liberty. You as well as ourselves are aware that from the blood of martyrs heroes are born. This reflection tends to alleviate the grief which we naturally felt at the sad news of our friend De Flotte's death.

"You have proved that your noble heart has fully appreciated his, by the funeral honours you have accorded to him; but the modesty of our deeply regretted countryman most likely did not enable you to become well acquainted with the history of his noble, pure, and well-spent life. Permit us to narrate to you briefly some of its details.

"Paul René Garton de Flotte, a descendant of Admiral Boulainvilliers by his mother's side, was born in 1817, at Landerneau, and after being educated at La Flèche and at Vendôme, entered the naval school at the age of fifteen. He shortly after served as midshipman on board the *Venus*, on the voyage of that ship to the Pacific Ocean, under the command of Dupetit Thouars. On his return, he met the expedition of Captain Dumon d'Urville, who had undertaken a voyage of circumnavigation; and, by exchanging with a friend, he was enabled to join the *Zélée*, and in her retraced his way to France. At twenty-three he had been twice round the world.

"Ardent, endowed with varied and brilliant talents, and regarded by his brother officers as likely to become one of the most distinguished ornaments of the service, he was sent to Paris, to survey the construction of a machine he had invented. This led to a change in the career of the young naval officer; for he happened to be in Paris during the revolution of 1848, and took an active part in that movement: in fact, his political life may be said to date from this period. He had long ceased to adhere to the opinions he inherited from his family. The nature of his inquiring mind, no less than the elevation of his sentiments, led to the adoption, on his part, of very dif-

ferent views. He has been charged, indeed, by some, with having carried his opinions on social questions to an extreme point; but he was far from meriting the imputation.

"The part he took at his club-meetings was very different to what has been ascribed to him out of doors. He made strenuous efforts, on the 15th May, to prevent the dissolution of the Assembly; and when the insurrection of June, instigated by the proposition of Falloux, broke out, he was overcome with dismay. At this crisis, after making vain attempts to get access to the Executive Commission, he passed a whole night in traversing various barricades, deploring the fatal schism which threatened to deluge the city with blood, and striving, although unavailingly, to stop this fratricidal contest.

"Denounced and arrested, he was transported, without a trial, to Belle-Isle-en-Mer. An abortive attempt to escape led to his being condemned to a month's imprisonment; at the end of the month, however, he was released, as the alleged charge against him had never come to a trial.

"On the 20th March, 1850, he explained his political doctrines before the National Assembly. Far from delivering the Utopian kind of speech that his adversaries had anticipated, he maintained that, with all his attachment to an exalted ideal standard, political action ought to rest on sure and practical basis. During his commitment he published his work on the 'Sovereignty of the People,' which, imperfect as it is, is replete with new and profound ideas and eloquent expressions.

"When the *coup-d'état* occurred in December, 1851, he was exiled; but after a short sojourn in Belgium, he returned secretly to Paris, under an assumed name, which he again left in August, 1852, to take an engagement as civil engineer to a railway company, and continued to be so employed for eight years.

"But when the Sicilian revolution broke out, and the news arrived of your daring enterprise, General, Paul de Flotte felt that the time for zealous action was come: he then quitted France for Italy, stopping at Genoa in order to organize there a knot of French volunteers, and reached the shores of Sicily. There, General, he soon learned to appreciate your genius, and eagerly strove to prove his entire devotion to the cause you so nobly represent, until, alas! he fell, almost as soon as he had stepped on Neapolitan ground.

"Such was the life, and such was the death, of our worthy friend. He was no ordinary man, either as to his intellectual endowments, or the noble qualities of his heart. Conscientious and self-denying, devotedly attached to the cause of truth and justice, he was no less a worshipper of art, poetry, and science. Believing it was his mission to aid in the cause of progress, he readily sacrificed his brilliant future prospects which his

intimate friends had fondly hoped were destined to be one day realized, in fighting for the cause of an oppressed people.

"But in the midst of the bitter grief felt for his loss by all who knew him, there is to be found this consolation: that he nobly died as a representative of French democracy, inscribing the name of his country with his own blood on the Neapolitan shore. May his tomb on that liberated soil be henceforth a monument, and a pledge, of a compact of union between Italy and France.

(Signed) "CARNOT.
HAVIN.
ÉTIENNE ARAGO.
CH. BESLAY.
CORBON.
DELESTRE.
TAXILE DELORD.
GUÉROULT.
GUINARD.
ED. HUET.
F. HUET.
F. JOBBÉ-DUVAL.
HENRI MARTIN.
MORNAND.
TH. MOUTARD.
LEON PLÉE.
RICHARD."

"PARIS, *5th September*, 1860."

A great number of the friends and former colleagues of Paul de Flotte had already responded to this appeal, when, at the end of the third day, the subscription was interdicted by order of the authorities.

16th August.

I arrived at Messina on the morning of the 14th, and shall quit it this afternoon, taking with me, on board the *Emma*, Brother John, Garibaldi's chaplain, whom the absence of the general had left without any occupation.

CHAPTER XVII.

SALERNO.

THE "EMMA," BAY OF SALERNO,
20th August, Noon.

Two hours ago, we anchored off this place. No news as yet of Garibaldi, but his speedy arrival is fully expected. The royalist troops keep passing through Salerno on their way to Calabria, and there are but two or three companies left in the town. The national guard is now organized; it consists of seven companies, commanded by patriotic leaders chosen by their fellow-citizens, and it is said to be well armed. I reckon

upon getting some reliable intelligence now, for my captain and Brother John have both landed, and it happens that the Bishop of Salerno is a native of Marsala, and is not only the countryman, but also the schoolfellow of Brother John.

They say that the young men of the seminary have risen in revolt, and have driven their masters away, and armed themselves. If this be true, I think I must really put on red stockings and place myself at their head.

I have sent one of my secretaries to Naples, in order to obtain news from the capital, and to bring back a friend, with whose co-operation I can do a little political propagandist work on the road from Salerno to Naples.

Brother John has returned triumphant. Instead of becoming a martyr, as he anticipated, he has received quite an ovation; he is followed by boats so overloaded as to be scarcely safe. Thirty of these Salernitans have just drunk Garibaldi's health in the champagne glasses of the King of Naples.

I find that there are now neither police nor custom-house officers scarcely at Salerno; they are said to have died game—would it not be better to say, like vermin, in speaking of such creatures? As for the garrison, with the exception of two companies, it has left for Potenza, the people of which have revolted and killed two or three gendarmes.

Basilicata is following the example of Calabria, and is making some progress. But only let Garibaldi come, and the joyful shouts with which his appearance will be hailed will re-echo as far as Naples.

I have posted a sailor on the look-out, in the shrouds, for I feel persuaded that Garibaldi must be now in that great liquid track which leads from Milazzo to Salerno.

News at last!

A report having been spread that Garibaldi is on board my yacht, all the boats of the harbour are slipping out in this direction like a flock of sea-birds; women, too, are among the throng. In fact, the *Emma* is quite surrounded, and I am obliged to assure the good folks, on my word of honour, that I am alone. The Salernitans believe me, but the Neapolitan general, Scotti, is not so credulous. He has marched out the whole of the garrison, and has formed it in battle-order, in a semicircle, a mile and a quarter in extent, reaching to the railway, and the distance between us is not more than half musket-shot. Shouts now resound from the town of "Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel for ever!"

Meanwhile, a deputation of the municipality made its way to the *Emma* to declare its unanimity in the cause of Italy; and Salerno was soon after illuminated like a fairy palace, General Romano lighting up his house like the others; the government offices, occupied by the troops, alone remaining dark.

I procured from my powder-magazine some Bengal lights and Roman candles, in three colours, and with these the *Emma* was illuminated in her turn. This was loudly applauded by the Salernitans.

The fête lasted till midnight. Ices and cakes were sent on board the *Emma*, and, on my part, I ordered up some champagne from my cellar; and the shouts of "Viva l'Italia! viva Garibaldi!" must have quite deafened the Neapolitan soldiers, who looked on quite astounded and scared at these demonstrations. My secretary, who arrived at eleven o'clock by the last train, has brought the following news:—

A telegraphic despatch, dated yesterday, announces that either Garibaldi or Medici had landed at Reggio. The despatch, however, is incorrect: neither of these two generals has landed there,—it was Bixio. Medici and Garibaldi—Labienus and Cæsar—are elsewhere.

A despatch, which arrived this afternoon at four o'clock, announces that there had been fighting since ten o'clock, A.M., at Cape Armi, not far from Reggio.

General Florès writes from Bari, saying, that on the 18th the inhabitants of Proggia and the 120 dragoons belonging to the garrison, have together raised the cry of "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" He sent two companies of the 13th against them, but they also joined the insurgents.

General Salazar, commandant of the maritime station of Messina, also writes to the Government, stating that Garibaldi has just been joined by the steamer *Queen of England*, with eighteen guns, and 18,000 rifled muskets. He therefore demanded speedy assistance; and orders were consequently given to despatch to his aid the frigate, the *Borbona:* but just as they were about getting up steam, the engineer disappeared. Thus, on all sides, it is evident that the fall of the Bourbons is being accomplished. We have now the following official news from Potenza:—

"*To the Committee of National Unity at Naples.*

"POTENZA, *18th August.*

"This morning the gendarmes, in number about 400, led by Captain Castagna, assembled on the Great Square of Potenza, and were compelled by the people to shout for Garibaldi and United Italy.

"The men who formed the front rank at once responded to

the cry: but the captain shouted, 'The King for ever! death to the nation!' and ordered his men to fire on the people and the national guard. The two latter, although not very numerous, at once returned the fire, and, in the most gallant manner, compelled the gendarmes to fly; after leaving behind them on the field of battle, seven killed, three wounded, and fifteen prisoners. The rest of the gendarmes are giving themselves up by degrees.

"Three of the national guards were slightly wounded in the skirmish, one of them being the brave Dominico Alcesta, who was struck on the temple. During the contest, some gendarmes entered the house of a poor couple, killed a child, and wounded both the father and mother.

"The revolution is now in full operation here, and masses of men are continually pouring in from all parts of the country.

"A provisional government will be proclaimed this evening.

"The arms we expected have not yet arrived; this culpable delay appears to me inexplicable. I do not attribute the blame to you, but to those who promised so much; luckily, however, sporting-guns, poniards, knives, and nails can be readily made use of as arms by a people resolved to conquer its liberty.

"What, may I ask, are you doing meanwhile at Naples? What is going on at Avellino, in the Abruzzi, at Campo Basso, and at Salerno? Rise up boldly; imitate us; the propitious hour is arrived! To arms in the name of Italy!

(Signed) "COLONEL BOLDONI,
"MAGNANA, Barrister."

21st August, 5 *o'clock* A.M.

On rising this morning, I noticed a great change in the appearance of the quay at Salerno, displaying, as it now does, all the features of a bivouac. Four thousand Bavarians and Croats had arrived there during the night. Twelve pieces of ordnance, placed in battery before the government office, do me the honour of turning their brazen mouths towards me.

If you were here, my illustrious friend, Garibaldi! as they yesterday did me the honour to believe, these four thousand men would either present arms, or deliver them up to you, and these twelve guns would chant with fiery lungs a *Te Deum* in honour of Victor Emmanuel.

These four thousand Bavarians and Croats are intended to suppress the insurrection at Potenza; but they shall not leave Salerno, as long as I am there. I shall remain long enough to give the scouts, who act for us in the mountains, leisure to

forewarn our men. Ten thousand Picciotti are there in readiness, waiting only for a signal. As long as I can manage to keep the Bavarians and Croats in sight, they may depend on receiving this signal from me. It is a hundred to one that this column never reaches its destination.

I shall probably start about two o'clock this afternoon for Naples.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LANDING.

BAY OF NAPLES, *24th August, Morning.*

THE affair of Salerno is becoming more serious every day. I went there, as already mentioned, to get together the mountain chiefs, and to direct them to post their men *en échelon* on the road leading from Salerno to Potenza. The effective means of resistance they have by this manœuvre been enabled to display has probably prevented General Scotti from even endeavouring to force his passage that way, and has doubtlessly compelled him to halt at Salerno, instead of continuing his march: so the revolution of Potenza must have been effected without any difficulty. But this hesitation on the part of General Scotti has led to a more serious and important result. The Bavarians and Swiss under his orders, feeling discouraged at the hostile spirit manifested by the people generally, have made me the offer to desert with their arms and baggage, for the sum of five ducats to each man; and as there are five thousand of them, the total amount required for this purpose would thus be twenty-five thousand ducats (about £4,150).

I am not in possession, as you well know, of any such sum; but I have just opened a subscription in Naples, which, I trust, will yield one-fifth of the amount required, during the day.

A courrier, just now arrived from Salerno, tells me that my men there have been denounced; and that my recruiting agent, a young man belonging to the town, has received a hundred blows with a stick, by order of General Scotti. The place is in a state of very great agitation, and applications from all quarters are being made for arms. I ought to have before mentioned, that just as I left Salerno the French ship *Prony* entered the harbour.

M. de Missiessi, the captain of this ship, was in a dreadful rage, when he heard of the flattering reception I had received the day before, and of the part I had taken in the insurrection, which had so effectively cooped up General Scotti and his five thousand men in Salerno. In his exasperation he told Doctor Wielandt, that if he, the captain of the *Prony*, had arrived while I was in the harbour he would have arrested me and confiscated my vessel. As soon as I heard this, I hastened to the flag-ship of Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan; but not finding him on board,* I requested his aide-de-camp, as well as the captain of the ship, to receive my declaration.

In my declaration I stated, in emphatic terms, that I did not recognize the right of the captain of the *Prony* to arrest me and to seize my vessel. I was fully determined to blow out the brains of the first officer or man who should attempt to execute the order of the captain of that ship. These gentlemen perfectly coincided in my view of the case, and attributed the ill-humour of the captain of the *Prony* to his Legitimist opinions. They proceeded to observe, however, that although they could not but deny the right of the captain of the *Prony* to arrest me, yet they thought it their duty to warn me, that, owing to the hostile acts I had personally shared in against the King of Naples, they did not think that M. Le Barbier de Tinan could take upon himself the responsibility of granting me his protection should the King of Naples determine to resort to some act of violence against me.

I replied to these gentlemen, that I did not come to claim the protection of my own countrymen, but that I renounced it with all my heart; and that, in case I should require any protection, which I did not consider probable, I should have recourse for that purpose to the English admiral. They then advised me to leave Naples, a piece of advice to which I responded by anchoring within half-pistol shot of the fort.

But it is now time that we should say something about Naples.

It will be remembered that we left Liborio Romano proposing two plans to his colleagues, both of which, however, they rejected.

The first was, to send in his resignation; the second was, to send an address to the king, beseeching him to spare Naples the disasters of a civil war. The day after he had offered these two propositions he had an interview with the king, who said to him, "What do you think of the posture of affairs?"

"Sire," replied Liborio, "it is my firm opinion that as

* Some French journal—a Marseilles paper, I believe—has stated that the admiral "refused to see me." The newspaper in question has herein uttered a falsehood.

soon as Garibaldi in person shall land in Calabria and march to Naples, defence will be impossible: not, indeed, because Garibaldi is fighting against you, nor because Victor Emmanuel presses you sorely; but because of the fatality which is attached to your name, and which decrees that every Bourbon shall abdicate his throne. Sire, whether right or wrong, public opinion is so constituted that it will never rally round you again."

"That is true," replied the king; "but it is not my fault; it is the fault of those who reigned before me."

"And yet, sire," continued Liborio, "there was a moment when you might have rallied all your subjects round you. If, on ascending the throne, you had given to your people that very constitution which is now the cause of your downfall, it would have saved you."

The king then placed his hand on his minister's shoulder, saying, "I give you my royal word, that at one time it was my intention to do so; but I was prevented from so doing by Austria, as well as by my advisers."

These advisers were Ferdinando Troïa, Scousa, Rossica, and Carafa.

"Now the die is cast," continued the king, "and we must play the game out."

"Will your Majesty permit me to inquire in what manner?"

"By the fortune of arms; they cannot always prove adverse to me."

"Is your Majesty acquainted with the bad disposition of your army?"

"I believe, at the very worst, that I have sixty thousand men in whom I can confide."

Romano made a significant movement of his head and shoulders, showing that he considered his majesty to be in error. The king understood the meaning of the gesture, and not wishing to prolong the discussion, dismissed Romano by giving him his hand to kiss.

Closely upon this followed the news of Garibaldi's actual landing, and of the battle and capture of Reggio. Cæsar had reappeared, and, as Suetonius tells us, had announced his presence by a clap of thunder.

This affair took place while I was awaiting Garibaldi's arrival at Salerno. I will now describe how it happened.

Garibaldi had really gone on board the *Washington*, but, instead of proceeding to Turin, for the purpose of giving an account of his conduct, his object was to examine the coast of Naples lying between Cape Vaticano and Paola. As soon as he had made this survey, he landed at the bay of Arancio, in the island of Sardinia; but on getting there he was not lucky enough to meet with what he looked for, that is, a large armed

force. The men who had been taken on board the *Isère* mutinied, went on shore, and disbanded themselves. From the bay of Arancio he then went to the island of Madalena, where he took in coal; and then, in a moment of doubt, or possibly of disgust, he passed a day at the vale of Caprera: on that soil of granite whither the giant weary of strife retires from time to time, to regain fresh force, and to which he will return when the hour of ingratitude and exile shall overtake him.

Returning again on board the *Washington*, he touched at Cagliari, and thence sailed to Palermo, where he remained twenty-four hours, to arrange his plans and give orders; then, quitting the *Washington* for the *Amazon*, he proceeded to Milazzo, desiring, probably, to touch the land of victory, as a good augury for the future. He then went on board another ship, and sailed to Messina in the *Black Fish;* he stayed there for a few minutes only, and proceeded from thence to Taormina, where was stationed Bixio's column, destined to be the pivot of the landing operations.

He arrived at rather an awkward moment, as we shall explain.

The *Torino*, which sailed from Genoa with a portion of Bertani's men, whom he had conveyed to Palermo, as well as the *Franklin*, with men taken on board at Palermo, had received orders to wind round Sicily, by Marsala and Girgenti, and to await the General's arrival at Taormina, as he was expected to come there by way of Cefalu, the Faro, and Messina.

The two above-named vessels started: the *Franklin* under the command of Orrigoni, an old companion of Garibaldi's exile, and the *Torino* under the command of Captain Berlingieri; and were to be escorted by the Sardinian steamer the *Mozambano*. All three quitted the bay of Palermo together, and the steamer convoyed the two ships for some distance, but as soon as night came on, she disappeared behind Cape San Vito. All, however, went on well till they reached Syracuse, and there the *Torino* suddenly signalled the *Franklin* to stop. As soon as the latter obeyed the signal, a boat from the *Torino* boarded her. The boat brought Colonel Eberhard, who was at the head of the troops in the *Torino*. He came to propose to Orrigoni to land at Nato instead of Taormina, having learned, as he said, that the coast between Scaletta and Taormina was watched by Neapolitan cruizers.

As Orrigoni doubted the accuracy of this report, it was proposed they should stop at Catania, to procure information. Orrigoni, then, appeared to agree to the plan; but as soon as they reached Catania, instead of steering towards the town, he continued to sail direct towards his destination. The *Torino* hesitated for a moment, but at length followed her

consort. Just as they reached the harbour of Taormina, the *Franklin* broke the fly of her wheel, and stopped. It was at first supposed that the damage could be repaired out at sea; but Orrigoni, fearing that he might be driven on shore by the currents, anchored in twenty-three fathoms water. The shock caused by dropping the anchor made the timbers of the old *Franklin* tremble; and the next morning it was discovered that she had sprung a leak. The captain ordered all the pumps to be manned forthwith, even those of the fire-engines, and proceeded to Taormina, to inform General Bixio of the accident. Bixio, who was himself an experienced naval officer, went on board the *Franklin*, to ascertain the extent of the damage. In spite of the pumps, however, the leak continued to gain upon them, and at last it was resolved that the *Franklin* should be towed by the *Torino*, and in order not to lose any time, the anchor was secured to a buoy.

The *Franklin*, towed by the *Torino*, and assisted by its own canvass, got to within half a cable's length of the shore, and there landed every man by means of *balancelles*, and other native boats, which Bixio despatched for that purpose. The working at the pumps was still continued; but they had not got rid of much of the water by 2 P.M., when General Garibaldi all at once made his appearance. He was soon informed of their situation, and he thereupon ordered some of them to dive, that they might find out the place and size of the leak; but as no one seemed in a hurry to obey his orders, he said, "Very well, then; I will dive myself."

But he was spared this trouble, for the captain and the lieutenant, without further delay, undertook the task.

The place of the leak was in the middle of the ship, and it was temporarily stopped by filling the gap with a mixture of mud and dung, spread upon a shield of osier twigs. The pumping was then renewed, and by and by it gained upon the leak.

"It is all right now," said the General; "let the troops return on board."

But as the troops that had been landed hesitated about proceeding further by the same ship which had narrowly escaped foundering, the General exclaimed, "Captain Orrigoni, I mean to go in your vessel!"

No one then hesitated; in fact, everyone was eager to proceed by the *Franklin;* so that as many as twelve hundred men got on board, being at least three hundred more than she was fitted to carry, even when in a sound condition. But no less than three thousand one hundred men were taken on board the *Torino*. Garibaldi took the command of the former, and Nino Bixio of the latter vessel.

They left Taormina at ten o'clock in the evening of the 19th

of August, and made for Melito, a little town situated at the southern extremity of Calabria, between Capes dell' Armi and Spartivento. Contrary to all expectation, they arrived there at two o'clock A.M., without any accident. But in spite of her protecting shield, the *Franklin* still continued to leak, and at last became so water-logged, that the men were obliged to stand on the deck, and to accommodate the motion of their bodies to the rolling of the vessel.

On coming alongside, the *Torino*, which had kept behind hitherto, put on full steam, passed the *Franklin*, and struck against a rock. There was not a moment to be lost. The *Torino*, in her turn, had now received her death wound; so the *Franklin* promptly got her boats out, and assisted in landing the troops from the *Torino*.

By ten o'clock, all were safe on shore. But, although lightened of her burden, the *Torino* was not in a state to put to sea again. The general ordered every effort to be made to effect this object; and the *Franklin* wasted five hours in making useless attempts to repair the mischief her consort had sustained. But, as the general was anxious not to lose the ship, he resolved to proceed to Messina himself, to seek assistance from the Sardinian squadron there; he, therefore, re-embarked in the *Franklin*, taking with him the second officer of the *Torino*, and steered towards the straits; but scarcely had he doubled Cape dell' Armi, when he found himself between two Neapolitan cruisers, the *Fulminante* and the *Aquila*.

The *Franklin* hoisted the American flag, and, in addition to that, a pennant bearing the arms of the United States, so as to give warning that whoever attempted to board her would have his brains blown out; she was, moreover, in the Straits, that is, in free waters, where nobody had a right to board her. After tacking several times round the *Franklin*, occasionally drawing near and then retiring, the *Fulminante* got on her larboard, and the *Aquila* on her starboard side, with their ports open and the gunners at their stations. The captain of the *Fulminante* then hailed the *Franklin*: "Where do you come from?"

Orrigoni replied in English that he did not understand what was said. He then stopped the engines, and steam was let off with the usual din; and in order to perceive what was going on around him, Orrigoni mounted the top of the paddle-box. A boat now approached, containing an officer who, with a speaking-trumpet, repeated the question, "Where do you come from?"

Orrigoni, mounted where he was, had now a double pretence for not understanding, or even hearing, owing to the growling noise the steam made in escaping. So he made a sign to the effect that he could not understand the question.

At length the two Neapolitan ships sheered off. It seemed evident to those on board that they had either to do with a deaf man or an idiot, and so they left the *Franklin* to pursue her course to Messina.

The two cruizers, on sheering off, had proceeded in the direction of the Cape dell' Armi; and scarcely had they passed that point, when they came in sight of the unfortunate *Torino*, and quickly recognized her for a Garibaldian ship. They then opened fire; but soon perceiving that the vessel was deserted, they went on board and set to work pillaging; after that, they spread her sails, soaked them with turpentine, and then set fire to the ship.

Between the effects of the cannonade and the fire, the poor ship was destroyed; but the disaster was attended with no injury to the crew except in one instance: a poor engine-man, who had been less alert than the others when they quitted the ship, died on board of fright. Garibaldi, thinking, from the cannonade he heard, that it would be useless to go to the assistance of the *Torino*, repassed the Straits, and effected a landing on the shores of Calabria. This was effected during the night of the 19th. Reggio was attacked and taken on the 21st. The attack and the capture were known at Naples on the 23rd, that is, on the day of my arrival.

Fresh despatches have arrived from Calabria, adding to the consternation of the Government. General Melendez writes to say he has been defeated, after a strenuous resistance, and compelled to surrender the fortress of Reggio for want of water.

Couriers have arrived here from Basilicata. Garibaldi has been proclaimed Dictator there, and a provisional government formed. Colonel Boldoni is commander of the army; two pro-dictators, Mignola and Albini, sign all acts in support of the resistance now organizing. We know well enough what became of the soldiers that were sent against them.

On the receipt of this intelligence, the ministry proposed to the king that he should quit Naples, and allow the revolution to follow its irresistible course. By way of reply, the king merely drew from his pocket a letter he had written, in Italian, to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, to the following purport:—

"You have advised me to grant constitutional institutions to a people that has not asked for them, and I acceded to your request. You have caused me to abandon Sicily *without fighting* (!), promising that, by so doing, the possession of my kingdom should be guaranteed to me. *Hitherto the Great Powers seem to have persisted in their idea of abandoning me.* But I must warn your majesty that I have resolved *not to*

abdicate my throne without fighting for it. I shall make an appeal to *the justice* of Europe, which must know that I will defend Naples whenever I may be attacked."

The ministers did not separate until midnight, and at six o'clock this morning Romano was again summoned to the palace.

25th August.

I kept watch all night, and made my men watch also with their muskets loaded. I have never heard so many sentry-challenges, in German and Italian, as I have heard this night. The wind brings the echo of them to us as far as the centre of the bay. All this commotion, I find, was caused by the return hither of General Melendez from Reggio, with the remains of his army. The wounded came first, then the efficient troops, and last of all the artillery.

When the artillery had landed, the street-porters asked the men, "Where are your guns?"

"Why," replied an artilleryman, "you see, *Don Peppino* had not got any, so we gave him ours."

Yesterday I paid a visit to the English admiral, and found his frigate encumbered with money-bags, for every one, it seems, carries on board, all the cash he possesses.

I have sent a courier to Garibaldi, to acquaint him with the state of affairs in the town.

This evening Pianelli, the Minister of War, ordered two battalions and a battery of artillery to hold themselves in readiness to start. No less than three times did they embark, and reland; at last it was settled that they were to remain at Naples for the present.

My yacht is become quite a recruiting office; both deserters and volunteers pour in, and I send them all off to Garibaldi.

Nothing can be more extraordinary than the scene now performing before our eyes. The throne in a state of dissolution does not fall or totter, but sinks from its own weight. The poor little king cannot understand how his person can possibly be engulfed in the quicksands of this strange revolution. He asks himself what has he done; how does it happen that no one supports him,—that nobody loves or cares for him? and vainly endeavours to discover the irresistible hand which presses him down.

"Sire, it is the hand of God!"

From the deck of my yacht, which lies just opposite the palace, I can plainly see the king's chamber. It is easily recognizable by the cloth hung before the windows. From time to time the little king approaches the windows, and scans the horizon with a glass; he probably thinks he can already per-

ceive the approach of the avenger. The poor youth seems to be very badly informed: it was only yesterday that he asked Liborio Romano how it was that I hated him. He does not even know that his ancestor, Ferdinand, caused my father to be poisoned.

A newspaper has just appeared, called *The Garibaldi*; it has reached its eighth number, and openly inculcates revolt. The town is now in a state of siege.

A great many people were ordered to be arrested yesterday, and I have now on board my yacht two men whom they wish to arrest; one is from Cosenza, the other from Palermo. I am going to send him from Cosenza away, to-night, in a boat. He has one hundred and fifty miles of sea to cross. May Heaven protect him!

An old proscribed politician, who is at present a subaltern police officer, furnishes us with an account of everything that happens; he had been condemned to forty-six years at the galleys for being a revolutionist. When the judge Novarra pronounced his sentence, he said, "I will do what I can towards it, and you shall do the rest."

He was let out of prison at the general amnesty, and obtained a situation in the police; he makes good use of his office in preventing arrests, by putting those on their guard whom it is his business to take up. In short, nothing can be stranger than the scene which is now passing before my eyes.

Sunday, 26th August, two o'clock, P.M.

It is lucky that the steamer which was to take my letter has not yet started, for some important events occurred last night.

First, then: General Vial returned yesterday from Calabria with his troops completely disbanded, and he solemnly declared to the king that all resistance was useless in Calabria. The government does not know whether it ought to make a last effort between Naples and Salerno, or whether it ought to renounce all shedding of blood, and acknowledge the triumph of our cause. The organization at Basilicata still continues, and the pro-dictatorial acts have won the sympathy of all the citizens.

General Gallotti has capitulated, leaving in Garibaldi's hands all his horses and much artillery. Most of his soldiers, too, mindful of their origin as children of the soil, have passed over to the flag of United Italy.

An attempt at reaction took place at Spoggia, but the dragoons fraternized with the people, and the intendant and the governor of the province have both fled.

Calabria is now furnished with above a hundred thousand muskets, and an immense camp of insurgents is forming at

Cosenza, where we have sent Masciero, the patriot, who has spent his fortune in the cause of Italy. In the district of Castro Villari the gendarmes had been disarmed, and a provisional government proclaimed in the names of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.

But the most important incident is another letter from the Count of Syracuse, of which the following is a translation:—

"SIRE,—Although, when I formerly warned you of the dangers which threatened our house, my words were not listened to; yet, at the present moment, when my voice is raised to forebode greater evils, let me entreat that you will listen to my advice and not be led to reject it by evil counsellors.

"The change which has just come over Italy, and the craving for national unity, so decidedly manifested within the few months—since the capture of Palermo—have deprived your majesty's government of that power which is indispensable to the support of a state, and have rendered an alliance with Piedmont utterly impracticable.

"The people of Upper Italy, horrified at the cruelties perpetrated in Sicily, have repelled by their avowed sympathy, the ambassadors from Naples; and we are now reduced to the sad extremity of testing our fate by an appeal to arms, unsupported by any alliance, and exposed to the resentment of the masses, who, throughout Italy, have risen at the cry of extermination, levelled at our house, which has, alas! become the object of universal reprobation.

"The civil war, already raging on the peninsula of Italy, will inevitably drag down this dynasty into that abyss which the intrigues of perverse advisers have for a long time past prepared for the posterity of Charles III. of Bourbon.

"The blood of citizens, uselessly shed, will again inundate the thousand cities of your kingdom; and you, sire, in whom once centered the hope and love of your people, will be regarded with horror, as the sole cause of a fratricidal war. While there is yet time, sire, save our house from the maledictions of all Italy.

"Follow the noble example of our royal kinsman at Parma, who, at the moment when civil war broke out, released his subjects from their allegiance, and allowed them to be the arbiters of their own destiny.

"Europe and your own subjects will know how to appreciate so sublime a sacrifice, and you will then be able to look confidently up to the Almighty, who will recompense the magnanimous act performed by your majesty.

"Your heart, after having been steeped in misfortune, will expand with the noble aspirations of patriotism, and you will bless the day in which you so generously sacrificed yourself to the grandeur of Italy.

"In addressing you, sire, in these terms, I only fulfil the sacred obligation which my experience imposes on me, and I pray that Heaven may direct you in the right course and render you worthy of its blessings.

"Your majesty's affectionate uncle,

"LEOPOLD, Count of Syracuse."

I have just received the following letter from one of those men who rendered me such essential services on the occasion of the Salerno movement; from the very man, indeed, who put me in communication with the mountain chiefs, whose prompt and organised action prevented the Bavarian troops from penetrating into Basilicata:—

"CAVA, *25th August*, 1860.

"MY DEAR DUMAS,—I write to you in great haste, to tell you that I have been suddenly compelled to leave Salerno, abandoning what little I there possessed. I have been denounced as your agent, and for having supplied arms, and using my endeavours to gain over the Bavarians to our cause.

"I was informed yesterday of the mischief that was brewing; and to-day a captain of the National Guard came to confirm the report, and to advise me to fly at once, as I valued my life. In fact, if they had caught me, they would, I feel sure, have made me suffer the same punishment as that endured by the poor young man I alluded to in my last letter, who has received one hundred blows with a stick, in part of the two hundred he was sentenced to.

"A word about this unfortunate martyr to our cause, on whom the Royalists do not consider themselves sufficiently avenged yet. He is in prison, and, in all probability, condemned to suffer a more horrible death than that to which his torturers have already conducted him half-way. The surgeons have been forbidden to dress his wounds, and the jailers to give him any food to eat. It is now three days that, with his body covered with wounds, he has been made to undergo the additional pangs of hunger. All this, however, has not hindered a score of young men from setting off for the Val di Diana.

"The electric telegraph from Sala has been broken.

"You may always rely on me in every respect; my life is quite devoted to the service of both Garibaldi and yourself. Yesterday evening a battalion bivouacked outside the gate leading to Naples, another at the gate leading to Calabria, a third near the gate leading to Avellino, and a fourth near the gate of the Administration, where it guards the eleven guns which,

you remember, were once pointed at you. A squadron of mounted chasseurs rode through the town in all directions during the night. My hotel is full of Croats, from the ground to the third floor.

"What am I to do? There is an incessant cry for fire-arms, and chiefly for rifles and revolvers: fifty, or even a hundred double-barrelled guns would be extremely welcome. I have received letters from all parts, asking for them.

"Your devoted fellow-countryman,

"WIELANDT.

"P.S.—The commissioner of police has just arrived at Cava with his family, and tells us that Garibaldi's landing at Salerno is expected.

"A reinforcement of 3,000 cavalry arrived here last night; and the soldiers, incited by their officers, have promised to fight. The troops have been promised that the town is to pay, by sack and pillage, for the sympathy it has shown you, and for its illumination in the very face of the Neapolitans.

"I have just heard that the name of the person by whom I am denounced is Peppino Troïano."

CHAPTER XIX.

LIBORIO ROMANO.

BAY OF NAPLES, *2nd September.*

I WILL now take a retrospect of what has happened at Naples since my arrival here. I should first mention that certain matters, in consequence of the names of parties concerned in them, could not hitherto be made public. But we are just about reaching the culminating point. In three days from this time the revolution must inevitably break out here.

If the king should not leave by to-night or to-morrow, in forty-eight hours the fire of musketry will be heard in the streets.

But, let me proceed. The very day of my arrival in the Bay of Naples (20th August), Muratori, a capital fellow, whom I had known in France, came to me, on the part of Liborio Romano, with whom I had had some epistolary intercourse with respect to the arms I had caused to be seized on account of Trani.

When I wrote to Liborio Romano, I told him that I con-

sidered it impossible for an intelligent man like himself to entertain any hope of preserving the dynasty of the Bourbons in Naples; and I pointed out to him the advantages that would accrue to him as a statesman, the honour he would acquire as a patriot, if he would consent to withdraw from Francis II. the support of his own popular name, and, by declaring himself his enemy thereby, become one of the elements of his fall.

Liborio Romano stated, by way of reply, that he should expect to see me the same evening at his own house. In return, I urged that the description of my person had been officially published at Naples, and that, if I went to his house, he would be himself thereby seriously compromised, and that, in our respective situations, it would be more proper for him to address me, than for me to address him.

Muratori conveyed my answer to him. Two hours afterwards, when it was quite dark, a boat came alongside of my yacht, containing two men and two women; one of the former wore a cloak and a hat with a wide brim, which shrouded his face. This was no other than Liborio Romano. Our mutual introduction was short; we shook hands and embraced each other.

I then drew him to a corner in the after part of the yacht, and we entered into conversation together.

The position of Liborio Romano was as follows. He had accepted the office of constitutional minister with all the pure intentions and cautious reservations of an honest man and a good citizen. As long as he should find the king willing to act according to the terms of the constitution, he was willing to be at once the man of the king and the man of the people; but as soon as the king should break his oath, he would then pass over to the popular side.

The office of minister of the interior and of police was offered to, and accepted by him, on these conditions.

The events which led to the state of siege are well known, the two principal facts being the reaction of Prince Louis, and the attempt made on the frigate of Castellamare.

Marshal Viglia was then appointed commandant of the place.

Thanks to Liborio Romano, however, never was a state of siege more strangely maintained. All the liberties guaranteed by the constitution were left undisturbed; the national guard performed the police duties of the town jointly with the troops; the liberty of the press was tolerated to an extent only equalled by that enjoyed in England; committees were formed, one of which took the title of the "Committee of Order," while another styled itself the "Committee of Action." Moreover, a newspaper made its appearance, bearing the title of *The Garibaldi*.

In fact, the police actually declared that they no longer

wanted *sbirri*, or spies, but only ordinary policemen; the two former were therefore at once suppressed, and every man who had suffered at all under the government of Francis II., and who wished to enter the police, was allowed to do so, and was employed according to his capacity.

It may be easily supposed that a king like Francis II., who had sworn, at his father's death-bed, not to deviate in any respect from that system of government for which the father had received the nickname of *Bomba*, and the son the title of *Bombetta*, could not accommodate himself to a state of siege of this kind—which permitted more freedom than could be found in any other state of Europe.

Therefore, instead of adhering to his compact with the people, he alienated himself more and more from it, and took a reactionary course. The chiefs of the reactionary party, and who had continued to be the king's secret advisers, were the Queen Mother—who, through the influence of Liborio Romano had been required to reside at Gaëta, away from the court,—the brothers and uncles of the king, the Count of Trani, the Count of Aquila, and the Princes Charles and Louis.

The Count of Syracuse, who by his first letter had taken a position among the liberals, still continued in that position.

All these liberal views of Liborio Romano tended to exasperate the king; but as he well knew that he had no other support to lean upon, and that with Romano, he would lose, at the same time, the adhesion of the national guard, and of the citizens, and the people, whose man Liborio Romano was, he continued, therefore, to keep on friendly terms with him.

Such was the state of matters when the news arrived of Garibaldi's landing in Calabria.

Up till then, the king had still cherished some hope; he thought that he had got well out of his difficulty by giving up his insular territory to Piedmont; and was convinced that the Great Powers—particularly the Emperor of the French—would guarantee to him the possession of his continental territories. Towards them, his brother sovereigns, he had virtually stretched forth his arms, beseeching them, in despairing tones, to help him. But they turned away from him, and hesitated about acknowledging as a brother one who had sanctioned the destruction of eight hundred houses and the death of twelve hundred people at Palermo. He became convinced that no assistance was to be obtained from another Holy Alliance, and the news of the victory of Reggio informed him that his indomitable foe still kept advancing. From that time he almost threw off the mask; and commenced wrangling with his ministry, or, rather, with Liborio Romano, the only true constitutional element that ministry contained.

Liborio Romano did not shrink from these stormy discussions; like Garibaldi, he too won his first continental victory, Garibaldi took Reggio; Liborio Romano caused the queen dowager to be banished. The king, now struck to the heart, caused to be conveyed away, in an Austrian frigate, his plate, his diamonds, with his treasure, consisting of ten millions of ducats. He also continued to show open opposition, almost a menacing one, to Liborio Romano, who had no other support in the ministry than the doubtful alliance of the minister of war.

Such was the state of political circumstances when Liborio Romano, knowing that I was Garibaldi's *intimate friend*, came to explain his position to me.

There was no one then at Naples specially accredited on the part of Garibaldi. Carbonelli and Mignona, his two agents, had already proceeded to Basilicata, to stir up a revolt in that province. On the departure of the former, I gave him a revolver which had been presented to me by Madame Ristori. Brother John, too, Garibaldi's chaplain, had gone to Il Vallo with two hundred francs I had given him, and the revolver presented to *Alex. Dumas, the First* by Émile de Girardin. As the General's friend, I thus stood alone, and held no direct power from him, but only two letters from him to serve as my credentials amongst the patriots.

That may explain why Liborio addressed himself to me. He proceeded to say: "I will struggle for the constitutional cause as well as I can. When, however, I find that a struggle on my part is no longer of any avail, I will send in my resignation, then retire to your yacht; and, according to the state of affairs at Naples, either join Garibaldi, or declare the king a traitor to the constitution before the national guard and the people."

"Do you mean really to do that?" said I.

"I give you my word of honour I will."

"I take your word for it," continued I. "But, after what I was told on board the flag-ship of Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan, I find that my flag is not sure of meeting with protection. Allow me, therefore, to make an approach to the English admiral with the view of securing that refuge for you on board his ship which you would not meet with on my *boat*, as M. de Missiessi is pleased to call it."

"Do this, as you propose; but matters may come to such a crisis this evening that I may have to retire from the ministry to-morrow."

"When you shall have left I shall go too; but by what medium can we then communicate with each other?"

"Either through the instrumentality of Madame * * * one of the two ladies who have accompanied me here, and to whom I will introduce you; or else through that of Cazzo-

longo, my secretary. Moreover, my intimate friend Muratori will always be ready to act as a medium of communication between us, when practicable."

This concluded our discussion, and when Liborio Romano had introduced me to Madame * * * and her companion, they left the yacht together. I then repaired on board the *Hannibal*, and inquired for the admiral. He then happened to be ashore, but was expected to return shortly; so, in his absence I was received by the commander. Within ten minutes' time, however, the admiral made his appearance on board. I explained my situation to him, and pointed out to his attention that through the conversation I had had with two French naval officers I learned that my yacht could not be regarded as a safe refuge for a dismissed minister. I therefore requested him to give an asylum to Liborio Romano on board the *Hannibal*, in case of need.

The admiral, in that cordial spirit which is so characteristic of the English navy, sent immediately for the commander. "Captain," said he, "have your cabin in readiness after this evening to receive Liborio Romano, in case he may desire to withdraw from the town, and come on board the *Hannibal*." The commander bowed in acquiescence, and left the room. I thanked the admiral for his courtesy, and returned to my yacht.

The next day, Madame * * * brought me a portrait, and the following brief note from Liborio Romano. "I beg of you to write underneath this likeness, 'the portrait of a coward,' should I fail to keep the promise I made to you last night."

I feel induced to suspend my recital for awhile, in order to explain what sort of a man Liborio Romano is.

Don Liborio Romano, the man who at this moment occupies the chief post in the constitutional ministry of Naples, is not one of those ephemeral celebrities who often appear on the political horizon during periods of revolution, who, either through sheer audacity or by the caprice of the popular will, attain a temporary elevation. Liborio Romano, on the contrary, after devoting himself to the profound study of moral sciences, and after long experience and active intercourse with public men, after proving himself endued with liberal and generous principles—which exile and imprisonment have only served to expand—Liborio Romano may be pronounced a highly cultivated man and an upright citizen, as well as one of the highest ornaments of the Neapolitan bar—in fact, a man altogether worthy of the confidence the country has reposed in him. The past may be taken as a safe guarantee for the future in reviewing his career.

Born in a village near Otranto, in 1798, the glorious and fatal year of the revolution of Naples and of the proclamation of the Parthenopean republic, his first infantine cries mingled with the last sighs of Carracciolo, Hector Carafa, Pagnano, Cerilli, and Mentone. He pursued his literary and philosophical studies under Francesco Bernardino Cercala, a learned man of great reputation, whose name is mentioned by Signorelli in his history of "La Cultura Napolitana." This eminent professor possessed that true heart of a poet, from which flows the two sacred springs of humanity and patriotism: his aspirations were, indeed, of the purest and most exalted kind; added to which rare gifts, he was endowed with that mysterious and potent spell which enables lofty minds to fulfil their mission by gaining an ascendancy over the feelings and intellect of others.

Such was the source from which Romano imbibed his pure and elevated sentiments and principles, and which were constantly nourished from the same fountain-head during the course of his youthful studies. In acquiring a knowledge of the law, Liborio Romano had for his masters Sarno, Girardi, and Giunti; and in 1819, after passing his examination for the bachelorship, he became connected with Felice Parilli, who, in admiration of his high qualities, took him under his protection as rector of the University of Naples, and continued to the end of his life his friend and protector. Backed by his influence and support, young Romano obtained the reversion of Parilli's high station, *i.e.* the chair of civil and commercial law—quite an unheard-of honour for one who was then no more than twenty-seven.

In 1820, the young professor attended his professional duties in the uniform of the national guard; thus investing the dignities of science with the insignia of citizenship and political liberty. Such a demonstration was regarded as an unpardonable crime by the reactionary party of 1821, whose animus was at once fierce and cowardly. Liborio Romano and Parilli were, indeed, both punished by the same warrant. The former was sent to prison at St. Marta Apparente, where he was confined for a year. It was at last through the urgent efforts of his friend Parilli, that he was released from an imprisonment he had been compelled to undergo without any judicial sentence having been passed on him.

Then it was that he entered, with all the impetuous energy of his nature, into the keen struggles of the bar, where his profound knowledge of law, the clearness of his intellect, the vigour of his arguments, aided by his rhetorical skill and his expressive countenance, the faithful reflex of his feelings, served to raise him in a short time to an elevated position.

In the course of his professional career up to the present time,

his speeches and pleadings fill no less than thirty-seven thick volumes.

In 1837, a drama, not unlike that of "*Etéocle et Polynice*," was played out in the murky political atmosphere of that day. Orazio Marsa, first a sub-commissioner, then commissioner, and at last director of police, denounced his own brother, Jeremiah Marsa, a fine, spirited young man of great promise, and one of the most assiduous auditors and admirers of Romano, who, suspected of complicity with him, had to suffer much from this secret mode of accusation, especially when Marsa was driven to exile in France and Germany. This persecution of Marsa, however, did not prevent Romano from looking after the management of his friend's property, and, in spite of the obstacles which the government threw in his way, he was able to forward to him his rents, and what else was due to him.

In 1848 Romano had not forsaken those moderate constitutional views which were, are, and always will be the guiding principle of his conduct. Not then having any official employment, which, indeed, he avoided seeking, he established a course of lectures on Neapolitan constitutional law; but the troublesome police of Pecchenida could not long allow to this honourable and independent professor the free exercise of his functions as an advocate and teacher of law.

He was, accordingly, arrested in 1849, and confined for two years in the same prison to which he had been led twenty-six years before, and where he met, as companions of his captivity and associates in economic studies, Scialoïa and Vacca; there, too, he wrote a small work on the mission of the four classical poets of Italy. At the end of two years the doors of his prison were opened, but only as a prelude to exile. He then proceeded to France; and in that great civilized country he was enabled to enrich his mind and to place himself on a level with the advance made in universal science. At Montpellier he devoted himself more particularly to the study of the natural sciences; and when he had mastered these, returned to Paris to resume the course of his much valued economic and social studies. There it was that he became acquainted with all the notabilities of France: Guizot, Lamennais, and Augustin Thierry, and other minds of a similar order, became his friends, and have since retained a cordial esteem for him.

It was not until 1855 that he returned to Naples, where he resumed, with as much ardour and devotion as a young man, the studies of his old profession, and renewed that cordial intimacy with his friends which absence and exile seemed, contrary to custom, to have rendered more binding than ever.

He had never ceased, during his weary vigils, to look upwards and to search the heavens for that star, so long veiled from sight, destined to shine on the fortunes of his dear

country. A breath of Garibaldi's dispersed the cloud that shrouded its brightness, and made it shine with more brilliancy than ever. Francis II. then thought he could allay the storm by the tardy offer of a constitution, and turned pale and trembling towards those very men whom his father had so unrelentingly pursued, even while on his death-bed.

The prefecture of police was now offered to Liborio Romano. It was a very difficult post to occupy: the foul and sanguinary administration of his predecessors had virtually rendered the cabinet of the prefect a place of torture and the ante-room of the guillotine. One less pure in character would, on assuming office in such a place, have put aside his honour and popularity; but Romano passed through days of difficulty with the firm composure of a right-minded man, conscious that he was beyond the reach of suspicion, who had determined to cleanse the Augean stable of all the filth it contained without permitting the slightest particle of it to pollute himself.

Naples, in the midst of the most terrible agitation, was still unsullied by a repetition of the massacres of 1799. Not a drop of blood was shed. The *lazzaroni* burnt the police offices, tore in pieces the archives of such officials as Aiossa, Campana, Maddaloni, and Machella; but did not steal a farthing of the money hitherto employed to pay the spies of the police, their *sbirri*, and their executioners. Romano had been but a few days in the prefecture of police, when he was, through the force of his high character, nominated minister of the interior. It was while he occupied this elevated post, which had become dangerous from the progress of reaction and the bitter animosity of the camarilla, that I first met him.

We will now recur to recent events. It was on the evening of the 23rd August that Liborio Romano paid me the visit I have already described. Naples, notwithstanding the epidermic state of indifference (if I may use the term) in which it appeared sunk, was greatly agitated in its innermost recesses, especially among the citizens and nobility. Naples, like Vesuvius, is covered with flowers, until the fatal moment arrives when the fire-devouring giant swoops over them with a stream of burning lava.

There had been already two reactionary attempts, both of which were discovered by Liborio Romano in time to prevent their reaching the importance of *coups-d'état*. The first of these broke out on August 5th, the day on which the soldiers of the royal guard had rushed about the streets of Naples, sword in hand, trying to compel the passers-by, to shout, "The

King for ever!" and had severely wounded several people; the second was that attributed to the Prince Louis of Aquila, the object of which was to overthrow the ministry, and, indeed, as some say, to make away with Liborio Romano and his particular friend Muratori; and to gather into his own hands the reigns of despotic power which had escaped from those of the king. A third attempt was heaving in dull convulsive throes, in the lowest depths of the town.

During this time, news kept arriving in quick succession from Calabria, of the following kind, which tended much to add to the general uneasiness:

"Garibaldi the Dictator is advancing through Calabria at the head of 14,000 heroic followers. The royal troops either join him, or take flight at the first view of his glittering sword. The revolution which has broken out in Basilicata finds a ready echo in the hearts of all true patriots, and, with the rapidity of thought, is spreading from province to province—from the furthest point of Calabria to Salerno. The chains of the execrated Bourbon are broken for ever.

"Brothers, let us come down from our native mountains, where the love of our country, and that of liberty, have never been extinguished, and in our impetuous onset let us overthrow the enemies of Italy.

"To fight for the unity, and the liberty of our country, is the oldest and the most constantly cherished duty of our hearts. Hasten, the moment is propitious, and victory sure; for our cause is just, and Providence fights on our side.

"The Unity of Italy; Victor Emmanuel; and Garibaldi the Dictator, for ever!

"Citizen GIUSEPPE DI MARCO."

This doubly-cutting report, menacing in substance, exasperating in style, was accompanied by proclamations affixed to the walls of Naples by unknown hands in the night, which met the eyes of the inhabitants everywhere the following morning.

"Neapolitans! It is time to put an end to the succession of the descendants of Charles III. to the throne. What 'divine right' is, you have good reason to know; now you have no longer need to contend with it.

"The man who at present reigns over you must not be called Francis II., his right appellation is *Cowardice;* his father was called *Hatred;* his grandfather, *Treason;* and his great-grandfather, *Falsehood.* We will not speak of his grandmother, and her mother, of *Messalina* and *Sappho,* lest we make our wives and daughters blush.

"Neapolitans, instead of replying as hitherto to the challenge of *Verdi* in your streets, by the word *Slaves!* it is now time, in answer to the challenge of 'Who goes there?' for you to exclaim 'Citizens!'

"Neapolitans, the fire of musketry is to be heard everywhere; on all sides the cry of 'United Italy' is raised; you alone seem to remain deaf and dumb.

"Reggio, Potenza, Bari, and Poggia, are in full revolt; you alone look at the kindling of the national fire with calm and seemingly indifferent eyes.

"Neapolitans, take care you do not move forward too late; so that when you do come a loud voice echoing through Lombardy, Sicily, Calabria, and 'Basilicata' may thus upbraid you:

"'Back, bastard sons of Italy! you are no longer our brothers, you no longer belong to the holy family of our country.'

"To arms, then, Neapolitans!

"Neapolitans, now that you can read the bloody pages of your history you must know what sort of souls were Cirillo, Pagano, Hector Caraffa, Mentone, and Eleanora Pimentele.

"But, Neapolitans! you are not called upon to-day to die as they did; Liberty already numbers sufficient martyrs among fathers, so it need not decimate their children; you are only required now to gather their inheritance.

"But that high trust—that inheritance—is between the hands of the last Bourbon and of the last of the Bourbons; that inheritance is the liberty of Naples and the unity of Italy.

"Neapolitans, compare the names of such men as Bosco, Scotti, and Letizia with that of Garibaldi; compare the trickery of Francis II. with the integrity of Victor Emmanuel.

"Then make your choice."

In the midst of these incendiary squibs, the second letter of the Count of Syracuse suddenly made its appearance. The effect of this letter was terrible; it was intended to produce, and it did produce, a prodigious sensation at Naples: all the camarilla party felt the force of the blow, and not being able to parry it, had less chance of making a counter thrust. A new reaction was then organized, at the head of which was the king in person. Cutofiano was appointed commandant of the place, and Ischitella, commandant of the national guard. They thus neutralized the power of Romano, minister of the interior and of justice, as well as that of Pianelli, minister of war. The apostolic nuncio took part in this conspiracy, having under him, as lieutenants-general, the Bishops of Gaëta and Nola.

The following manifesto was circulated among the public:—

"*The Neapolitan Nation to its King, Francis II.*

"SIRE.—When the country is in danger, the people have a right to call upon their king to defend it. As kings are made for the people, and not people for kings, we, the people, ought to obey them; but they ought, at the same time, to know how to defend us, and it is for this purpose that heaven has given them a sword in addition to a sceptre.

"Sire, the enemy is now at our gates: the country is in danger. Within the last four months, an adventurer, at the head of bands collected from every country, has invaded the kingdom, and shed the blood of our brethren. The treason of some wretches has aided him; a diplomacy still more wretched has seconded him in his culpable enterprise. In a few days this adventurer will make us pass under his odious yoke. We and you, sire, alike know what his designs are. This man, moreover, makes no mystery of them; and, under a pretext of uniting that which never has been united, he wishes to make us Piedmontese, in order to decatholicise us better; and, as soon as our religion is destroyed, to establish on its ruins a republican government, under the ferocious dictatorship of Mazzini, whose arm and sword he himself will be.

"But, sire, we have for ages past been Neapolitans; Charles III., your immortal ancestor, saved us from a foreign yoke; we desire to remain what we are: to live and die Neapolitans, in possession of that good and wise civilization which that great king gave us. Shall it be said that the son of Ferdinand II. cannot firmly sway the sceptre which he inherited from his father of glorious memory? Can the son of the venerable Maria Christina abandon us in a cowardly manner to his enemy? Is it possible that our much-beloved sovereign Francis II. has not the courage and the strength of the humblest of kings? No, sire, no! we feel persuaded that that cannot be so.

"Sire, save your people; we implore you in the name of that religion which has anointed you king; in the name of those hereditary laws which have given to you the sceptre of your ancestors; in the names of law and justice, which impose upon you the necessity of continually watching for our safety, and, if needful, of perishing to redeem your people.

"We now tell you, sire, that our country is in danger, and that it loudly demands four things at your hands.

"1st. Your ministry is altogether deceiving you; its acts prove it, its relations with Judas and Pilate attest it. Dissolve your ministry, and let a ministry chosen from among honest men, devoted to your crown, to your people, and to the constitution, be placed at the head of affairs.

"2nd. A great many foreigners conspire against your throne and our nationality; let these strangers be expelled from the kingdom.

"3rd. A number of depôts of arms exist in your capital; let orders for a general disarmament be issued.

"4th. The whole of the police are in league with your enemies; let that body be replaced by honest and faithful men.

"Sire, these are the requests of your Neapolitan subjects. Your army is as devoted as it is brave. Draw your sword, and save your country; whoever has right and justice on his side, has heaven as well.

"Long live King Francis II. Long live the country, the constitution, and the brave Neapolitan army."

This appeal to the king burst like a shell on the head, we will not say of all the ministry, but on that of Romano, whom it was more particularly intended to crush.

While in the act of writing, I have just received an order to leave the Bay of Naples within half an hour, under the threat of being forced to do so by the guns of the fort.

The following details relating to this proceeding have been communicated to me by Romano. This morning, Sunday, 2nd of September, at noon, the king having summoned M. Brenier to his presence, said to him, "M. Dumas prevented General Scotti from marching to the aid of my soldiers at Basilicata; M. Dumas caused a revolution to break out in Salerno; M. Dumas then came to the port of Naples, whence he sends proclamations into the town, distributes arms, and gives away red shirts. I therefore demand that M. Dumas shall cease to be protected by his flag, and that he be compelled to quit the bay."

"Very well, sire," replied M. Brenier, "your wishes are law to me."

At eleven o'clock we weighed anchor, and set sail to join Garibaldi. In two or three days hence I shall, in my turn, give Francis II. an order not only to leave the Bay of Naples, but his capital and kingdom also.

CHAPTER XX.

CONSPIRACY IN THE OPEN AIR.

PORT OF CASTELLAMARE, *5th September.*

AT Castellamare I resume my narrative, which was interrupted by my sudden departure from the Bay of Naples. Two days before that on which it was intended the reaction should assume the importance of a *coup-d'état*, a steamer arrived in the harbour of Naples showing the Garibaldian flag at the peak, and a flag of truce at her mizen-mast. This was the *Franklin*, Captain Orrigoni, having on board some of the prisoners from Reggio.

Orrigoni arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, and came on board my yacht by six o'clock the next morning. He is quite an original, whose portrait I feel strongly inclined to sketch some day, when I am less intently occupied in describing important events. I will now content myself with simply remarking that he and Garibaldi are inseparable. When Orrigoni is not with him, Garibaldi always appears to be in want of something.

Orrigoni had followed the general to Monte Video, and returned with him to Europe for the campaign of 1848; he accompanied him also in that melancholy retreat during which Anita died. They were then separated for a short time; but he soon rejoined Garibaldi at Tangier, and proceeded with him to North America, and thence to the Gulf of Mexico and on to Lima. He was also with Garibaldi in the glorious campaign against the Austrians in 1859, when each battle was a victory. He then rejoined him in Sicily, and now he is again with him in Calabria. I shouted for joy when I saw the brave Orrigoni; it seemed to me as if, on looking further, I should see Garibaldi, too, before me. But Garibaldi was at Nicotera. He passed through Calabria, effacing the former traces of Cardinal Ruffo's steps, and compelling scared liberty to advance by that route which, fifty years beforehand, opened the way to despotism.

It was through Orrigoni that I heard of the fall of poor De Flotte. The news of his death made me feel very sad indeed. It is so difficult to picture to oneself that a human creature who had so recently appeared before me active, full of intelligence, speaking with energy and hope, should have become a mute and motionless corpse, that in such cases one always endeavours to persuade oneself that the report is

false. Unfortunately, however, in the present case the details were too precise to be doubted.

Orrigoni spent the whole day with me on my yacht, where he met with almost the whole of Naples. A king could hardly have had such a crowd in his reception room as that which flocked on board my vessel in order to grasp my hand and embrace me. If Orrigoni had pleased, the *Franklin* might have taken back with her more men than she had brought thither; every one was most desirous of going, and each day I had to refuse about three hundred volunteers.

In the afternoon, the "Committee of action" deputed M. Agresti, with two more of its members, to discuss with me the feasibility of establishing a provisional government, in case of the flight of the king of Naples, with M. Libertini as president, and Riccardi, Agresti, &c., amongst its members. I replied, that it formed no part of my mission to discuss matters of such high importance, but that, as they had done me the honour of consulting me, I would say, in reply, that it did not appear to me there was any urgent necessity for a provisional government; that the nomination of a pro-dictator would be quite sufficient; and, further, that I was satisfied there was but one man who was popular enough, if placed in that elevated position, to guarantee the tranquillity of Naples, and that man was Liborio Romano. I also told them that, as I never did anything in secret, I should immediately write to Garibaldi on this subject.

This answer so startled the deputation, that one of its members quitted the *Emma* in such haste as to leave his hat behind, and he has never since troubled himself to apply for it.

Just an hour after the departure of these gentlemen, the secretary of Brother John, whom I had taken on board with the worthy priest himself at Messina; whom I had brought to Naples, giving him bed and board; came to tell me that he had been chosen by the "Committee of action" to be the bearer of a report from them to Garibaldi, and begged me to request Orrigoni to give him a passage to Calabria. This I readily promised to do; I considered it to be a matter of little importance.

Now it so happens that one of Orrigoni's peculiarities is to look upon every priest, nay, every priest's brother, cousin, and even his "secretary," as a bird of ill omen; so he replied, "In the present state of the *Franklin*, I would not take Brother John's secretary on board were he made of solid gold!"

From this decision he would not flinch; and it only remained for me to communicate it to Brother John's secretary, who at once quitted the yacht, darting at me, as he went, one of his worst looks. Although Orrigoni had refused to take Brother John's secretary, he, nevertheless, was willing to

receive on board Alexander Salvati, an exiled patriot about twenty-eight years of age. Salvati conveyed a letter from me to the General, which ran thus:—

"25*th August*, 1860.

"I am about writing a long letter to you, my friend, on serious matters; pray read it with attention. In spite of my wish to join you, I still remain at Naples, where I think I can be of great use to our cause.

"This is what I am doing. Every night I have a fresh proclamation posted up, which, although it does not call upon the Neapolitans to arm—for that would be useless—serves to keep up their hatred of the king. Every morning the newspapers send to consult me as to the most suitable topic of the day: this is a very easy task for me; they all seem mad about you.

"On my return to Messina, I placed myself in communication with Salerno; the spirit of that place is excellent. I was forewarned just as Potenza revolted, that General Scotti had been despatched with 5,000 Bavarians and Croats to suppress the insurrection.

"I arrived at Salerno before General Scotti; and, by the active agency of Doctor Wielandt, I was enabled to communicate with the mountain chiefs. I supplied them with fifty double-barrelled guns and the rifles belonging to my crew. The mountain passes and defiles were all so well guarded that Scotti and his 5,000 Bavarians were unable to make their way through the defile leading from Palermo to Potenza, and thus the insurrection in progress at Basilicate has been unchecked.

"This is not all, however; for the Bavarians, finding that they could not advance a step in the mountain passes without receiving as many bullets as there were bushes and stones on the road to afford cover to their enemy, proposed to me that they would desert with arms and baggage, on receiving five ducats a head. I then opened a subscription, myself heading the list with 500 francs; I reckon on being able to collect 10,000 francs, that is, about one-fifth of the whole sum required. If I succeed in raising this, I shall pay the amount over to the Bavarians on account; the rest must be made payable at Messina.

"A young man of Salerno, who was enlisting recruits for our cause, has been denounced, and condemned to receive a hundred blows with a stick. The punishment inflicted on him has greatly exasperated the people of Salerno.

"Three Bavarians, who were arrested at the moment of desertion, have been shot. Twenty of the cavalry offered this morning to desert, with their horses; but, unfortunately, I have no means of transport for them. We may easily dispose of Salerno and 10,000 men; should Menotti, Medici,

Türr, or any other of your officers desire to land there, I would precede him with a flag of truce, and, within an hour, the town and all the soldiers in it would be yours.

"Instead of Salerno, if thought to be too much occupied just now, a landing might be effected on the Cilento coast, which is quite as good as the other, while that of Amalfi is altogether bad. And now let us turn to Naples. Several officers have given me their word that they will not fire on the people should they rise in revolt, and that, on the appearance of the first red shirt, they will go over to your side.

"Now for something much more important. Liborio Romano, the only popular man of the ministry, will be quite at your disposal, together with at least two of his colleagues, on the first attempt at a reactionary movement on the part of the king. On the first symptom of such a movement, which would release him from his oath, Liborio Romano promises to leave Naples with two of his colleagues, and hasten to join you; to proclaim that the king has forfeited his right to the crown; and to acknowledge you as dictator. All the people, and the 12,000 men of the National Guard, are on his side.

"If you should effect a landing either on the Cilento coast, in the bay of Policastro, or that of Salerno, he assures me that the effect of this on the king's mind, predisposed as it is to take alarm, would be such as to cause his majesty to quit Naples.

"Give me your written instructions, and they shall be faithfully carried out.

"M. Salvati, a member of the Garibaldian committee, starts with Orrigoni to join you. You can freely discuss every subject with him, except the propositions of Romano, as these are only known to four persons; therefore reply to me alone upon that point.

"You know, that for my part, I shall ask nothing of you but permission to hunt in the park of Capo-di-monte, and that the excavations of Pompeii shall be continued.

"If you would like to put all the newspaper writers, all the artists, painters, sculptors, and architects, in a state of ecstasy, you have but to issue a decree couched in these terms:—

"'In the name of the artistic world, the excavations of Pompeii shall be resumed and continued without interruption, as soon as I reach Naples.

"'G. GARIBALDI, *Dictator.*'

"You see, my friend, I do all I can in publishing the great deeds you are performing. I praise you because I admire you, and love you with no other desire but to be loved by you in return.

"I believe I have nothing else to tell you, unless it be to

let me know if you want me; if so, I will start off at once; but if you want me to be here I will remain, although the French admiral has informed me that, after what I have done, and what I am doing every day, he cannot take me under his protection.

"I would tell you to take care of yourself, if I did not know that such a recommendation would only make you laugh; I shall, therefore, content myself by telling you that I pray for you to the Almighty with as much anxiety as your mother used to do.

"*Au revoir*, my friend; receive from my heart all that I brought away of it on quitting France.

"ALEX. DUMAS."

Orrigoni put to sea on the night of the 25th, taking with him Salvati, the bearer of the above letter.

Let us now follow Salvati in his peregrination from the time of his reaching the deck of the *Franklin* to the moment of his meeting with Garibaldi. We shall then change the scene, and, while he is pursuing his course over the mountains, turn our attention again to the events that have taken place at Naples.

The *Franklin* quite justified the character given to her by her captain of being a bad sailor. By the evening of the 26th she had scarcely made more than sixty miles, and further progress was stopped at night, as the royalists lined the coast. At daybreak she resumed her voyage, and reached San Lucido, near Paolo, at noon. The revolution had broken out at San Lucido; the tricoloured flag, with the cross of Savoy, was hoisted, and the gendarmerie had been disarmed. Garibaldi's successes were known there, but they were unable to tell Salvati the whereabouts of the general. The committee came on board, and in return for the news they received from Naples, communicated what intelligence they had to offer about Calabria. The *Franklin* then resumed her progress, steering southward along the coast.

On reaching Pizzo, of sanguinary memory, they received more definite intelligence touching Garibaldi, who was then supposed to be at Catanzaro. Salvati instantly proceeded there; but the indefatigable mountain-ranger had already started for Maïda; thither, accordingly, Salvati followed him, but found, on his arrival, that the general had left the town five or six hours before. Salvati therefore continued his journey, and arrived at Tiriolo, where he was again baffled.

Nino Bixio, who was there, told him, however, that if he travelled quickly he would come up with the Dictator at Sa-

varia Manelli, where he expected to meet and fight with the *corps d'armée* of General Ghio. Salvati took the road to Savaria Manelli, and arrived there just at the commencement of the action. Garibaldi had hemmed in the royalists on all sides. They had entrenched themselves in a plain in front of the village of Savaria, so that in advancing from Tiriolo to Savaria, the general had them before him. He then turned their position by the mountain, leaving some of his men along the whole line of heights, and returned to attack them by the village of Savaria Manelli.

When Salvati arrived at the place that Garibaldi had moved away from, that is, at the summit of a steep hill, he could see the general debouching on the opposite side of the mountain in his advance upon the village. When within half musket-shot, Garibaldi and his staff moved along by the church. The royalists then opened fire, and the balls flew around Garibaldi, riddling the adjacent walls; but he neither hastened nor retarded his steps. Not a single officer of his staff, or a single soldier of his army, returned the enemy's fire. The general carried a revolver-rifle slung across his shoulders, and in his right hand held a revolver-pistol. He soon disappeared in the village, and at the expiration of ten minutes, reappeared at the opposite side, and was so much nearer to the enemy, that, when he reached the entrance of the street, he was within pistol-shot.

Orders were then given for the whole line to fire; but his presence, his *sang-froid*, and the prestige which always accompanies him, produced their usual effect. Cavalry, artillery, infantry, and about ten thousand men threw down their arms and dispersed. It was not until four o'clock, P.M., that Salvati was able to approach the general. He met him in Stocco's house, quite worn-out, and reclining on a bed. He approached, and presented my letter. Garibaldi read it over twice, and then asked Salvati a number of questions touching the state of the people and the feeling that actuated the citizens and the national guard at Naples. No one could give him better information on these subjects than Salvati, who was himself a Neapolitan.

The general then requested him to return to Naples and to tell Don Liborio Romano to do all he could to keep the people in their present favourable state of mind, and to prepare them, if needful, for the coming insurrection, but to prevent them from doing anything decisive before he arrived. "Above all," said he twice, "let us have no armed revolution carried on in the streets of Naples; that, indeed, has already cost Palermo too dearly!" He then shook hands with Salvati, and requested him to do the same for him, with Romano and myself.

Just before Salvati quitted him he observed, "Cosenz is

the man whom I should most like to see at the head of affairs at Naples, for no man about me deserves the place so well as he does. State that to Dumas and Romano. Tell the latter to do all he can to cause the king to leave; but by no means to let a riot break out till I arrive; that would be too hazardous a step."

He then gave Salvati a pass, as well as three horses, to enable him to return to Pizzo; on reaching which place, Salvati, having no further occasion for the horses, delivered them up to Colonel Auguste Marico; after which, having no other means of reaching Naples, he took a six-oared boat, and managed to reach the harbour safely, by keeping near the coast all the way. It was the 2nd of September when he arrived.

The day before that on which the small reactionary conspiracy was to break out, the very day when the letter of the Count of Syracuse appeared, that prince sent M. Testa, his physician, to tell me that he had not forgotten our acquaintance made in 1835, and to add that he should be delighted to see me again. I sent him word, in reply, that if he would do me the honour to come on board the *Emma*, he should be doubly welcome, both as a friend and as a patriot.

The very next day he came on board.

After cordial salutations had been exchanged between us, the prince looked up at me, and began to laugh. "Well," said he, "what do you think of the present posture of affairs?"

"I think that if your highness had accepted the proposition I made to you fifteen years ago, you would have spared Naples and Sicily a great deal of blood, and your house many misfortunes."

"That is very true," said he; "but who could have foretold all that has happened?"

"Either a prophet or a poet."

"Well then, as prophet or poet, what do you advise me to do?"

"I advise your highness——"

Here he interrupted me by a shrug of the shoulders, and went on to say, "At the present day, where are the 'princes' and 'highnesses' of the house of Bourbon? We are all condemned, my dear Dumas; and are irresistibly impelled down a declivity. Louis XVI. showed us the road to the scaffold; Charles X. the way to exile; and happy are those who will be quit of their troubles with exile."

"Well, then, my dear prince, as you have reached this degree of historical philosophy, why do you still remain at Naples?"

"Because, until to-day, I thought I could struggle successfully against reaction; now I feel my inability and retire."

"That you may well do, now that you have shot off your arrow."

"Well, what do you say to my letter?"

"I find it to be the more cruel on account of its implacable truth."

"You know Liborio Romano, don't you?"

"Only within the last three days; but that interval has sufficed to make him my friend."

"You choose your friends well. He is *the* man—the only man in Naples. But warn him to be on his guard."

"On your part?"

"Yes; if you like."

We then chatted about Paris, where we had seen each other five or six times between our two political interviews, and about the bygone days of our youth, and various topics.

The prince, after an interval of mental abstraction, tinged with sadness, suddenly returned to our original subject.

"You, then, as well as others, advise me to leave?"

"Yes, prince, I do."

"You think I can do no good by staying here?"

"Your longer stay would only cause distrust to all parties."

"Well; I will come and see you again to-morrow."

He rose up, and, after renewed mutual salutations, got into his boat, and went on board the Sardinian admiral's ship. On the following night the royalist conspiracy broke out.

I will now relate what took place on the very day that the Count of Syracuse paid me the visit I have just described.

A second vessel arrived bearing a flag of truce, and conveying a hundred soldiers and thirty officers, prisoners. With his usual admirable tact, Garibaldi rightly estimated the effect that these ocular proofs of his successes would produce on the minds of the Neapolitans. This Garibaldian ship was the *Ferruccio*, Captain Orlandini. I had known the captain when he was but a child, at Florence, in 1840, as I then lived at the house of one of his aunts, on the Via Rondinelli.

We were both desirous to see each other, although on different grounds, for I was then ignorant of his origin; but I was very anxious to get some news of the general. I, therefore, sent my boat to ask him to breakfast with me on board the *Emma*. He accepted the invitation, and arrived at one o'clock. Orlandini had left the general on the heights of Pizzo, on his onward march to Naples, and thought of returning again the same day. "You had better stay," said I to him, "I will enable you this evening to witness something you little expect,

and which you will be able to relate yourself to the general. The words—*I have seen!* will give a greater stamp of value to your oral narrative than the longest letter."

Having promised to remain till midnight, he returned on board his ship to superintend the landing of the prisoners.

Just as he reached the *Ferruccio*, a fair looking officer, about twenty-five or twenty-six, jumped up the ladder of the *Emma*. He pretended that he had something very important to communicate. We seated ourselves on deck, near to a Neapolitan, whom Father Gavazzi had asked me to receive on board with one of his comrades; both of them, Gavazzi said, were deserters who wished to join Garibaldi's army, but were afraid of being arrested.

We paid no attention, however, to the Neapolitan near us, and when we were seated, I requested the young officer to explain the object of his visit.

"I am an Englishman," said he, "but of an Italian family, and my name is Pilotti. I command a small steamer. Here are my letters of marque from Garibaldi, and here is the muster-roll of my crew: fifty English and fifty Americans, in fact, one hundred devils incarnate."

"Then you are a privateer-captain?"

"Exactly; at Genoa I hired a river steamer, clapped my fellows on board, and we are ready to go ahead!"

"Under what flag do you sail?"

"I have twenty on board, and have no preference for any particular one."

"But if you are taken, both you and your men will be hanged."

"I'll do my best to prevent that."

"The devil you will. Well, and in what way can I serve you?"

The young man pointed with his finger to one of the three Neapolitan cruisers at anchor in the harbour, which served as coastguards for a space of four or five leagues around.

"Do you see that ship yonder,?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I want to take it."

"That is a capital idea; but how do you mean to take the ship?"

"With my own, of course."

"Have you any guns on board?"

"Not one."

"Well; how then?"

"How then? you shall hear. This evening, in the still night, I mean to enter the harbour, as if to anchor either on the larboard or starboard quarter of the frigate. I shall make some lubberly mistake, and then, loudly singing out 'Take

care!' my men will jump on board the Neapolitan, make the crew prisoners, lash the ship to my steamer, drive it from its moorings, and tow it out to sea; all the while getting up steam. That done, good bye,—I am safe, for that vessel is the best sailer of the three Neapolitan ships, and nothing can catch it."

"Well; but what about yours?"

"Oh, that can make thirteen knots an hour in fine weather."

"And in bad weather?"

"Ah, in bad weather it would go hard with her. I told you, you know, that she was only a river-boat; she cannot keep the sea in rough weather."

"But all this does not show me what you wish me to do for you."

"Well, then, it is just this, you see. My craft is not visible on the coast of Cuma; I am now going on board, but first wish to arrange with your captain to show certain signals if the cruiser remains in the same place, and others if she should move. I am short of coal, or rather I have only enough for twelve or fifteen hours supply. If the Neapolitan vessel remains in the same place, it will be all right, as she has enough coal for both of us; but if she starts on a cruise, that will be a very different matter. Should I run out of coal, I wish to ask you to get us a supply."

"How many tons do you want?"

"Forty or fifty."

"Then in case the steamer should weigh anchor, the coal shall be ready for you in a lighter, within half a cable's length of the yacht. You can then come and fetch it."

"But I have no money."

"Don't trouble yourself about that; I have."

"Then all is settled?"

"Yes, everything."

"Then I shall return to my steamer, after talking to your captain about the signals I wish him to make."

"Very good. You can also have two of my men to increase the strength of your crew."

"What sort of fellows are they?"

"Two Neapolitan deserters who could not land here without being shot; you may therefore be sure that they will not allow themselves to be taken."

"Where are they?"

"Here, close to us."

I pointed out to him the man who was seated near us, on the deck, and also his comrade who was chatting forward with my sailors. While he was arranging matters with the captain, I explained to my two deserters that I had procured for them what they so much desired—an opportunity to get

away from Naples. The man seated on deck did not seem to care much about it, but the other very willingly accepted my offer.

Pilotti had not much time to lose. He had first to take passage in the little steamer which runs regularly between Naples and Ischia, and thence by a ship's boat to get on board his own vessel.

The smoke of the little steamer for Ischia was soon discernible, and, on nearing us, we hailed her, when Pilotti quitted the *Emma*, followed by the two Neapolitans. In trying to get on board, the Neapolitan, who had appeared indifferent to go, was so clumsy in his movements, that he fell into the water, and was picked up wet through and through. This served him as a pretext for not following Pilotti, so he came back to the yacht, pretending that he wanted to change his clothes, and then begged me to put him on shore, as near to his own abode as possible.

When I remarked on the danger he would incur of being arrested, he replied that he would take care to provide against such a mishap. I had no wish to keep him streaming on deck, and as he did not inspire me with much sympathy, I cared little whether he was hanged or not; so I let him get into a boat and put off to the shore.

Just about this time, Romano sent his secretary, Cozzolongo, over to me, and I availed myself of the opportunity of transmitting to him the Count of Syracuse's warning, that he should take care of himself. I also added some details about Garibaldi's movements, which I stated I had obtained from the vessel bearing the flag of truce. An hour after Cozzolongo had left, Romano told Muratori to bring the Garibaldian captain to him. He also asked me to accompany him, notifying to me that as he was minister of police, I could not possibly run any risk by landing. I replied to him that I was not deterred from landing through any risk I might thereby incur, but by the promise I had made to Garibaldi not to re-enter Naples but with him; and that therefore Muratori must be content with the company of Captain Orlandini only, in returning to the palace of Riviera-Chiaia.

At the appointed hour Orlandini came on board the *Emma*. My yacht, as I have already stated, was moored at the distance of only two hundred yards from the king's windows, which were easily recognisable by the strips of cloth hanging before them to keep off the sun's rays.

For the last two days I had had fourteen tailors on deck making red shirts in readiness for some of the Neapolitan insurgents to put on at the proper moment. The day before, I

had forwarded a hundred of these shirts to Salerno, by four persons, each of whom wore twenty-five of them; as may be supposed, the thinnest of the four appeared of awful size; as for the others, they were scarcely human in form—luckily, it was night time.

Orlandini was greatly astonished at what he had witnessed. He had gone into the town, and had seen everywhere portraits of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. A crowd of bathers near the *Emma* shouted "Garibaldi for ever!" and a party of young people in a boat sang the "Marseillaise" in their own dialect.

I had ordered up my best champagne, my *Follet-Louis*, and my *Greno*, and about fifty young men belonging to Naples, whom we could not accommodate at dinner in consequence of the small size of the table, drank to the dictator's health with the wine I placed before them.

All this, I repeat, took place within two hundred yards of the king's palace, who could not look out on the bay without his eyes being tormented at the sight of the two masts of my yacht.

Eight o'clock was the hour fixed upon for M. Orlandini to go to Liborio Romano's house. Just as he was about to leave, I ordered the crew to display some green, red, and white Bengal lights, Roman candles, and other fireworks. So the captain stepped into the yawl in the midst of a fiery eruption from the *Emma*, which seemed as if she were inclined to defy Vesuvius. Two of these Roman candles were borne by two commissioners of police.

Thus, you see, it is impossible to conspire more openly than we do.

Two hours afterwards Orlandini returned. Romano had repeated to him the promises he had before made to me, that he might convey them to Garibaldi. The chief source of anxiety and care now left for the ministry was to spare Naples, if possible, the horror of a bombardment.

As Romano shrewdly suspected something would occur during the night, he left his house, with the intention of not returning before the next morning.

Orlandini feeling on his part anxious to know what was going to happen, promised me that he would not leave Naples until the next day, at noon, and that he would breakfast with me on board my yacht.

What did occur was the attempt at a reaction, or rather, the reactionary movement in earnest, which, I have already adverted to.

Towards nine o'clock in the evening, a youth employed at Ferrante's printing-office, named Francesco Diana, presented himself before the commissioner, Antonio Davino, telling him that an hour before a Frenchman, named Hercule de Sou-

chères, had directed to be taken to his lodging, No. 6, Largo Santa Teresa, a quantity of printed papers, which he, Diana, thought likely to compromise the security of the state; but as the commissioner did not attach much importance to his declaration, he insisted that they should take possession of these papers, by forthwith searching Souchères' house, where they would certainly be found. When the commissioner asked Diana what he knew of Souchères, and how it was that the latter had applied to him, Diana, for the printing of these dangerous papers, he replied: that he had known him for some time, as he had printed a little work for him, entitled "Naples and the Revolutionary Journals," but that on this occasion, he would not undertake the printing himself, and was only so far concerned in the matter as to recommend Souchères to apply elsewhere and to arrange the price to be paid for the printing, and also to correct the proofs, as Souchères was unable to do that himself, in consequence of his ignorance of the Italian language. He declared at the same time, that, before withdrawing the copies of the manifestoes printed by Carlo Zumachi, he had gathered, from some observations made by Souchères in a confidential chat, on the occasion of his delivering up the MS. copy to be printed, that their aim was to stir up a bloody reactionary movement, at the head of which persons of the highest importance would figure, and which was to break out on the following day, 30th August, at noon. A formal declaration to the above effect was then drawn up and signed by Diana. At midnight, Bardari, the prefect of police, proceeded to M. Souchères' house, arrested him, and found there fifty-five proclamations.

Besides these proclamations, various papers were found, but the only one among them of any importance was the following letter, written by worthy M. de Souchères. It is curious, as indicating the respective parts that the king, the royal family, and the clergy were to play in this conspiracy.

"*To the Reverend Father Giacinto, Reader of the College*
"*of the Division of the Capucins at Rome.*

"NAPLES, *29th August*, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You may possibly accuse me of ingratitude, or, at least, of negligence; but, indeed, I have often thought of you and your fortunate position in retirement, and were my prayers to be granted, you would be as happy in your vocation as you so well deserve to be.

"I will now briefly let you know my mode of life, and what is going on here.

"Since my sad departure from Rome, Providence has prevented me from realizing all my projects. I have been com-

pelled by circumstances to stay at Naples, where, for some months, I have suffered a great deal. In order to defend the king and the pope, I wrote a little pamphlet, which you must have received a month ago, and every day I run the risk of being assassinated by the wretched revolutionists.* One of these men, indeed, came to my house with such a design, but it happened that I was then at Mass, and thus Providence saved me. Shall I still escape? I hope so. But come what may, one thing alone can grieve me, and this is to die without paying my sacred debt; but you, I know, will forgive me for this, if my life be spared, and when political affairs become more tranquil, I shall be, for some time at least, attached to the king's person. As it is, I am in the service of one of the princes of his family, being employed to write the correspondence for certain French newspapers, and my zeal has given satisfaction. The Emperor of Austria and the Duke of Modena have both spoken in a complimentary way of my book, and I trust, therefore, that my financial position may before long be sensibly improved. The Almighty has witnessed my sufferings, as well as the humiliations I have had to endure. I put my trust in Him. There is some talk of sending me on a mission to Rome. Should that be the case, I shall honourably perform my duty to every one. My first visit, after going to St. Peter and *La Minerve*,—that institution where I used to feel so happy in laying bare my miseries to Heaven,—shall be paid to you, for I have much to tell you.

"We are on the eve of a dreadful insurrection. All that I stated in our intimate conversations together last winter, is about to be realized. Garibaldi has a powerful party here, which is favoured by Napoleon. Vagabonds from all countries flock to this capital. The king is about to start to take the command of his army. He is courageous, but is surrounded by so many traitors, that he now and then seems to be quite in despair. As he is very upright, and as his people are misled solely through their utter ignorance of everything, I think he will eventually be able to overcome the obstacles which are daily thrown in his way in order to ruin him; but not without blood being shed first. His army is faithful, and much irritated against the Garibaldians, and wish to enact another St. Bartholomew on their account. If Heaven does not assist us, there will be many victims, and that, too, before many days are over.

"It is said that Lamoricière is with our army, for the pur-

* We may remark that, not only did these revolutionists not assassinate M. de Soucherès, but after having arrested him, and convicted him of conspiracy against the state, they released him after eight days' confinement. Did Ferdinand II. or Francis II. ever act towards their enemies with such leniency?

pose of taking the command of it at the first battle that may take place, and on which will depend the fate of the Neapolitan monarchy, that of the pope, of religion, and of all Italy indeed; for a signal victory gained by our enemies would increase their boldness and depress the spirits of the royalists for a long time to come.

"What do they say at Rome? Are they organizing their forces, as the papers say? Is the Pope much liked? Have you a good body of troops? Is the French element in the ascendant? And, lastly, do the people cherish hope?

"We are passing through a crisis such as has not been seen for a long time—such, indeed, as I believe has never before existed; for people's brains seem disordered now-a-days; and this perversion of mind attacks even good Catholics, and priests and monks to boot. Here, *everything* requires to be not merely reformed, but to be first demolished, and then reconstructed; yes, *everything and everybody, without exception*, unless it be a few virtuous persons, among whom I may name the king and queen.

"I received your letter from Jerusalem, and it gave me great pleasure; but at first I had not the means of defraying the postage—this was one cause of my silence; another cause of delay was, that, for the last three months, I scarcely knew which way to turn, owing to the numerous occupations I have had to attend to. Just now, however, the revolution gives me a few leisure hours, and I take advantage of them in order to ask you for news, and to give you some of mine.

"If chance should take you to 'the Minerve,' or you should happen to meet M. l'Abbé Laprit, please to tell him that he ought to have received a letter from me through the Neapolitan ambassador. Remember me kindly to worthy M. Laprit, and express my kind regards to M. Scuive.

"Believe me always, &c.

(Signed) "DE SOUCHÈRES."

P.S.—"As I hardly know what may happen, you can write to me, with the following address in Italian:

"To the Very Reverend Father Antonio del Carinello, for M. de Souchères, at the Convent of St. Pasquale, Chiaià, Naples."

At midnight, the minister went to the king to inform him of the attempted reactionary movement, with which his majesty was perfectly well acquainted. Francis II. listened to the recital, not without showing some bitterness; then, addressing the minister of police, he tartly observed: "Don Liborio, you seem more skilful in discovering royalist plots than liberal conspiracies."

"Sire," replied Don Liborio, "that is because royalist plots are hatched at night, and by very few persons; whereas, liberal conspiracies are hatched in the day-time, and by the whole body of the people."

"Besides," said the king, without appearing to heed Romano's rejoinder, "I knew of a French priest who did conspire in a reactionary sense, but he got away."

"Your majesty is mistaken," replied Romano; "he is now under arrest."

"Well, then," said the king, with some impatience, "let him be sent to the criminal court, and be put upon his trial."

The minister then took his leave. The next day, M. Brenier called upon Romano to demand the liberation of M. de Souchères, saying, deprecatingly, "Of what use is it to keep a poor wretched priest in prison?"

"Oh, indeed," said Romano; "if he be a priest he must be all the more dangerous." So the minister kept M. de Souchères in prison, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of M. Brenier. The affair was, indeed, of the most serious kind, for it compromised the Count of Trani and the Count of Caserta, who had dictated the proclamation. As for General Cutrofiano, he had contented himself with correcting the proofs. The same day I received a message from Romano which ran thus: "There is war now between the king and myself; either he shall quit Naples, or I shall quit the ministry."

The next morning the Count of Syracuse came on board the *Emma*. He knew all that had taken place during the night: the nomination of Cutrofiano to the chief command of the place, and that of Prince Ischitella to the command of the national guard. He asked me if I had had any news from Romano. He had been told, that minister had been arrested during the night while in bed. I reassured him on that point, by telling him that Romano had not slept at home. The prince left me in a state of great agitation, and told me that he should start to-morrow, at the latest.

I had spent the whole night, until four o'clock A.M., waiting on deck for Pilotti; his coal was quite ready for him to take away. At last he returned by the steamer from Ischia. He had not succeeded in finding his own vessel; in all probability she had been denounced, and the three cruisers had given chase to her. Pilotti and the Neapolitan deserter who had accompanied him took their departure in Captain Orlandini's ship, the *Ferruccio*. At about seven A.M. the other deserter, who had fallen into the water the day before, and

whom I had landed at his own request, returned to his post on board my yacht.

In the course of the day, a person styling himself the Marquis de Lo Presti came, in order to tell me he knew, from a reliable source, that the king would go out that evening, in order that he might judge for himself of the effect of his *coup d'état* on the people, and that he, Lo Presti, and one of his friends, proposed to turn the occasion to good account by throwing a shell into the king's carriage.

I called Muratori, and, in the presence of the self-styled marquis,* said to him:

"My dear Muratori, go ashore immediately; call upon the Count of Syracuse, and tell him to prevent his nephew from going out this evening."

Then turning to the man who had made me this proposal, I observed, "Sir, you have heard what I have just said; now, I have but one course to take with you, and that is, that if you do not instantly leave the *Emma*, I shall have you thrown overboard forthwith." The false marquis lost no time in getting into his boat, and I never caught sight of him afterwards.

The Count of Syracuse informed me, in reply to my message, that after the *coup d'état* of the preceding night he could no longer recognize the king as his nephew, and that, consequently, he did not care what happened to him. One of our friends, Stefanone, brother of the celebrated artist, was standing by me when I received the count's answer.

I turned to him, and asked, "Do you know the Duke of Laorito?"

"Yes; very well."

"Go and find him out directly, my good fellow, and then tell him to warn the king from going out."

In an hour's time Stefanone returned. Through the steps he had taken the king was duly warned.

At noon, Romano told me that the whole of the ministry had sent in their resignation, and from that moment he was, consequently, liberated from all duty to the king.

In this state of affairs, Doctor Wielandt arrived from Cava, where he had been compelled to take refuge. The most complete disorganization existed in the royalist camp of Salerno; soldiers were deserting, and officers declaring they would not fight. Bosco had returned to Naples actually ill through indignation. Avellino only waited for the signal to break out in revolution. Doctor Wielandt knew the intendant of Avellino, and undertook to address him a letter in Romano's name and his own.

* This fellow, who had adopted the respected name of the Marquis de Lo Presti, proved to be a spy.

But who was to be the messenger?

The Neapolitan deserter in our hands was just the man for our purpose. Muratori gave him the letter for the intendant, as well as his instructions and thirty francs for his voyage, and off he went.

Some of our Salernitan friends had arrived with Doctor Wielandt, and inquired of me whether I had received any arms yet. I had ten cases on board the *Pausilippe*, but the captain fearing lest he might be compromised, had refused to deliver them up. I then gave to these gentlemen three rifles and twelve revolvers, these being all I had left.

Naples was much agitated all day. The officers of the national guard protested against the *coup d'état*, and came to solicit Romano to resume office; but he firmly adhered to his resolution.

In the evening, patrols were spread over the town; the commandant, Cutrofiano was insulted by an officer of the national guard, and dared not resent the affront. At nine o'clock Cozzolongo was commissioned by Romano to tell me that probably he would dine with me the next day, on his way to claim the hospitality of the English admiral.

Cozzolongo was also told to acquaint Captain Orlandini, who was to start the same evening, that now Romano was entirely free, Garibaldi might reckon on him, and that he renewed his assurance to deliver up Naples to him without a drop of blood being shed. At ten o'clock the *Ferruccio* weighed anchor, and I took the opportunity of sending by her another letter to Garibaldi, couched in the following terms:—

"In the name of Heaven, my friend, do not fire another shot! It is useless, for Naples is yours.

"Proceed at once to Salerno, and then let Liborio Romano know that you are there; otherwise he will be seeking for you at that place, with some of the ministers, or will be waiting for you on the platform of the railway station.

"Come without a minute's delay. To bring an army is unnecessary, for your name alone is worth one.

"Were it not that I wish you should have the pleasure of a surprise, I would send you a duplicate of the speech that will be delivered on your arrival.

"*Vate et me ama*,

"ALEX. DUMAS."

Noisy demonstrations and agitation were kept up during the night; but at about three A.M. both ceased. Vesuvius alone continued to emit deep groans, to vomit flames, and to pour down streams of lava. Vesuvius is the safety-valve of Naples.

The next day, Sunday, 2nd of September, passed in the greatest tranquillity. On expressing my surprise at this to a messenger from Liborio Romano, he observed, "Nothing is ever done at Naples on a Sunday."

In truth, Naples no longer looked like it did the day before; Naples, indeed, appeared to be a thousand leagues away from the scene of revolution. All mention had ceased of the resignation of ministers; it would seem, too, as if no one had ever heard of Garibaldi; and that no one appeared to know of the existence of such men as Romano, Ischitella, Cutrofiano, and Francis II.

All that Naples now cared for was St. Januarius and the Madonna.

A continual drawing of wine corks in honour of some saint or other was going on, which every now and then made me apprehend that a fusillade was taking place.

But I ought to have expected all this. Had I not been told in the morning that nothing was ever done at Naples on a Sunday?

The sole event of the day was the departure of the Sardinian steam-corvette, the *Governor*, which fired a salute of eleven guns, weighed anchor, and steamed towards Genoa. The Count of Syracuse was on board. He was now adopting the advice I had given him two days before.

In the evening, our messenger returned, bringing with him a very cautious letter from the intendant of Avellino, showing that he was not inclined to undertake anything.

The cautious reserve of the intendant was soon after explained; for we had sent to him one of the most notorious spies of the former government: he had, therefore, as his letter showed, treated him as an agent not to be trusted.

Luckily, for the worshipful Don Julio, he took himself off promptly, or else I should myself have thrown him into the water. As soon as he had delivered his answer, he left the yacht, never intending to put his foot there again.

But the man who came with Don Julio was still on board, and wishing to question him, I began by saying,—"Your comrade was a spy, and in all probability you are the same."

The poor devil swore, by heaven, that he was not. He knew nothing about Don Julio, except that he had once taken him to his abode. He had never seen him before then.

"Well, then, you know where his abode is?"

"Yes, I do."

I then told one of our sailors, a strapping fellow, named Louis, who, like Milo of Crotona, was able to carry an ox on his back, to kill it and eat it in one day, to take care of our prisoner, and to strangle him if he budged.

Muratori then jumped into a boat, and went to look for Cola-Cola, who, it may be remembered, was that same police sergeant who said to Judge Novarra on being sentenced by

him to forty-six years of the galleys, "Forty-six years is a long time; I'll do what I can towards it, and you shall do the rest." This man had been placed at our orders by Romano. In an hour afterwards Muratori returned with him.

On our telling him what had happened, "The matter can be easily settled," said he; "I will arrest the fellow as a reactionist, and confine him for two or three days; during that time all will be over, and I will then either let him go or bring him to trial as you may desire."

"You can let him off by that time; we do not desire the rascal's death."

Then showing Cola-Cola the man whom Louis was guarding, I said, "Cola-Cola, take that worthy gentleman with you, and watch over him as if he had swallowed all the diamonds of the crown of Naples. He will conduct you to the abode of his comrade and will assist you in seeking him; you will, then, carefully secure the man you have captured, and will let the other loose in the streets of Toledo to go and hang himself whenever he pleases."

Cola-Cola then made a sign to the man to follow him, told him to sit by his side in the boat, and whispered a couple of words in his ear, to which he seemed to give assent; they then rowed off quietly, and soon disappeared in the darkness. Half an hour afterwards Cola-Cola returned.

"Well, what news?" we all eagerly inquired.

"Oh, he is safe in prison, and stands committed for attempting to assassinate the minister."

What a strange country is this, where conspirators manage to arrest the very spies who have been set to watch them.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROSCRIPTION OF THE EMMA.

PORT OF PICCIOTTA, *5th September.*

ON the morning of the 3rd September, the Pope's nuncio, who had been one of the principal promoters of the reaction, paid a visit to Romano, whose resignation had not yet been accepted. He came to tell him that Benevento was in a very troubled state, and solicited the aid of some troops to put down the disturbance. Romano could not refrain from laughing at this. "Monsignor," said he, "it is quite evident that our soldiers will no longer fight for us; I, therefore, doubt very much whether they will fight for the pope."

"But," said the frightened nuncio, "what would you have his holiness do?"

"His holiness must do what King Francis II. is doing, he must be prepared to lose his temporal power; but, more fortunate than Francis II., he will still have that precious inheritance of the popes, which has descended to them from Jesus Christ,—his spiritual power."

"That is your answer, then?"

"To the very letter."

"Under these circumstances, what remains for me to do?"

"One thing alone."

"What is that?"

"It is that you should bless three persons."

"Who are they?"

"King Victor Emmanuel, General Garibaldi, and your humble servant, Liborio Romano."

The nuncio went away in a furious mood, murmuring something, which sounded very unlike a benediction.

On Monday, the 3rd, the agitation, that was suspended at the close of Saturday, was resumed. The ministers waited upon the king at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and were closeted with him until five. At half-past six, as we were finishing dinner, a man-of-war's boat came alongside the yacht, and a naval officer of rank, coming on board, inquired for Captain Beaugrand.

The captain had gone to breakfast on board the *Protis*, and had not yet returned, probably because his breakfast had assumed the dimensions of a dinner.

We replied through Muratori that the captain was not on board.

"Then send for the second in command," said the naval officer.

"We cannot help you there either," replied Muratori, "for he happens to be at Marseilles."

I then approached, and said to the officer, "Sir, in the absence of the captain and the second officer, will you tell me what brings you here; as I am both the owner and fitter-out of the *Emma?*"

"My orders are to address myself to some one belonging to the crew, and not to the owner or the fitter-out of the vessel."

"Here, Podimatas, my good fellow, step forward, and listen attentively to what this gentleman has to say."

Muratori and I then quitted the deck, and went below to finish our dinner. The Neapolitan officer, after five minutes' conference with Podimatas, got into his boat, which was soon out of sight.

"Well, Podimatas, I suppose, we must leave the bay of Naples, eh?"

"Just so."

"But when?"

"Directly."

"Directly; oh, that's rather too quick work; we cannot leave our captain yonder; he will be uneasy about us."

"The order is positive."

"What can they do, then?"

"Fire at us."

"Oh, if that's all, there is not much to be afraid of; they fire so badly, that they are sure to miss us; don't you recollect what lubberly work they made of it at Milazzo, eh?"

This argument appeared so satisfactory to Podimatas that he sat down forthwith to finish his cup of coffee, which he had left half empty. He had hardly swallowed the last drop, when Cozzolongo, Romano's secretary, came on board.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you have received an order to leave the harbour."

"Yes; but tell us the reason of it."

Cozzolongo then related the recent events, which I have already described.

At noon the king sent for M. Brenier, and told him that I was the cause of all the disturbances which had taken place at Naples, during the past eight or ten days: that before my arrival Naples was quiet, and that as soon as I should be gone the place would be restored to its former state of tranquillity.

M. Brenier naturally coincided with his majesty's opinions, and in the name of the government he represented, gave him

full power to compel me to leave the harbour. M. Brenier was kind enough to wish I should have the full enjoyment of this sudden surprise. Any other person would have given me a previous warning, that, under the circumstances of the case —especially the personal contest I had embarked in against his Majesty Francis II.—it would not be in his power to oppose the order for my departure. M. Brenier did nothing of the kind.

When I re-enter Naples, along with Garibaldi, I shall do myself the honour of paying him a little visit, to thank him for the favour.

Captain Beaugrand did not return till ten o'clock, so that we had plenty of time to find out what was going on in Naples. The town was in a state of great agitation. Bills were posted up, on which were written these words: "Long live Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and the Unity of Italy!"

Disputes took place between the national guard and the people, respecting these placards—the former wishing to remove them, while the latter insisted on their being left. During the uproar caused by this dissension, an officer tore one of these notices with the point of his sabre, and was immediately mortally struck with a club by one of the mob. A conflict thereupon ensued, in which the national guard was worsted.

We could distinctly hear the shouts of lazzaroni, and the beating of drums, as we weighed anchor. Castellamare had been named to all our friends as our place of rendezvous. When we left, we had two journalists on board. There will be the devil to pay in the papers to-morrow, I expect.

For the last week the *Emma* had been the great alembic for the distillation of news, and for the concoction of proclamations.

It was a perfect calm when we started for Castellamare, so that by two o'clock A.M. we had scarcely made one mile. This lasted all night, and we did not reach Castellamare till noon next day.

The *Emma* is so well known all along the coast as an out-and-out Garibaldian, that visitors came alongside before we had fairly anchored—all eagerly enquiring if we had any arms to spare them; that was the main object of their visit. My stock was, however, quite exhausted.

While we were surrounded by these visitors, a boat came alongside, manned by a naval officer who, addressing my captain, said, in tolerably good French: "Captain, the ship *Emma* is forbidden to anchor anywhere along the coast of Naples."

"Sir," said I to the officer, "can you really tell me how far the coasts of Naples extend, at the present time?"

The officer bit his lips, and turning to the captain, curtly observed, "You heard what I said?"

"Yes, sir;" replied the captain, "but it is impossible for me to move off just yet."

"And why?"

"Because my papers are at the consul's."

"Then go and get them this very instant."

"Sir," said I to the officer, "please to excuse my troubling you with a second question, but I am very inquisitive this evening, which is natural enough when one is about to leave a country."

"Let me know what it is?"

"To whom does that nice little cutter belong that is riding so daintily in the bay, about half a mile off?"

"She is mine, sir."

"You are mistaken, sir; she belongs to me."

"To you, sir! What do you mean?"

"Yes; and to prove it, I mean to take possession of her as I pass by."

The officer withdrew without saying another word. Our captain got into his boat, and was rowed ashore. The commandant of the harbour was rather spited by ill luck. The consul's secretary had locked up the ship's papers of the *Emma* in a drawer, and having placed the key in his pocket, had gone out no one knew whither. Thus it was impossible for us to leave at present. Two boats, each manned by an armed crew of twenty men, took up a position on each side of the *Emma*. This, however, did not deter the town of Castellamare—where news had reached of my arrival—from illuminating in the same manner as Salerno had formerly done. This illumination quite alarmed the commandant of the place; the cannon of the fortress not sufficing to allay his apprehensions.

At one o'clock in the morning he sent us a missive to the following effect:—

"CASTELLAMARE, *3rd September*, 1860, *three o'clock*.

"The commander of the yacht *Emma* is to sail immediately, and remain out at sea. In the morning the captain alone will go on shore and receive his papers with the utmost despatch, and then depart."

You will see presently that it was I who dethroned the King of Naples, and that I am the Americus Vespucius of Garibaldi!

It was not until nine o'clock A.M. that the consul's secretary returned. It would almost seem as if he had been prompted by some one to annoy the naval officer in command at Castellamare.

Two hours ago, a messenger started for Avellino with one of the passes that Garibaldi had given me.

I furnished the messenger with this pass in order to assist him in getting up a revolt in the province of Avellino, and in the establishment of a provisional government there. At ten o'clock the captain returned with our papers, and we weighed anchor. All that day, and the following night, the dead calm continued, and, consequently, we scarcely got outside the Gulf of Salerno. At noon, on the 5th, we were in front of the village of Picciotta, and hove to, to wait for a fishing-smack, through which means we hoped to ascertain where Garibaldi then was. The master of this fishing-boat told us that the latest intelligence received was, that a landing had been effected at Sapri, and that Garibaldi had reached Cosenza. While holding this parley, we were seen from the village of Picciotta, and a boat full of men put off from the shore and came alongside.

The men were all greedy for news. We gave them the latest intelligence, and told them that Garibaldi was expected at Naples, and had only to go there to be received with the greatest enthusiasm. Up to that time, the people on the coast had not dared to do anything; but when they heard the news, and particularly the name of the person who gave it them, they shouted, "Long live Garibaldi and the unity of Italy," so heartily, that I thought it was a fit occasion to bestow some of the red shirts which I had had made on board, and which had so attracted the gaze of his majesty Francis II.

Let me not forget to state here that a voluntary subscription of one thousand ducats had been collected during my sojourn in the Bay of Naples. This assisted me materially in despatching agents in every possible direction to proclaim the revolution, as well as to succour those friends who were forced to keep out of the way; also to give away arms, and to defray the cost of making the red shirts. Sufficient stuff for four hundred shirts had been given to us by one person alone. But, to my great surprise, these worthy patriots would not be satisfied unless I promised to keep their names secret.

Had I been reduced to my own resources, I should not have been able to accomplish half of what I actually did. The men to whom I now presented the shirts, little expecting such liberality, passed from a state of enthusiasm to one of frantic excitement, many amongst them actually screaming with joy.

Another party of men on the beach, seeing what was taking place at sea, although not comprehending the reason of the sudden change of costume, crowded into two boats and pushed off from the shore, plying their oars vigorously to approach us without delay. These new comers, in their turn, received their contingent of red shirts, and mingled their shouts with those of their companions.

One amongst them, a young man between eighteen and twenty, feeling himself inspired, asking for a pen, ink, and paper, improvised a proclamation which I certainly should not have thought him capable of producing, but which was listened to with attention and met with great applause.

On taking the numbers of our new allies we found there were about fifty present, and these men considered themselves strong enough to effect a revolution at Silento. Muratori was so excited by the general enthusiasm, that he avowed he wanted to leave me, in order to take the command of these fifty volunteers. I then named him captain—a nomination which was unanimously confirmed; the author of the proclamation I appointed his lieutenant; and gave each of them a rifle and twenty-five cartridges, and off they started. Muratori took with him three or four hundred francs, leaving with me the remaining contents of his purse, now considerably decreased. The poor fellow, when he came on board my vessel, had with him more than three hundred louis (£280), and he had scarcely one thousand francs (£40) left. Yielding to patriotic impulses, he had scattered abroad his money by handfuls.*

When the four boats with their red-shirted contents made their way ashore, their appearance would, indeed, have not belied the phrase adopted by *La Patrie*, for they really looked as if manned by "filibusters." As soon as they landed, Muratori and his men diappeared in the heights.

Meanwhile, a favourable breeze from the north-east had sprung up, and drove us along, with the wind on our quarter, towards Messina, and we stretched all the canvass we could carry. At Messina I relied on hearing some news I could depend upon, and that, by taking passage thence by either the *Ferruccio* or the *Franklin*, I should be enabled to rejoin Garibaldi.

We arrived at Messina in the afternoon of the next day, but ascertained that neither Orrigoni nor Orlandini was there. The only ship in the harbour being the *Oregon*, I sent to inform the captain of my arrival, and requested him to send me all the latest news. This he promised to do, adding that he had no other instructions at present than to remain at anchor and wait for orders. I then set to work to seek for my arms, which were deposited at the Custom-house. I lost no time in having them taken on board the *Emma*, feeling convinced that I might expect every moment to be called upon to start from Messina.

* I think it right to state here that this money has never been re-imbursed to him, although on re-entering Naples he found his friend Liborio Romano in the ministry, just as when he had left him.

At about four, on the morning of the 8th September, I heard my name called out on deck, just above the companion-ladder. On my inquiring what was wanted, "I have come to tell you," replied a voice, which I instantly recognized as that of the captain of the *Oregon*, "that Garibaldi has entered Naples."

Hastily quitting my rough couch, I eagerly sprang upon deck. But the captain, although he assured me of the accuracy of the news, could give me no more information than that furnished by the meagre details of the telegraph.

I will now proceed to relate what had happened at Naples after my compulsory departure, that is, since the evening of the 3rd September.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

SINCE the presentation of the petition which recommended the king to quit Naples, he had received no one into his presence but Pianelli, Ischitella, Cutrofiano, and Capecelatro, the naval officer. On the morning of the 4th, he accepted Romano's programme: not to make war in or about Naples, and, in any case, to spare the city. On the same evening he resolved to take his departure, and on the 5th made all the necessary preparations for that step. He had interviews with the Spanish and French ambassadors, and received his generals, conversing with them in all perfect composure.

On the same day, the minister Spinelli was commanded to write the king's farewell to his people; but instead of so doing, he went immediately to Liborio Romano, and requested him to do it for him. This was, indeed, no very difficult task; for as the possibility of the king's departure was foreseen, the terms of the royal farewell had been already prepared.*

On the evening of the 5th of September, Spinelli submitted this proclamation to the king. Francis II. began to read it; but, stopping at the end of the first paragraph, exclaimed, "This proclamation was not written by you, Spinelli, but by Romano, I recognise his style." He then added, "He can write

* I have the rough draft of this royal farewell, which, if truly dated, must have been framed on the 2nd of September. It is written on the official stamped paper of the minister of state.

well when he chooses." The king then signed the document, and ordered Spinelli to get it printed.

The following is a translation of this proclamation:—

"ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

"Amongst the duties prescribed to kings, those that belong to the days of misfortune are the grandest and the most solemn, and these I intend to fulfil with resignation, free from weakness, and with a serene and confident heart as befits the descendant of so many monarchs.

"Thus actuated, I once more address my voice to the people of my kingdom, from whom I am now about to depart with bitter grief.

"An unjust war, carried on in contravention of the law of nations, has invaded my states, notwithstanding that I was at peace with all the European powers.

"The important changes which led to my adhesion to great national principles, were not sufficient to ward off the mischief; moreover, the necessity of defending the integrity of the state entailed upon me the obligations of events which I have always deplored; therefore, I solemnly protest against this invasion, and confidently appeal from it to the justice of all civilized nations.

"The diplomatic corps residing at my court has all along known the sentiments of my heart in favour of my people generally, as well as for this illustrious city. My anxious desire to secure this metropolis from ruin and war, to save her inhabitants and all their property, her sacred churches, her monuments, her public buildings, her collections of art, and all that which forms the patrimony of her civilisation and of her greatness, and an inheritance of future generations, is a sentiment that should soar above the influence of temporary passions.

"The time has now come for me to act up to these professions. The war is now approaching the walls of the city, and with unutterable grief I am now about to depart with a portion of my army to betake myself whither the defence of my rights calls me. The remainder of my army will remain, in order to protect the inviolability and safety of the capital, which I recommend as a sacred treasure to the zealous care of the ministry; and I call upon the honour and the civic feeling of the mayor of Naples and of the commandant of the national guard, to spare our most beloved country the horrors of internal discord and the disasters of civil war. For this purpose I concede to the above named functionaries the fullest powers that they may require.

"As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this country for 126 years, the affections of my heart are rooted

here. I am a Neapolitan, and cannot without bitter grief address the words of farewell to my dearly beloved people. Whatever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them an affectionate remembrance. I recommend to them concord, peace, and a strict observance of their civic duties. Let not an excessive zeal for my fate be made a pretence for turbulent proceedings.

"Whether it may please the justice of God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors or not, all that I pray for from this time forth is to behold again my people united, strong, and happy.

"FRANCIS II."

On the morning of the 6th the king signed a great many decrees; at two o'clock in the afternoon he received the ministers, and bade them adieu in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I am compelled to depart; but I leave in a calm spirit, because my fall is not the result of my own fault, but must be regarded as one of the decrees of Providence. Whatever my destiny may be, I will courageously endure it. The only thing that wounds my heart is, that Naples should abandon the cause of its king without striking a blow in his favour. I thank you all for what you have done on behalf of the country and for me."

Then came the kissing of hands.

At about four o'clock the king quitted the palace, and was accompanied to the place of embarkation by Messrs. di Marchino, di Capecelatro, and di Carafa. He embarked on the *Sajetta*, commanded by Captain Criscuola, in whose professional skill and loyalty the late king had confided. The vessel started at six, bearing towards Gaëta the last reigning descendant of Henry IV. and Saint Louis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GARIBALDI AT NAPLES.

DURING the evening of the 6th Sept., the news of Garibaldi's arrival at Salerno reached Naples.

In his last speech, the king, as we know, recommended his ministers to maintain public tranquillity. The ministers, desirous of fulfilling the duty imposed on them, met at about nine o'clock that same evening at the house of Spinelli, their president, and resolved to depute the mayor of Naples, the Prince of Alessandria, and the General di Sazepono, to wait upon Garibaldi in order to confer with him as to his entrance into the capital. They also determined to send previously to the general the advocate Emilio Civitta, whose brother was in Garibaldi's army, and who was a very intimate friend of Romano. Cozzolongo, who had just been promoted to the office of commissioner of police, was also directed to accompany Emilio Civata.

It was arranged that all should meet together in the usual ministerial council-room at an early hour the next day, and that then their final decisions should be taken.

Accordingly, the next morning, at six o'clock, Romano, Lancilli, and the Directors di Cesare, Carafa, Giacchi, and Miragglioi, assembled as appointed.

After waiting in vain for the arrival of Spinelli, the president, Di Martino, and Pianelli, the ministers who were present, agreed to draw up an address to Garibaldi, when Romano presented oue already written by himself. It was approved of by all, but signed only by Romano, di Cesare, and di Giacchi. It ran thus:

"GENERAL—You have before you a ministry whose power was conferred on them by King Francis II. We accepted the trust as a sacrifice due to our country, we accepted it at a difficult period: when the thought of the unity of Italy under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, for a long period cherished by the Neapolitans, and which—sustained by your sword, and proclaimed in Sicily—had become irresistible in its influence; when all confidence between the government and the governed was destroyed; when old wrongs, and long-suppressed hatred had come to light, thanks to recent constitutional liberties; when the country was disturbed and agitated, owing to the

fear of a violent reaction, such was the condition of affairs when we accepted power in order to maintain public tranquillity and to save the state from anarchy and civil war. This was the aim of all our efforts. The country understood our motives, and how to appreciate our conduct. The confidence of our fellow-citizens has never deserted us, and it is to their efficacious zeal that we owe that tranquillity which has preserved the city in the midst of so many contending parties.

"General, all the populations of the kingdom have manifested their desires, either by open insurrection, or through the medium of the press, or by other demonstrations. They, too, are all anxious to form a part of one great united Italy under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. You, General, offer in yourself the highest expression of this thought. All eyes are turned towards you; the hopes of all rest on you. And we, the trustees of the national power—we, who are also Italian citizens—we deliver up that power into your hands, in the full confidence that you will make a worthy use of it, and that you will lead the country to attain the noble object you have constantly had in view, and which is inscribed equally on your standards, and in the hearts of all—ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"NAPLES, *7th September*, 1860."

It is curious enough that one should happen to have in one's portfolio the original copies of the three addresses we have just quoted, written by the same hand, and on the official paper of Francis II., bearing the stamp of the minister of state for the home department.

But it is time to return to the Prince of Alessandria and to General de Sazepono, who had been sent to Salerno by the council of ministers.

The two preceding envoys, Emilio Civitta and Cozzolongo, found that Garibaldi had already been informed of what had taken place. He was staying at the palace of the administration, the only one, as my readers will recollect, which was not illuminated on the evening that I anchored in the harbour. The general, after receiving them, conversed about the king's departure, and respecting the present situation of Naples, and then sent the following telegram to Don Liborio Romano, minister of the interior and of police.

"ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"TO THE PEOPLE OF NAPLES.—As soon as the syndic and the commander of the national guard of Naples, whom I am expecting, shall arrive, I will promptly present myself amongst you.

"At this solemn moment I recommend you to preserve that order and tranquillity which so much conduce to the dignity of a people about to resume the exercise of their own rights.

"GARIBALDI, *Dictator of the Two Sicilies.*

"SALERNO, *7th September.*"

Liborio Romano replied to the above by the following telegram:—

"*From Liborio Romano, Minister of the Interior and Police, to the invincible General Garibaldi, Dictator of the Two Sicilies.*

"With the greatest impatience Naples is awaiting your arrival, that it may hail the redeemer of Italy, and place in his hands the powers of the state and its own destiny.

"With this in view, I shall remain responsible for the maintenance of order and public tranquillity. Your own words, which I have already made known to the people, offer the greatest pledge for the success of these efforts.

"Awaiting your further orders, I remain, with profound respect, LIBORIO ROMANO."

Instead of transmitting his orders, Garibaldi thought it would be better for him to take them himself; accordingly, about half-past ten A.M., taking, with ten of his own officers, also the deputation which had been sent to him, and some officers of the national guard, he started by railway, and arrived at the terminus about noon. Liborio Romano was there, waiting to receive him, with Gracchi and Di Cesare: the former then pronounced the speech we have already quoted. Garibaldi shook hands with him, and thanked him for having "saved the country." Such were the very words he used, and true enough they were. If blood has not been shed at the gates or in the streets of Naples, it was all owing to Liborio Romano. They got into the carriages which were waiting for them outside the station; that which carried Garibaldi took the head of the column, and rapidly made its way to Naples.

The forts were still garrisoned by royalist troops, and at the approach of the general some of the artillerymen made a sort of hostile display. Garibaldi, the moment he saw this, stood up in the carriage, with his arms crossed, and looked steadfastly at them. The artillerymen then gave him the usual military salute. But, when they came up to the Grand' Guardia, the officer there ordered the soldiers to fire, which they refused to do. In conformity with the usual custom with every king, prince, or conqueror, on his entry in Naples, the general and his party proceeded straight to the bishop's palace.

Brother John now performed mass and gave thanks to God.

As soon as the *Te Deum* was sung, Garibaldi invited Romano to get into a carriage with him, and they drove off together to the palace of Angri, which Championnet and Massena had once inhabited. As soon as they arrived at the palace, the general gave up the three principal floors to his aides-de-camp, his staff, and his secretaries, and contented himself with the attics. The whole of Naples followed him, as soon as he reached the city, to the bishop's palace, and thence to the palace of Angri.

A huge deafening shout, that seemed as if it proceeded from the throats of the 500,000 inhabitants of Naples, was then raised, and soared to the sky; this shout was at once the hymn of vengeance against Francis II., and the hosannah of gratitude for the liberator.

"Long live Garibaldi!"

The general was compelled to appear at the window. The shouts redoubled; and at every window looking on the palace of Angri were to be seen eager groups of women waving their handkerchiefs, and straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of Garibaldi.

The revolution was effected, and, as I had promised Garibaldi should be the case, without a drop of blood being shed. This was the triumphant entrance into Naples that the telegraph announced to me on the morning of the 8th, at Messina, by the mouth of the captain of the *Oregon*.

EPILOGUE.

PALACE OF CHIATAMONE, 15*th Nov.*, 1860.

I GAVE gave orders to weigh anchor immediately; but the embarkation of our arms delayed us, and it was therefore not until noon on the 8th September that the yacht was able to sail, with a nice breeze from the south-west. This breeze carried us through the straits of Messina in about three-quarters of an hour. As soon as we were out at sea, the wind rose, the sky became dark, and claps of thunder were heard. The captain, consequently, took in a reef at first, and afterwards two, and then lowered the mizen.

During the whole of the night the wind blew so fiercely as to render our situation at no time quite free from danger. If the storm had driven us towards the coast of Naples, I should not have cared; but it tossed us about in that triangular basin formed by the coast of Sicily, the coast of Calabria, and

Stromboli. We had to remain two days in sight of Stromboli, in which interval of time we scarcely made six miles; but during the third night the wind got up, and then we made from four to five knots by slow degrees.

During the day of the 12th we approached within two cables length of Capri, but then we fell into another dead calm, which detained us between Cape Campanella and the grotto of Arno. In despair, I saw the evening approach without a puff of wind; but at last I distinguished a vessel in the offing, which our captain recognized as the *Pythias*, steaming along the coast of Sorrento.

We instantly made hailing signals, and the steamer came towards us. The captain stated that he was going to Sapri for troops, but at the same time had been told to place himself at my orders if he should happen to meet with me. Singularly enough, the steamer was one of the vessels that had been hired by King Francis II. from the Altaras company; she was commanded by Captain Fari.

I thankfully accepted his offer to tow the *Emma;* this he had been directed to do by the dictator. The yacht was accordingly connected with the steamer by a cable attached to the stern of the latter, and, by putting on double steam, we crossed the space between Capri and Naples in an hour and a half. The steamer then took us in the midst of an Anglo-French fleet,—and giving us a friendly farewell in exchange for our hearty thanks, put about, steered towards Capri, and soon disappeared in the darkness. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and there was then a violent surf, so we had again to hoist our sails, and at last came to anchor near the Mole.

On rising the next morning I found Muratori waiting for me on deck, with a telegram in his hand. Garibaldi had given orders that the *Emma* was to be signalled as soon as she was in sight; the preceding night a telegraphic message, in the following terms, had been sent to the general, and then transmitted by him to Muratori—"The steamer *Pythias* coming from Capri, towing a French yacht, supposed to be the *Emma*." Muratori had been seeking for us on the evening of our arrival, but had not been able to find the yacht. He, therefore, resumed his search at daybreak, and was more fortunate.

Garibaldi, I found, expected to see me as soon as I arrived; it is needless to add that Liborio Romano also expected me. Indeed, Muratori would not permit me to go to Garibaldi without being accompanied by Romano; he said, that Don Liborio would never forgive him, so we called for him on our way to the general's. Romano was still glowing with the excitement of victory, and conducted me, with hurried steps, to the palace of Angri. We found the general, on the fourth floor, in an attic, as usual with him.

"Ah, there thou art," cried he, as soon as he saw me. "Thou hast been waited for long enough!"

It was the first time the general had addressed me thus familiarly as "thou." I threw myself into his arms, and wept with joy.

"Come, we have no time to lose," said the general. "Don Liborio, now for our Pompeian excavations, and our promised permission to hunt."

The reader will recollect that these were the two favours I had previously solicited at his hands whenever he should make his entry into Naples; but there was a favour I had not asked for, and which the general nevertheless bestowed on me: this was to take the direction of the excavations at Pompeii.

Don Liborio was told to get the decree signed the next day, appointing me Director of museums and excavations.

"And now," said Garibaldi, "take Dumas to his palace; for I dare say," he added, turning to me, "thou doubtest whether I have kept the promise I made to thee at Palermo. Only I have chosen something better for thee than a room in the royal palace, which thou wouldst have been compelled to remove from, some day or other. I have made choice of a little palace, where thou canst stay as long as it may please thee."

I thanked the general.

"Have they been informed of this at the palace?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; I will send thee to-morrow, by Cattabene, an authority, drawn up in due form."

After another cordial embrace I took my leave.

Don Liborio was kind enough to accompany me himself, and to instal me in the palace of Chiatamone.

Orders were given to the Hôtel des Crocelles to send over my breakfast and dinner every day until I was comfortably installed in my new abode. It is this temporary accommodation that has led certain persons to believe that I was provisioned at the expense of the municipality. As the municipality never contemplated bestowing on me such alms, there was consequently no occasion for me to refuse them.

At the end of a week I owed to the Hôtel des Crocelles a thousand francs; but, finding this rather dear, I paid the money and sent for the cook of the *Emma*. A good deal of fuss has been made about my having thus spent a thousand francs in a week. Some good folks would have it that Naples supplied me with food, and that I, who drink nothing but water, was ruining the municipality by my orgies. It even reached Garibaldi's ears that I spent fifty piastres a day, and that I regularly entertained twenty people at my table.

To this Garibaldi merely replied, in his melodious voice:

"If Dumas has twenty people at his table, I am sure, at all events, that they are twenty staunch friends of mine."

M. N——, who was desirous of obtaining the appointment of Director of Museums, and was probably unaware that the office was purely an honorary one, sent in a memorial against my appointment, which document the general handed over to me. He was told, moreover, that I had twice hunted at Capo di Monte; moreover, that I had brought away my game in a cart, and had killed everything, even to the hens and chickens.

He replied, "Dumas is a sportsman, and I am sure of one thing, that he has only killed cocks."

The day after my instalment in the Palace of Chiatamone, I received from the general, according to promise, a lease in due form, which ran thus:

"NAPLES, 14*th September*, 1860.

"M. Dumas is authorised to occupy, for a year from this time, the small palace of Chiatamone, in his capacity as Director of Excavations and Museums.

"G. GARIBALDI."

This act of his was the cause of much idle talk in Naples. The journalists made a great outcry about it; and one of them reproached me with assuming a sort of royal state in having some of the national guards to protect me.

When Garibaldi gave me the apartment of the viceroy Castelcicala, at Palermo, all the town applauded him for it, and the municipality unanimously voted me a citizen of that town.

I had, however, actually done nothing for Palermo, as I arrived there when all was over; whereas, on the contrary, I have risked my life for Naples.

But, Heaven will, I trust, not the less watch over Naples; and may I do for it all the good I so ardently desire, and for the accomplishment of which I would again willingly risk my life!

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